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A SELECTION OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS
FOR
DIVINE WORSHIP.



WISBECH: GARDINER & Co.

1873.

147. g. 428.

LEICESTER:
WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS.

PREFACE.

THE compilers of this HYMN BOOK confidently hope it will be found acceptable to all who desire to offer praise to God. Their endeavour has been to obtain hymns especially suitable for public worship; and they believe that the varied experiences and feelings of all will find expression in those selected.

The sincere thanks of the compilers are here presented to many proprietors and publishers for the permission they have kindly given to make use of hymns from their various collections. They are indebted to Sir Roundell Palmer for his sanction to use his "Book of Praise;" to John Rylands, Esq., for the "Cavendish Hymnal;" to Mr. Spurgeon, for "Our Own Hymn Book;" to Mr. David King, of Birmingham, for "Psalms, Hymns, and Scripture Chants;" and to Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, of 93, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, for allowing them to use "Hunt's Translation of Luther's Hymns," and also for his kindness in assisting them to obtain some of the choicest hymns in the book.

The compilers feel that the book of praise now presented is not perfect; at the same time they trust it will aid in awakening higher spiritual aspirations, and in promoting a more fervent love of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

8s. & 7s.

SCHÜTZ.

I praise to God who reigns above,
He God of all creation,
God of power, the God of love,
God of our salvation:
Healing balm my soul He fills,
Very faithless murmur stills;
God all praise and glory.

Angel-host, O King of kings,
Praise for ever telling,
Earth and sky all living things
Bath Thy shadow dwelling,
The wisdom which could span,
Power which formed creation's
God all praise and glory. [plan;

God's Almighty power hath made
Gracious mercy keepeth;
Morning glow or evening shade
Watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
In the kingdom of His might
All is just and all is right;
God all praise and glory.

Order is never far away;
Through all grief distressing,
Ever-present help and stay,
Peace and joy and blessing;
In a mother's tender hand
As His own, His chosen band;
God all praise and glory.

Every earthly hope hath flown
In sorrow's sons and daughters,
Farther from His heavenly throne
Olds the troubled waters;
Thou His word the storm is stayed
Thou made His children's hearts
God all praise and glory. [afraid;

All my toilsome way along
I go along Thy praises,
Men may hear the grateful song
Voice unwearied raises:
Faithful in the Lord, my heart,
Soul and body bear your part;
God all praise and glory.

8s. 8, 4 D.

OLIVER.

2

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,—
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend;
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore;
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3

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BINNEY.

1 ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When placed within Thy searching
sight
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
The Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The son of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

4
8s. & 6s.

1 O H, wondrous vast surpassing love,
The theme of heavenly hosts above,
And of the saints below!
We only know in part while here;
But when in glory we appear,
Then shall we fully know.

2 It is a mystery divine,
Where justice, mercy, truth, combine
God's glory to display!
His righteousness is satisfied,
Since Christ for us in love hath died,
And borne our curse away.

3 'Midst all the changing scenes around,
In this no change can e'er be found,
For God Himself is love.
Though earthly things shall all decay,
And heaven and earth shall pass away,
Yet this shall ne'er remove.

4 Once loved in Christ, for ever loved!
God's counselled purpose stands un-
Eternally the same: [moved,
And when we change this house of clay
We shall throughout eternal day
God's endless love proclaim!

5
L. M. WATTS.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.

2 He that can shake the worlds He made,
When sore displeasure lifts the rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
How great the mercies of our God!

3 He overrules all mortal things;
He governs all our mean affairs;
On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And strength supplies to bear the load.

5 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should
rise,
And join the angels in Thy praise.

6
8s. 4. BOWRING.

1 WE cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, our gracious Lord,
dost move,
But we can always surely say
That Thou art Love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring;
For Thou art Love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened
path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts
reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.

4 Yes, Thou art Love—a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears or woes to bliss;
Our God is Love!

7
8. 7. BOWRING.

1 GOD is Love, His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move:
Joy He gives, and sorrow lightens;
God is Light, and God is Love.

2 Time and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move,
But His mercy waneeth never;
God is Light, and God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
Through the cloud His brightness
streameth;
God is Light, and God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwined
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Light, and God is Love.

8
8s. 4.

1 LET every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make;
Our God is Love.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

2 Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son, bid each to say,
Our God is Love.

8 How strong these words from heaven to
To kindle love, to banish fear, [cheer,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is Love.

4 O Father when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody;
Our God is Love.

5 Then when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore;
Our God is Love.

9 L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, may Thy glorious name
employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to the heavenly King.

2 Earth, and the stars, and worlds un-
known
Depend precarious on His throne;
All nature hangs upon His word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

8 His sovereign power, what mortal
knows?
If He command, who dares oppose?
With strength He girds Himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 His mercy, like a swelling sea,
Sweeps all our load of guilt away;
And since His Son came down and died,
Mercy and truth are on our side.

5 Each of His words demands our faith,
That we may rest on all He saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
All He hath promised by His lips.

6 Since Thou hast said, with gentle voice,
"I am thy God," I will rejoice;
Filled with Thy love, may I proclaim
The honour of Thy glorious name.

10 C. M. BURDER.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the
Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is Love."

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts appears,
To show that "God is Love."

8 Behold His patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them "God is Love."

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that "God is Love."

5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is Love."

11 C. M. H. STOWELL.

1 THERE is an Eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wings of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

8 That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear is filled with angels' songs;
That Love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can
When mortal aid is vain; [wield,
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer which soars on
Through Jesus to the Throne, [high,
And moves the Hand which moves the
To bring salvation down. [world,

12 L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen
me through;
Thine eye surveys, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their
powers.

2 The thoughts that are not yet mine
To God are all distinctly known; [own,
And all the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

8 Within His circling power I stand;
On every side I find His hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my
breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

13

7s.

MILTON.

- 1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

14

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly
theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
"For wretched, dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when He please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath,
Fulfills His great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, "Let the wide heaven be
spread,"
And heaven was stretched abroad:
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," He said,
And He was Abra'm's God.

- 8 O might I hear Thine heavenly tongue,
But whisper, "Thou art Mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my
To notes almost divine. [song]

- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And feel my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

15

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

- 1 **A**SCRIBE to God, ye sons of men,
Ascribe with one accord,
All praise and honour, might and
To Him the living Lord! [strength,
- 2 Give glory to His holy name,
And honour Him alone;
Give worship to His majesty,
And bow before His throne.
- 3 The Lord doth sit upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
He reigns above, both Lord and King,
And evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord shall give His people strength,
And bid their sorrows cease;
The Lord shall bless His chosen race
With everlasting peace.

16

7s.

BAKER.

- 1 **P**RAISE, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day His course to run;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:
- 3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:
- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:
- 7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing!
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

17

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **G**IVE to the Lord immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to Him belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure
When earthly powers are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
He fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt His pity work within;
His wondrous mercies shall endure
When death and sin are known no more.

5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world is known no more.

18

6s. & 4s.

WATTS.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Enthroned beyond the sky;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His truth and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Through all His works and ways,
Surprising wisdom shines,
The powers of hell dismay,
And frustrates their designs;
Strong is the Lord,
And shall fulfil
His mighty word,
His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write His name,
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love His name,
I love His word;
Join all my powers
And praise the Lord.

19

5s. & 6s.

GRANT.

1 **O** WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

5 O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall hush to Thy praise.

20

8.7.4.

LYTTE.

1 **P**RAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him,
Praise the everlasting King!

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour,
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless!
Praise Him! praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

8 Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows; ♦
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him! praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! praise Him,
Praise the High Eternal One.

5 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him! praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace!

21

L. M. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

8 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great His might;
And all His glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treats the wicked to the dust.

22

L. M. GOOD.

1 FATHER of all! who dwell'st above,
Of boundless power and boundless love,
From world to world, diffusing free
The tide of life and jubilee.

2 Praise be Thy name through time and space,
By every tongue of every race;
Praised in loud hymns of deathless fame,
Worthy Thy great and glorious name.

8 On earth may every eye survey
Thy kingdom come with conquering sway,
Till earth in sacred rest shall vie
With the pure mansions of the sky.

4 As all in heaven obey Thy will,
And every mouth hosannas fill;
Here, too, be sung hosannas loud,
And every will to Thine be bowed.

5 This day, once more with daily bread
Be both our souls and bodies fed,
Else through this vale of want and woe,
Go how we may, we vainly go.

6 The ills we suffer, while we live,
From others, teach us to forgive;
And O! do Thou, benignant, thus
O'erlook our sins, and pardon us.

7 Lead us not, ever prone to yield,
Into temptation's dangerous field;
But rather from the tempter's power
Be Thou our shield and covering tower.

8 For Thine is wisdom in its height,
All glory, majesty, and might;
From age to age extends Thy throne,
And Thou art God, and God alone.

23

L. M. BOWRING.

1 FATHER and Friend! Thy light,
Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works we see:
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

8 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought:
Since Thou their God art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

24

L. M. WATTS.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

8 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
The earth, and sea, with all their train,
And none shall find His promise vain.

4 His truth remains for ever sure;
He helps the needy, feeds the poor,
Sends to the troubled conscience peace,
And to the prisoner his release.

5 The Lord gives vision to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
Assists the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless.

6 He loves the saints, He knows their
way,
But marks the wicked when they stray;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

25

8s.

WATTS.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their
train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He helps the needy, feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 'Tis He that makes the blind to see,
That sets the labouring conscience free,
And fills the soul with joy and peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

4 He loves His saints, He knows them
well,
And with His church delights to dwell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let age to age His grace proclaim,
Let every tongue exalt His name:
Praise ye the Lord, in endless strains.

26

L. M.

WATTS.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, exalted high,
Above the earth, beyond the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His
feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

8 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and
rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

27

L. M.

WATTS.

1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour
reigns;
Praise Him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne;
Though gloomy clouds His way sur-
round,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the
tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

28

C. M.

WATTS.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
What finite worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And render praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou wert the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time uncovered lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the dread fiery day.

4 Eternity, with all our years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
To Thee there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are
drawn,
Perplexed with earthly cares;
Thy mighty purposes move on—
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What finite worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And render praise to Thee.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

29

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
The high and lofty One?
Who can ascend to His abode,
Or venture near His throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
- 3 His watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Speak we of strength? His arm is
To save or to destroy; [strong,
Infinite years His life prolong,
And endless is His joy.
- 5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.
- 6 Justice and truth, before the throne,
Maintain the rights of God;
While mercy comes with pardons down,
Through Christ the Saviour's blood.

30

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove
abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath
wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?
- 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind He heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels:
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening
graves.
- 5 Our youth decayed His power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 6 His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel His commands:
But sent His truth and mercy down
To all the nations by His Son.
- 7 Let the whole earth His power confess;
Let the whole earth adore His grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

31

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are His
ways!
How firm His truth! how large His
grace!
He takes His mercy for His throne,
And thence He makes His glories
known.
- 2 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.
- 4 How slowly doth His wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if He let His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn!
- 5 Amidst His wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while His rod corrects His saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy load impose
Beyond the strength that He bestows.
- 7 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 8 But His eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age His truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

32

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the
And justice for the oppress. [proud,

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

33

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

34

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the
ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise the eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled His throne,
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's His dwelling-place,
And ever is His time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills His own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste;

- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come!
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When the creation dies.

35

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation
laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules His people by His word;
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bade the new-made world go
round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears
arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

36

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy lofty praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my cheerful tongue,
Till endless glory crown the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And each succeeding day shall see
Increasing praise ascend to Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
Thy goodness all the earth shall know.
- 4 Let distant times and nations raise
Successive monuments of praise;
Through unborn ages be my song
The joyful theme of every tongue.
- 5 But who can speak Thy glorious deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways!
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

37

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known:
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shewn.
- 6 The world is managed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

38

L. M.

PARKER.

- 1 **O**THOU who formed us by Thy power,
Whose hand upholds us hour by hour;
Inspire our hearts, attune each tongue,
To celebrate Thy name in song.
- 2 Never can mortal voices raise
Meet hallelujahs to Thy praise
But Thou wilt not refuse to hear
The faintest notes from lips sincere.
- 3 Thy greatness does our thought transcend,
Yet hast Thou called Thyself our Friend;
Thou King of glory, still Thou art
Guested in every lowly heart.
- 4 Make us then lowly; we would be
Fit dwelling-places, Lord, for Thee;
Destroy the last dark trace of sin
Which stains our heart, and enter in.
- 5 We would be like Thee Thy command
Is, "Be ye holy;" yet we stand
Abashed before Thee; who shall dare
Himself with Thee, the Pure, compare
- 6 With trembling awe the gulf we see
Stretching between our souls and Thee;
But Jesus cries, "I am the Way!"
Saviour, we hear Thee, and obey.
- 7 How measureless the love that gave
Thy Son to die, Thy Son to save!
We'll sing it now, and it shall be
Our theme throughout eternity.

39

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is His word.
- 2 The sacred truths His lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of His grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, Thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To Thine unchanging love.

40

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace un-
known,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

41

C. M.

ELLISON.

- 1 **M**Y heart is fixed, O my God,
Thy goodness I will sing,
And with my glory sound abroad
The honour of my King.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

2 Awake, my tongue, His love proclaim,
My soul shall early wake,
To praise Thy great and holy name,
And of Thy favour speak.

8 Among the saints I'll tell Thy worth,
Nations shall hear my cries;
Thy mercy through the heavens goes
Thy truth beyond the skies. [forth,

4 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the realms on high;
Let Thy salvation spread abroad;
Thy goodness magnify.

42

C. M.

ELLISON.

1 COME, praise the Lord, the gracious
God,
While in His courts we meet;
Praise Him who sends His truth abroad,
For He is good and great.

2 Praise Him for all the mighty deeds
His truth and grace have done;
Praise Him who all our praise exceeds,
Who saves us by His Son.

8 Let every thing in which is breath
Its Maker's honours raise,
And be His name through all the earth
The theme of grateful praise.

4 In every season, every place,
Let praises fill our tongue,
Until we see Him face to face,
And sing the heavenly song.

43

C. M.

ELLISON.

1 TO Thee, O Lord, I'll raise my cries,
My Rock, my heavenly King;
Lest Thou be silent, and my sighs
No gracious answer bring.

2 With sinners draw me not away,
Who love to speak of peace,
But mischief lurks in all they say;
They never seek Thy face.

8 Blessed be my Almighty God,
For He hath heard my voice;
He is my shield, my strong abode,
And loud will I rejoice.

4 O save Thy people, glorious Lord,
Bless Thine own heritage,
And feed them at Thy sumptuous
In this and every age. [board,

44

L. M.

WATTS.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a mighty King; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

B

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our nature by His word;
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, His pastures keep.

8 Come, let us hear His voice to-day,
Kneel down before our God, and say,
O may our hearts no more renew
The sins and plagues which Israel knew.

4 Embrace the promise while it waits,
And onward march to Zion's gates;
Believe, and enter into rest;
Obey, and be for ever blessed.

45

L. M.

WATTS.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

46

C. M.

WATTS.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and He my tongue,
To spread His name abroad.

2 How great the works His hand has
wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

8 How perfect is creation's frame,
How wise the Eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That His first thoughts designed.

4 When He redeemed His chosen sons,
He fixed His covenant sure;
The orders that His lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read Thy name?

6 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys Thy will.

47

L. M.

WATTS.

1 LORD, I will bless Thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my
tongue;

My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

2 O magnify the Lord with me ;
Come, let us all exalt His name ;
I sought the living God, and He
Hath not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told Him all my inward grief ;
My secret groaning reached His ears ;
He gave my wounded soul relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes ;
On them He makes His face to shine ;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord ;
O fear and love Him, ye His saints,
Taste of His grace, and trust His word.

48

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW long, O gracious God, how long
Shall haughty men blaspheme ?
Shall Thy own saints be made their
song,

And bear contempt and shame ?

2 Hast Thou not strange deliverance
In ages long before ? [shown
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

3 Didst Thou not part the raging sea
By Thy resistless might,
To make Thy tribes a wondrous way,
And thus secure their flight ?

4 Is not the world of nature Thine,
The night, and radiant day ?
Didst Thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way ?

5 Hath not Thy power formed every
coast,
And set the earth her bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds ?

6 And shall the children of the dust
Thy mighty power blaspheme ?
Shall not the hand that formed them
first

Avenge Thine injured name ?

7 Arise, O God, plead thine own cause ;
Whene'er Thy foes increase,
Subdue their pride, proclaim Thy laws,
And give Thy Zion peace.

49

C.M.

WRANGHAM.

1 **T**O Thee, my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise ;
From day to day Thy works record,
And ever sing Thy praise.

2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds ;
Thy glory knows no end ;
The lasting record of Thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, Thy power and
might,
My constant theme shall be ;
That song shall be my soul's delight
Which breathes in praise to Thee.

4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move ;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all His goodness prove.

5 From all Thy works, O Lord, shall
spring
The sound of joy and praise ;
Thy saints shall of Thy glory sing,
And show the world Thy ways.

6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign ;
And Thy dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

50

C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! God of Love !
My Father and my God !
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

3 In all Thy mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own Thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of Thy rod.

5 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

51

8s.

HART.

1 **T**HE God who created the skies,
The strength and support of His
saints,
Who gives them all needful supplies,
And hearkens to all their complaints.

2 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

3 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

GOD IN CREATION.

GOD IN CREATION.

52

8s. & 6s. MUHLENBERG.

- 1 **S**INCE o'er Thy footstool, here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
O, what magnificence must glow,
Great God, about Thy throne!
So brilliant here these drops of light,
There the full ocean rolls, how bright!
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour,
Forth in his flaming rays,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine;
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine!
- 4 O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays;
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

53

8s. & 6s. H. MOORE.

- 1 **M**Y God! Thy boundless love I
praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from Thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
- 3 But in Thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There faith and hope point out the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And grasp the joys of heaven.
- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

54

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at His sovereign word.
- 2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused, and drowned the land:
He called the light; the new-born day
Attends on His command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gathered by His hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe He crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then He adorned the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep the Almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest;
Designed for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blessed.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

55

7s.

CARLYLE.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we creation scan,
See what Thou hast done for man,
Then our grateful hearts agree
What a debt we owe to Thee.
- 2 Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see,
Tells of joy we owe to Thee.

GOD IN CREATION.

8 Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice expressed,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells the life we owe to Thee.

4 But when we redemption view,
Gaze on all Thy love could do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree
How much more we owe to Thee.

5 When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin;
Now from sin and sorrow free,
Our own selves we owe to Thee.

6 When we hear our Master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away,
Heaven awaits you," we shall see,
Lord, how much we owe to Thee!

56

Ss. & 6s.

LUTHER.

1 SING to the Lord, all nations sing,
Your hearts and voices raise;
To Him your grateful offerings bring,
And speak aloud His praise:
Come, let us magnify His name,
And all His wondrous works proclaim.

2 He made the firmament on high,
The stars that gild the night;
At His command the lightnings fly—
Unbounded is His might:
The heaven and ocean, earth and air,
The great Jehovah's works declare.

8 Sing to the Lord! come, sing aloud,
Unite in joyful strains;
The heavens He covereth with a cloud,
And gives to earth the rains:
Food both for man and beast He sends,
The raven's cry His ear attends.

4 Praise ye the Lord! Oh Zion praise!
Thy children He hath blessed;
To Him Thy glad Hosannahs raise,
He gives thy borders rest:
Peace in thy land He giveth thee,
And everywhere prosperity.

57

C. M. 6 lines.

CONDER.

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That Thou, my God, art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main.

8 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from
There doth His Spirit rest: [sight,
O come, Thon Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

58

C. M.

WATTS.

1 I SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

8 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

7 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh?

59

L. M.

ADDISON.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

GOD IN CREATION.

- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;—
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

60

L. M. GURNEY.

- 1 **Y**ES, God is good,—in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading
wood,
Ten thousand voices ever cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."
- 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling host, all join to say
In accents clear, that "God is good."
- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, "God is good."
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."
- 5 Yes, "God is good," all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech en-
dued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that "God is good."
- 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening
word:—
These prompt our song that "God is
good."

61

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, source of every joy,
Praise shall our hearts and lips
employ,
While in Thy temple we declare
The grace that crowns each closing year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the
whole;
The day is taught by Thee to rise,
The night by Thee to veil the skies.

- 8 The clouds, disposed at Thy command,
Their fatness drop on every land;
The earth her various produce yields,
And plenty smiles o'er all the fields.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
O then be grateful homage paid,
By morning light and evening shade.
- 5 In Thine own house let incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those glorious realms we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

62

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y Maker's glory and His power
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
The universal King.
- 2 'Twas His right hand made us of dust,
And wrought our wondrous frame;
And 'twas His breath gave life at first,
From Him our spirits came.
- 3 Now in the presence of our God
We worship with our tongues;
We lift our voice to His abode,
And join the angelic songs.
- 4 Let heaven, and earth, and floods, and
trees,
And fowls of every wing,
And beasts, and fish, and flowing seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to His honour shine;
Ye wheels of nature, roll;
Praise Him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The grandeur of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills;
And His transcendent deeds of fame
Fly o'er the heavenly hills.

63

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our lifted sight surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach Thy praise,
And bids our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms
In earth, and sea, and air,
The smallest things, the crawling
worms,
Almighty skill declare.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness,
Lord,
In all Thy works appear;
And should not man Thy praise record,
Man, Thy peculiar care?
- 5 From Thee the breath of life He drew,
That breath Thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possessed,
By revelation's brighter rays
More eminently blessed.

64

C. M.

KEBLE.

- 1 **T**HERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.
- 6 Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

65

C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

66

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.
- 2 A cloudy pillar marked their road,
And screened them from the heat;
From the hard rocks the water flowed,
And manna was their meat.
- 3 Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too,
And Israel's God is ours.
- 4 His Word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.
- 5 Jesus, the Bread of Life, is given,
To be our daily food;
We drink a wondrous stream from
Heaven,
'Tis water, wine, and blood.
- 6 Lord! 'tis enough! I ask no more;
These blessings are divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and Heaven are mine.

67

L. M.

STEELE.

- 1 **L**ORD! how mysterious are Thy ways,
How blind are we! how mean our
praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore,
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy deep decrees from our dim sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angels' minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God, I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;
Enough for me if love divine
At length through every cloud shall
shine.
- 4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine; this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

68

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous, Lord, are Thy designs!
The vast abyss of providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to pierce with feeble sense.
- 2 Now Thou dost veil Thine awful face,
And hide from view Thy gracious smile;
Yet in the cloud we trust Thy grace,
Secure of Thy compassion still.
- 3 Through storms of trouble and distress
We walk by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
And cheers the hours of weary night.
- 4 Yet should Thy lifted angry rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still may we trust the faithful God,
Whose arm can bring us safely through.

69

8s. & 6s. UNDERDOWN.

- 1 **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust still in my God,
Still bend rejoicing to His rod,
And by His grace be healed.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or scorched by parching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy, for though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.
- 3 Although the flocks be famine's prey,
Though herds should pine and die
away,
A dreary waste the land:
Yet in my God will I rejoice,
To Him in praise lift up my voice;
In Him alone I stand.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,
I yet will hope and calmly rest,—
Nay, triumph in His love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

70

C. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thine unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround:
Mysterious depths of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold Thine awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why.

- 4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love;
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

- 5 'Tis but in part I know Thy will;
I bless Thee for the sight;
When will Thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

- 6 With rapture I shall then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

71

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **"H**OW awful is Thy chastening rod!"
May Thy own children say:
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
How holy is His way!"
- 2 I'll meditate His works of old,
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear His ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust His love.
- 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppressed;
Long He delayed to hear their cry,
Nor gave His people rest.
- 4 The sons of good old Jacob seemed
Abandoned to their foes;
But His almighty arm redeemed
The nation that He chose.
- 5 Israel, His people and His sheep,
Must follow where He calls;
He bade them venture through the
deep,
And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw Thee, mighty God!
The waters saw Thee come;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make Thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was Thy journey through the
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown; [sea,
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings Thy mercies down.

72

C. M. HERVEY.

- 1 **S**INCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?
- 2 Good, when He gives, supremely good;
Nor less when He denies:
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

73

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll speak the wonders of Thy word;
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
Did all my rising fears control,
And strength imparted to my soul.
- 4 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from His lofty throne descends
To cheer the poor, His chosen friends.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand:
While Thy kind words my heart revive,
And keep my hope and faith alive.
- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The God of mercy ne'er forsakes
The work His wisdom undertakes.

74

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent Thy grace
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

75

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath the shade,
And there at night repose his head.
- 2 Well may I say, my God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am fashioned of the dust
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.
- 3 Thrice happy man! Thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Shall make His arm His people's guard.
- 5 If glowing noon conspire to smite
With blighting dews of sickly night,
God is their life, His wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 Or winds, with desolating breath,
Sweep numbers unprepared to death,
Israel is safe, nor shall he fear
The midnight storm, for God is there.

76

10s. & 11s.

NEWTON.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.
- 3 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way; but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.
- 4 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

77

8. 7. 4. WILLIAMS.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

78

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 These favours at Thy gracious throne
We fervently implore;
Thou art our God, our joy, our crown,
Our portion evermore.

79

C. M. ADDISON.

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Oh how shall words, with equal
The gratitude declare [warmth,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of
vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast
Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrow sunk
Revived my soul with grace.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious thine renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

80

L. M. SERLE.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord! with wise design,
Are framed upon Thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of Thy love.
- 2 With feeble light and half obscure
Poor mortals Thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, Thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam un-
eased,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to Thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fall or die.
- 5 My favoured soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at Thy throne;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

81

L. M. BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, Thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But, though His methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven and earth and air and seas
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed
That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

82

C. M. ADDISON.

1 **H**OW are Thy servants blessed, O
Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass un-
hurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will:
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, if Thou preserve that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

83

8s. & 7s. MONTGOMERY.

1 **O** MY soul, with all thy powers
Bless the Lord's most holy Name;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, His praise proclaim;
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us His care extends.

2 He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound
thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renewed:
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath severed thus:
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spareth his son, He spareth us:
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

4 Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful;—but soon,
When the south wind softly bloweth,
Look again,—the flower is gone:
Such is man; his honours pass
Like the glory of the grass.

5 From eternity, enduring
To eternity,—the Lord,
Still His people's bliss ensuring,
Keeps His covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness
Children's children He will bless.

84

7s. BARBAULD.

1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy!
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;—

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:—

3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

4 God in Christ! to Thee we owe
All the mercies that we know;
And the gift,—all gifts above,—
The great ransom of Thy love.

85

L. M.

1 **H**E leadeth me, O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort
fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

86

11s. & 12s.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian, my Guide;
Whatever I want He will surely provide;
To the sheep of His pastures His mercies are shown,
And His care like a mantle is over them thrown.
- 2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then what shall I fear,
Can danger affright me when He is so near?
Or when His voice calls me to walk through the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall my heart ever fail?
- 3 Oh no! He shall guide me throughout the dark way,
His Spirit shall comfort, His word be my stay;
I know by their teaching, when once it is passed,
To a land of delight He will lead me at last.
- 4 Thou, Lord, art become my salvation and song,
Thy blessing has followed me all my life long;
Thy name I will praise while Thou sparest my breath,
And contented in life be resigned in my death.

87

8s.

ADDISON.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

88

8. 7.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father! Thou hast guided
All the way our feet have trod;
Every good has been provided
By our kind and gracious God.
- 2 We would praise Thee, deign to hear us;
Warm our hearts, accept our praise;
Be Thy Spirit ever near us,
Keep us in Thy holy ways!
- 3 Be our Guardian, shed Thy blessing
O'er us as we pass along;
So Thy love and peace possessing,
We may raise Thee many a song.
- 4 Sweet is praise: it speaks enjoyment,
While on earth, of holy love,
And it forms the blest employment
Of the heavenly hosts above.

89

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw Thy wonders wrought,
And then Thy praise they sung;
But soon Thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe His word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lust provoke the Lord,
And He reduced them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans:
Brought His own covenant to His thoughts,
And called them still His sons.
- 5 Their names were in His book,
He saved them from their foes;
Oft He chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that He chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord
Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

90

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, He reigns
Above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

- 8 When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and the Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wandering
round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fixed abode;
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.
- 5 In their distress to God they cried;
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering
round,
"Twas the right path to Canaan's
ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great His works! how kind His
ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

91

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove
Thy long forbearance and Thy love;
As in a glass, we here may see
How fickle and how frail are we.
- 2 Thou didst expend their years with
pain,
And made their wanderings long and
vain;
An irksome march, through unknown
ways,
Wore out their strength, consumed
their days.
- 8 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourned, and sought the Lord
again;
Called Him their rock, their high abode,
Their great Redeemer, and their God.
- 4 Their prayers and vows before Him rise
In flattering words and solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to His covenant and His love.
- 5 Yet, in His pity, God forgave,
And brought them from the threatened
grave;
His anger off away He turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.
- 6 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptation still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them still,
And led them to His holy hill.

92

C. M. D.

AUBER.

- 1 OH praise our great and gracious
And call upon His name; [Lord,
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim.
Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promised land;
Tell how His covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.
- 2 He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
The moving fire by night;
To guide His Israel on their way
He made their darkness light.
And have not we a sure retreat,
A Saviour ever nigh?
The same clear light to guide our feet,
The day-spring from on high?
- 8 We, too, have manna from above,
"The bread that came from heaven;"
To us the same kind hand of love
Hath living waters given.
A rock we have, from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows;
"That rock is Christ," our Priest, our
King,
Who life and health bestows.
- 4 O let us prize this blessed food,
And trust our heavenly Guide;
So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide;
And safely reach that happy shore,
The land of peace and rest,
Where angels worship and adore,
In God's own presence blessed.

93

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

- 1 RESCUED from the hand of
strangers
Israel through the desert goes;
Many are his toils and dangers,
Many too are Israel's foes;
But Jehovah
All his wants and dangers knows.
- 2 Israel's heart is found deceitful,
Proned to murmur and complain;
Israel too is oft forgetful
Of the hand that broke his chain;
But Jehovah
Turns him to Himself again.
- 8 Through a trackless desert going,
Israel proves the Saviour's love;
Lo! a cloud before Him showing
When and whither He should move;
Israel's journeys
Are directed from above.
- 4 Though the desert be unfruitful,
Yet is favoured Israel fed;
His supplies are never doubtful,
God provides his daily bread;
And his table
Through the wilderness is spread.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE.

5 Where no pleasant streams are flowing,
In a parched and thirsty land,
Lo! the rock, its Maker knowing,
Pours a stream at his command;
And His people
Wondering own His mighty hand.

94

L. M. D.

SCOTT.

1 **W**HEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage
came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

2 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
Trumpet and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests and warrior's voice
between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

3 But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

4 Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn:
But Thou hast said "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are more accepted sacrifice."

95

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding
loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends His showers of blessings
down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains
crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
Should raise His honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 He sends His word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

96

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
And make a joyful noise!
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
How terrible art Thou!
Sinners before Thy presence fly,
Or at Thy footstool bow.

3 Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are His ways!
In Moses' hand He puts His rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas:

4 Parting, they left their channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
There did the church begin her joy,
And triumph in her God.

5 He rules by His resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Exalt themselves before His sight,
Or tempt His glittering spear?

6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil His praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And will direct our ways.

7 He hath with sufferings tried our souls,
To make our graces shine,
As silver, by the glowing coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at His command;
And of His own abounding grace
Enjoy the promised land.

GOD IN REDEMPTION.

GOD IN REDEMPTION.

97

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW to the God of power supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless His name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.
- 3 'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son
Before He spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels
known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, He brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

98

L. M.

MEDLEY.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's
praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered
loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

99

8s. & 7s.

- 1 **S**OFT the voice of mercy sounded,
Sweet as music to the ear,
"Grace abounds where sin abounded,"
This the word that soothed our fear;
Grace, the sweetest sound we know;
Grace to sinners here below.
- 2 Grace, we sing, God's grace through
Jesus;
Grace, the spring of peace to man;
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us;
Grace too high for thought to scan;
Grace, the theme of God's own love!
Grace the theme—all themes above.

100

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed;
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blessed abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul; awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

101

C. M.

BONAR.

- 1 **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine—and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine—and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is Thine.

GOD IN REDEMPTION.

4 Thy grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth;
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

102

C. M.

WATTS.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

103

S. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from His throne:
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known:"

2 Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own—
"Our righteousness and strength is
found
In Thee, the Lord, alone."

4 In Thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

104

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your
God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent His only Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, O Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging sword;
No hard commission to perform
The threatenings of the Lord.

4 But all was mercy, all was love,
With God upon the throne,
When Christ descended from above,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your
wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 Exalted Lord, our willing hearts
With joy receive Thy grace;
We sing the love the Son imparts,
And give the Father praise.

105

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites His children near;
While power, and truth, and boundless
love,
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in Thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn Thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name's revealed in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And Thine avenging justice shows
Its honours in His blood.

5 But still the lustre of Thy grace
Our warmest thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter
rays,
And more exalts our joys.

106

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, ap-
pear;
No thunder in His hand is seen,
No flaming sword is brandished there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
Such was the love He bore our race,
He sent His Son, that through His
blood
We might enjoy eternal peace.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in His name, obey, and live;
Increasing joys His lips afford,
His hands successive blessings give.

4 But endless condemnation lies
On rebels who refuse His grace;
Those who the Son of God despise
Shall never see the Father's face.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST HIS BIRTH.

107

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things made;
By Him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 Ere our first parents sinned and fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of His years?

4 But lo! the promise He performs:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
To bring salvation down to worms,
And spoil the serpent of his prey.

5 Mortals with joy beheld His face,
The Father's well beloved Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through the flesh the Godhead
shone.

6 Angels look down from their abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glory of Immanuel.

108

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HE lands that darkness long
o'erspread,
Have now beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

2 Behold the virgin's promised Son;
Behold the woman's seed appear;
He shall be called the Holy One,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

3 The government of earth and seas
Upon His shoulder shall be laid;
His rule for ever shall increase,
His crown of glory never fade.

4 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on His father David's throne;
Shall draw the nations to His feet,
And reign through ages yet unknown.

109

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at
first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That Thou should'st set him and his
race
But just below an angel's place?

2 That Thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3 But, O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall His head adorn,
The promised seed, of woman born!

4 See Him below His angels made,
See Him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin,
And raise His saints to life divine.

5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that succeed the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

HIS BIRTH.

110

C. M.

TATE.

1 **W**HILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind:

3 To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
men
Begin, and never cease!"

111

8s. & 6s.

LUTHER.

1 **A**WAKE! my soul, dismiss thy fears,
Prepare a joyful song;
The Saviour of mankind appears,
The Saviour promised long.
Now dawns the long expected morn;
To us a child of hope is born:
He comes! to chase the gloom of night;
He comes! to give the nations light.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS BIRTH.

2 O blessed morn! what news it brings,
By angels ushered in,
The glorious sun with healing wings
Dispels the night of sin:
He dawns upon our gloomy world,
The shades of darkness back are hurried;
The Friend of Man! the Prince of
Peace!

He comes the captives to release.

8 Awake! my soul, dismiss thy fears,
Prepare a joyful song;
The Saviour of mankind appears,
The Saviour promised long:
All hail to this the natal morn;
Rejoice, for now the Christ is born;
Come, see the great, the glorious sight,
For now has come the World's De-
light.

112

7s.

1 OH, what joy there was in heaven,
And what thanks to God were given,
When this beauteous world to frame,
He in might and goodness came;
Songs of praise were heard on high,
Echoed from the lofty sky.

2 Oh, what joy there was in heaven,
And what thanks to God were given,
When the angels did proclaim,
On the plains of Bethlehem,
"Jesus born! on earth good-will!
God's high praise let heaven fulfil."

3 Oh, what joy there was in heaven,
And what thanks to God were given,
When the Saviour in His might,
Put the hosts of hell to flight;
Burst the bonds of death, and rose
Triumphant over all His foes.

4 Oh, what joy there is in heaven,
And what thanks to God are given,
When the sinner, gone astray,
Turns to Christ, the only Way;
Finds his soul by grace subdued,
And his conscience purged with blood.

5 Oh, what joy will be in heaven,
And what thanks to God be given,
When, redemption's work complete,
All the glorified shall meet,
Raised from death, and near His throne,
Jesus' glories to make known.

113

C. M.

1 THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

2 To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

c

3 For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

4 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

6 His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

114

C. M.

WATTS.

1 NOW be the God of Israel blest,
Who makes His truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils His word,
And all the oaths He sware.

2 Now He bedews great David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise shoot,
The promised horn arise.

3 John was the prophet of the Lord
To go before His face;
The herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare His ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardoned sin;
While grace divine, and heavenly love,
In their own glory shine.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
I saw the Spirit o'er His head
On His baptizing day.

6 Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble
souls
Shall His salvation know.

7 The heathen realms, with Israel's land,
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

8 Behold the morning-star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

115

8. 7.

CAWOOD.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the
skies?

Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS BIRTH.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glory, in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!"

8 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound."

4 Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in bliss ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most High!"

116

6s. & 8s.

KELLY.

1 O WHAT a blessed morn
That brought the news from
heaven!
To us a child is born—
To us a Son is given!
The sweetest news that ever came
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

2 The long-expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth,
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing His birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys and swell their
song.

3 O! 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angel-tongues!
All other objects seem
Unworthy of our songs;
This sacred theme has boundless
charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

4 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
Could form the wondrous plan;
Where peace and righteousness
embrace,
And justice reigns along with grace.

5 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round His throne!
Give praise to God with joy;
Give praise to God alone!
'Tis meet His saints their song should
raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

117

L. M.

WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promised
seed
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give Him the superior room!

2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced of old
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of the law.

3 The types bore witness to His name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on His head;
Jesus, we worship at Thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

118

L. M.

GERHARDT.

1 ALL glory, worship, thanks, and
praise,
That Thou art come in these our days:
Thou heavenly guest, expected long,
We hail Thee with a joyful song.

2 For Thee, since first the world was
made,
Men's hearts have waited, watched, and
prayed;
Prophets and patriarchs, year by year,
Have longed to see Thy light appear.

3 Thou art our Head: then, Lord, of Thee
True, living members we will be;
And, in the strength Thy grace shall
give

Will live as Thou wouldst have us live.
4 As each short year goes quickly round
Our hallelujahs shall resound;
And, when we reckon years no more,
May we in heaven Thy name adore.

119

C. M.

AUBER.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that
led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's
night,
To guide us to our God.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS BIRTH.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

120

C. M. MEDLEY.

1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hail! Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

121

S. 7. WESLEY.

1 **H**AIL, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation;
Hope of all the saints: Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child—yet God our King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

122

C. M. D. SEARS.

1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they
come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the
song
Which now the angels sing!

123

7s. DIX.

1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Alleluia to our King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

124

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **J**OY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And His glad advent sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
Floods, clap your hands; rejoice, ye
plains;
And shout, ye hills, for joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make the blessing flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and
grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

125

8s. & 7s.

KELLY.

- 1 **L**O! He comes! let all adore Him!
'Tis the God of grace and truth!
Go! prepare the way before Him,
Make the rugged places smooth!
Lo! He comes, the mighty Lord!
Great His work, and His reward.
- 2 Let the valleys all be raised;
Go, and make the crooked straight;
Let the mountains be abased;
Let all nature change its state;
Through the desert mark a road,
Make a highway for our God.
- 3 Through the desert God is going,
Through the desert waste and wild,
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled;
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.
- 4 Where the thorn and brier flourished,
Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord and nourished,
Stately, fair, and fruitful too;
They shall rise on every side,
They shall spread their branches wide.
- 5 From the hills and lofty mountains
Rivers shall be seen to flow,
There the Lord will open fountains,
Thence supply the plains below;
As He passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful hand.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

126

8s.

GURNEY.

- 1 **W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst
come
To this poor world of sin and death;
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
 - 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they
do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the
sun.
 - 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy wounded body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee on the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"
 - 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds
ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering
view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
 - 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.
- 127
- 8s. & 6.
- 1 **T**OSSSED with rough winds, and faint
with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still soft accents greet thine ear?
"Tis I, be not afraid!"
 - 2 'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light;
"Tis I, be not afraid!"
 - 3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me;
"Tis I, be not afraid!"

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

4 The bitter cup—I drank it first;
For thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced;
"Tis I, be not afraid!"

5 When, on the other side, thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes
sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall
greet,
"Tis I, be not afraid!"

6 From out the dazzling majesty
He'll gently lay His hand on thee,
Whispering, "Belovèd, lovest thou
Me?"
"Tis I, be not afraid!"

128

C. M. D.

LYNCH.

1 O! where is He that trod the sea?
O! where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing;
And from blind eyes, benighted long,
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O! where is He that trod the sea?
O! where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake?
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire;
And strong ones heal the weak, who
waste
Their life in sad desire.

3 O! where is He that trod the sea?
O! where is He that spake,
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A living, loathsome grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, "Tis He can save!"

4 O! where is He that trod the sea?
Tis only He can save:
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blessed the
bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

5 O! where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here!
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee:
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine:—thy needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?—
"I come," saith Christ, "I come!"

129

6s. & 10s.

MILES.

1 THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth,—passed to
Thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst
tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way
When clouds and darkness are around
it spread?

3 O Thou, who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thine own meek head by rudest storms
was bowed:
Raise Thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through
the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star
shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth
lead to Thee.

130

S. M.

BEDDOME.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

131

L. M.

WATTS.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, glorious
Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Engraved in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

8 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

132

6. 10.

MONSELL.

1 **B**IRDS have their quiet nests,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,
But Jesus had not where to lay His
head.

2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His
breast.

8 I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once bade His gentle spirit
mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of
thorn;

4 O, why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying
love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of His face,
That once was pale and agonized for
me.

6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft rejected
head.

7 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn
for sin;
O come and take Thy rest
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart
within.

133

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **B**EHOLD! the blind their sight
receive!
Behold! the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap by the power of Jesus' name!

2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates His cause
While He hangs bleeding on the cross.

8 He dies! the heavens in mourning
stand!
He rises! and to God's right hand
Behold the Lord exalted high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart
Let every fear and doubt depart;
I to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

134

8s. & 6.

HALL.

1 **L**ORD! we obey Thy kind command
To follow Thee to Canaan's land,
But need Thy guiding, strengthening
hand;

Help us to follow Thee!

2 Our Teacher, Ruler, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let us wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee!

8 By meekness, patience, kindness,
prayer,
By works of love and friendly care,
By holy conduct everywhere,
Help us to follow Thee!

4 Whene'er the road is rough and steep,
Whene'er the floods roll strong and
deep,
Although, distressed we groan and
weep,

Still may we follow Thee!

5 When fears and foes beset the way,
When darkest clouds obscure the day,
And easier paths tempt us to stray,
Help us to follow Thee!

6 At every hour, in every place,
Amidst all changes, give us grace
With patient, plodding, onward pace,
Closely to follow Thee!

7 Courageously, whome'er our foes;
With cheerfulness, whate'er oppose;
Unto our journey's final close
Help us to follow Thee!

8 Then along heaven's own pathway
bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight,
By victory crowned, and robed in white,
We'll ever follow Thee!

135

L. M.

1 "SEE how He loved!" exclaimed the
Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SYMPATHY.

- 2 "See how He loved!" who travelled on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 "See how He loved!" who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And calmly yielded up His breath.
- 4 "See how He loved!" who died for
man;
Who laboured thus, and thus endured,
To finish the all-gracious plan
Which life and heaven to man
secured.
- 5 Such love can we unmoved survey?
Oh may our breasts with ardour glow
To tread His steps, His laws obey,
And thus our love to Jesus show!

136

C. M. D. GRINFIELD.

- 1 **THEY** talked of Jesus as they went;
And Jesus, all unknown,
Did at their side Himself present
With sweetness all His own.
Swift, as He opened the sacred word,
His glory they discerned;
And swift, as His dear voice they heard,
Their hearts within them burned.
- 2 He would have left them, but that they
With prayers His love assailed;
"Depart not yet! a little stay!"
They pressed Him, and prevailed.
And Jesus was revealed, as there
He blessed and broke the bread:
But, while they marked His heavenly
air,
The matchless Guest had fled.
- 3 And thus at times, as Christians talk
Of Jesus and His word,
He joins two friends amidst their walk,
And makes, unseen, a third.
And oh! how sweet their converse
flows,
Their holy theme how clear,
How warm with love each bosom glows
If Jesus be but near!
- 4 And they that woo His visits sweet,
And will not let Him go,
Oft, while His broken bread they eat,
His soul-felt presence know;
His gathered friends He loves to meet
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting hearts repeat
The memory of His death.
- 5 But such sweet visits here are brief;
Dispensed from stage to stage,
A cheering and a prized relief
Of faith's hard pilgrimage.
There is a scene where Jesus ne'er,
Ne'er leaves His happy guests;
He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,
And love still fires their breasts.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

HIS SYMPATHY.

137

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy!
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee!
- 2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress:
For He who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There's not a secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
- 4 Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow
But for that love which died for sin—
That love which wept with woe.
- 5 All human sympathy but cheers
When it is learned from Thee:
Alas for grief!—but for those tears
Which fell at Bethany!

138

C. M. SWAIN.

- 1 **W**HEN saints most need His help-
ing hand
The Lord is always near;
With heaven and earth at His
command
He waits to answer prayer.
- 2 His love no bound nor measure knows,
Time cannot turn its course,
Unchangeably the same, it flows
From its eternal source.
- 3 When darkness veils His shining face,
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace
To make it better known.
- 4 And when their dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He is for ever all in all,
Their God and Saviour still.

139

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

- 3 But holy, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And now He knows, and feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed will never break,
Nor scorn the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

140

88.

- 1 **H**E wept! whence flowed that mortal
tear?
He is the Lord of joy and light,
The Soother of each grief and fear,
The Day-star of the Christian's night;
And yet He weeps! O wherefore flow
Those tears of mortal grief and woe?
- 2 The mourner knows why Jesus wept;
He knows that tear-drop's holy well;
Knows why the chords of grief were
swept,
And why such sighs His bosom swell:
Joy, stead of sorrow! light for gloom!
Since Jesus wept by Lazarus' tomb.
- 3 Behold how Jesus loves! His heart
Hath shared our sorrow and our
strife;
His sympathy hath taken part
In all the burden of our life:
We thank Thee, Saviour, for the sigh
And tender tear of sympathy.
- 4 The sinner knows why Jesus wept;
When, one by one, in dark array,
From hiding places where they slept,
Remembered not till washed away,
His sins, in all their hateful light,
Are brought before his spirit's sight.
- 5 He loves each bitter tear to count
Which fell from Christ the Man of
Grief,
O'er Zion, His beloved mount,
For mortal sin and unbelief!
He loves such tear-drops, for they prove
The shoreless depths of Jesus' love.
- 6 Because He wept,—the oil of joy,
Instead of tears, shall overflow;
And praise shall be our sweet employ,
And robes of light, instead of woe,
Shall be our dress! and chords be
swept
In thankful strains,—since Jesus wept.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :

HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

141

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders
meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.
- 2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 Is He compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be
fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of Thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.
- 4 Is He a tree? The world receives
Salvation from His healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful
bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is He a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrant in all her fields;
Or if the lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.
- 6 Is He a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and
fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine!
- 7 Is He the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives,
The saints below and saints above
Joined by His Spirit and His love.
- 8 Is He a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 9 Is He a fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall He sit,
And tread the refuse with His feet.
- 10 Is He a rock? How firm He proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from Him
flow
Attend us all the desert through.
- 11 Is He a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and
zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

13 Is He a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.

13 Is He designed the corner-stone
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make Him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is He a temple? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.

15 Is He a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know His glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

16 Is He a Sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when He appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

17 O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

18 Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
Till we behold Him face to face.

142

6s. & 8s.

WATTS.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 In flesh before our eyes
The great Messiah stands,
With precious promises,
And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of our God,
We bless Thy holy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be Thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side;
O let my footsteps never stray,
But still pursue the heavenly way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My ransomed soul among
The thousands of His sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

143

6s. & 8s.

WATTS.

1 WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
The names of Christ my King,
As written in His word;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Revealing to our soul
The fulness of His grace;
The mighty God's exalted Son,
Ascended to His Father's throne.

3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Bears His own name upon
His garment and His thigh.
His name is called the Word of God;
He rules the earth with iron rod.

4 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What characters of grace,
What titles He assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men!
And will those wondrous names maintain.

5 Descending from above,
To act the Saviour's part,
O what transcendent love
Reigns in Immanuel's heart;
He is a Friend and Brother too,
Divinely kind, divinely true.

6 At length the Judge of all
His awful throne ascends,
And rebels, by His call,
Are parted from His friends:
Then shall His saints in glory prove
The heights and depths of endless love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

144

6s. & 8s.

WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
He that for sin did once atone,
Now intercedes before the throne.
- 2 To Christ, who for me feels,
Do I commit my cause,
He answers and fulfils
His Father's holy laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set!
His sufferings paid the dreadful debt.
- 3 My Advocate appears
For my defence above;
The Father bows His ears,
And manifests His love:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn His heart, His love away.
- 4 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reign of grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
- 5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 6 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

145

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than in rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings
brought,
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several
hands,
For mortal was their race:
Thy never changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.

- 5 Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne:
- 6 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face;
Give Him, my soul, Thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

146

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my great High Priest hath
died,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 2 My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering His Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
For He hath paid the dreadful debt.
- 3 My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King!
Thy sceptre and Thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at Thy feet.
- 4 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds;
The Captain of Salvation leads;
March onward in the glorious way,
Nor fear through Him to win the day.
- 5 Should death, and hell, and powers
unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
The standard of victorious grace.

147

L. M.

LOGAN.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly Temple
stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He, who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious
blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

148

C. M.

DECK.

- 1 THE veil is rent: lo! Jesus stands
Before the throne of grace;
And clouds of incense from His hands
Fill all that glorious place.
- 2 His precious blood is sprinkled there,
Before and on the throne;
And His own wounds in heaven declare
His work on earth is done.
- 3 "Tis finished!" on the cross He said,
In agonies and blood;
"Tis finished!" now He lives to plead
Before the face of God.
- 4 "Tis finished!" here our souls can rest,
His work can never fail:
By Him our Sacrifice and Priest,
We enter through the veil.
- 5 Within the holiest of all,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
Before Thy throne Thy children fall,
And worship Thee, our God.

149

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THIS from the treasures of His word
We learn the titles of the Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of Majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining in His refulgent rays;
The mighty God's exalted Son,
That sits and rules upon His throne.
- 3 His name's engraved upon His thigh,
The King of kings, the Lord most high!
He wears a garment dipped in blood,
And breaks the nations with His rod.
- 4 But when for works of peace He comes,
What winning titles He assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men;
And will those characters maintain.
- 5 With love and pity in His heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother He appears,
And well fulfils the names He bears.
- 6 At length the Judge His throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from His friends;
Then saints in full fruition prove
The riches of His heavenly love.

150

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach His truth and grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 The Angel of the covenant stands,
With His commission in His hands,
Proceeding from His Father's throne,
To make the great salvation known.
- 4 Great Prophet! I will bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful tidings came
Of judgment stilled, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near Thy side;
O let me never run astray,
But still pursue the heavenly way.
- 6 I love my Shepherd, He shall keep
My ransomed soul among His sheep;
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
And in His bosom bears the lambs.

151

C. M.

KELLY.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned
With thorns,
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

152

6s. & 8s.

KELLY.

- 1 **T**HE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High
Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.
- 2 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 3 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

153

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, Thy Spirit and Thy word
Shall teach Thy heavenly ways.
- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up His blood,
And lives, and sheds abroad His love,
Our Advocate with God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are His commands!
He guards our souls, and we will sing
The goodness of His hands.
- 4 Hosanna to His glorious name
Who saving strength displays;
His mercies lay a powerful claim
To our perpetual praise.

154

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, let us bow before the Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And Thou our living bread.
- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where endless springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The tribes of Israel died at last
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Reanimate the dead.
- 4 Blessed be the Lord, that gives His flesh
To keep His friends alive;
And spreads His table oft afresh,
That we may grow and thrive.

- 5 Our souls inhale the heavenly breath
Which Christ our life supplies;
Nor shall His saints be lost in death,
For Jesus never dies.

155

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
My heavenly Shepherd, let me know
Where doth Thy richest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
Which from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 For why should I appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of Thy flock appear;
Thy goodly pastures, lo, are here;
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
Which shall endure through endless
years.
- 5 My Shepherd makes His flesh my food,
And bids me drink His precious blood;
Here to these hills my soul shall come,
Till my beloved lead me home.

156

11s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Shepherd, no want
shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded
to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the calm
waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, re-
deems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of
death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Keeper, no evil I
fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be
my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter
near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest
my head;
Oh! what shall I ask of Thy provi-
dence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above;
I seek by the path which my forefathers
trod,
Through the land of their sojourn,
Thy kingdom of love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

157

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
Far from the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our judgments laid,
And did His heavy chastening pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God hath raised His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And He shall see a countless seed
To recompense His pain.
- 5 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold His honours long."

158

11s.

STOWELL.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our Shepherd, wiping
every tear;
Folded in His bosom, what have we to
fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth
lead;
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy
mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know
His voice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our
hearts rejoice!
Even when it chideth, tender is its
tone;
None but He shall guide us, we are His
alone.
- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep
He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood
He shed.
Then on each He setteth His own
secret sign;
They that have My Spirit, these, saith
He, are Mine.
- 4 Jesus is our Shepherd, guided by His
arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none
can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark
with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the
tomb.

- 5 Jesus is our Shepherd; with His good-
ness now,
And His tender mercy, He doth us
endow;
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome
heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never
more to part.

159

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And free salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guide me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Yea, though I walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In presence of my foes
His hands my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of His love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from His house would I remove,
Nor cease to speak His praise.

160

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **J**ESUS my Shepherd is,
My Guardian and my Guide,
I know that I am His,
And in His love confide;
Away with every anxious fear,
I cannot want while He is near.
- 2 In ever verdant meads
He makes my soul repose,
And still my footsteps leads
Where living water flows;
And when my feet forget His way,
Restores the sheep that went astray.
- 3 'Tis He my soul upholds
In righteousness and peace;
His pardoning love unfolds,
And bids my sorrow cease;
For He has pledged His gracious name,
He who for ever is the same.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

4 Let death then shake his spear,
I'll smile his rage to view,
And walk, without a fear,
The shadowy valley through;
With rod and staff His shepherd care
Shall guide my steps, and guard me there.

5 Still is my table spread,
My foes stand silent by;
I feed on living bread,
My cruse is never dry;
And surely love and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

6 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song,
Shall cheer my gloomiest days
And tune my dying tongue;
Until my ransomed soul shall rise
To praise Him better in the skies.

161

7s.

MERRICK.

1 **L**O, my Shepherd's hand Divine!
Want shall never more be mine;
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed His happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadow flow;
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

3 Though the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
While my every wish I see
By Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows;
Constant to my latest end
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

162

6s. & 8s.

CONDOR.

1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
And He my soul will keep;
He knoweth where I roam,
And watcheth o'er His sheep:
Away with every anxious fear;
I cannot sink while He is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed;
Where the still waters glide
Along the dewy mead,
He leads my feet; and when I roam
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 Let me but feel Him near,
Death's gloomy path in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through:
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

4 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song;
Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
And tune my dying tongue:
Until my ransomed soul shall rise
To praise Him better in the skies.

163

C. M.

DEANE.

1 **T**HOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

164

S. M.

SMITH.

1 **T**HOU art, O Christ, the Way:
Thyself reveal to me;
And let me humbly, day by day,
Live, move, and walk in Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth divine:
Its fulness may I see;
Believe, and find the promise mine,—
"The truth shall make you free."

3 Thou art the Life of God;
By Thee the dying live;
In me diffuse Thyself abroad,
And life eternal give.

4 Thus, by Thyself, the Way,
I to the Father come;
Led by the Truth I cannot stray;
The Life and I are one.

165

L. M.

CENNICK.

1 **J**ESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

8 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

4 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been
Because I could not cease from sin.

5 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the Way!"

6 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

7 Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

166

C. M.

NEWTON.

1 **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear!

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

8 Dear Name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

167

8s. & 7s.

NEWTON.

1 **O**NE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood;
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.

8 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of Sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

168

7s. & 6s.

1 **J**ESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us, never:
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us, never:
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

8 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever!
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us, never:
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

4 Jesus, peace and joy art Thou,
Joy and peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never:
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth, never:
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

169

8s.

COLLINS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I
call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.
- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art
mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

170

7s.

KELLY.

- 1 **L**OW the infant Saviour lies;
Angels call Him "only wise;"
To His name they join the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 2 See! He stands at Pilate's bar;
Most despised of all by far;
Still to Him belong the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 3 He who wears the crown of thorns,
He whom man reviles and scorns,
Claims exclusively the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same;
Never does He yield the claim;
Clear His title to the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 5 Past the conflict of His love;
See! He takes His place above,
On His vesture shine the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 6 O! ye bright seraphic choirs,
Strike anew your golden lyres:
While ye gaze, proclaim the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."
- 7 Join, ye saints, with heaven agree,
Let the name of Jesus be
Still united to the words,
"King of kings and Lord of lords."

171

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, mighty God!
Our spirits bow before Thy seat;
We lift our thoughts to Thine abode,
And worship at Thy mercy seat.
- 2 Thy power hath formed, Thy wisdom
sways,
The whole creation by Thy word;
And all the starry host obeys
The will and pleasure of the Lord.
- 3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at Thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards Thy throne,
And vengeance waits Thy dread com-
mand.
- 4 Ten thousand angels, strong and
bright,
Before Thy glorious throne appear;
But who among the sons of light
Dare with the King of heaven com-
pare?
- 5 Yet one, of royal pedigree,
Jesus, who took our flesh and blood,
Thought it not robbery to be
Equal with Israel's mighty God.
- 6 Then let the name of Christ our King
With lasting honours be adored;
His praises every angel sing,
And nations flock to own the Lord.

172

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No kids nor bullocks, goats nor lambs,
Are now for offerings slain;
Incense, and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
Since God's own Son comes down to be
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The fulness of His love;
For us He paid His life below,
And intercedes above.

173

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**HO hath believed Thy word,
Or Thy salvation known?
Reveal Thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify Thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteemed Him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrow His chief companions were,
And His acquaintance grief.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS CHARACTER AND TITLES.

3 They turned their eyes away,
And treated Him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon Him lay,
Their sorrows He has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
It pleased the Father's love to bruise
His own beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong His days,
And make His kingdom stand;
My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
"Shall prosper in His hand.

6 His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of His pain,
And by His knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men."

174

S. M.

WATTS.

1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to His new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all His Father's house He stands
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer judgment falls
On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist His grace.

175

C. M.

WATTS.

1 THIS not the law of ten commands,
On Sinai's mountain given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can lead our feet to heaven.

2 Nor can the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Obtain a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath
At God's immediate will,
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon the appointed hill.

D

4 And while on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
Moses on Pisgah's summit died,
Short of the promised land.

5 Israel, rejoice! now Jesus leads,
He'll bring thy tribes to rest;
Thus our triumphant Lord exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

176

C. M.

WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell with-
stand,
Yet shall this building rise;
It is the work of God's own hand,
And wondrous in our eyes.

177

L. M.

KELLY.

1 WE need not be ashamed to own
That He, on whom our hopes
depend,
Though now He fills the highest throne,
Was styled on earth "the sinner's
Friend."

2 The title came from those who sought
To bring dishonour on His name;
But Jesus then refused it not,
Nor sought to vindicate His fame.

3 And now, though yonder throne is His,
He bears the gracious title still:
Jesus "the Friend of sinners" is,
He owns the charge, and ever will.

4 The title that was meant in scorn
He takes and binds upon His brow;
And thus the guilty and forlorn
Are taught His character to know.

5 And while His name is set at nought
By those who on their worth depend,
The wretched and the vile are taught
To bless Him as "the sinner's Friend."

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH:

178

7s. MONTGOMERY.

1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen:—He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

179

8s. & 6s. HEMANS.

1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and
prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's
shade,
On that dread agony:
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun set in a fearful hour;
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath might
know
The very depths of human woe.

3 He proved them all—the doubt, the
strife,
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round His head:
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

5 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
Through Him, through Him, that path
who trod;
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

180

C. M. WATTS.

1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
My gracious Sovereign die?
Did He devote His sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ the mighty Saviour died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But floods of tears can never pay
The debt of love I owe;
Lord, I devote myself to Thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

181

C. M. WATTS.

1 **I**SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell;
"Tis finished!" said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 "Tis finished!" our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His throne auspicious rise,
Behold His reign begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord!
To heaven or hell His hands divide;
Eternal His award.

5 The saints from His propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
While all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of His frowns.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

182

C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a sure and free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

183

8. 7.

BOWRING.

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way;
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

184

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE followers of the Son of God
Have each a daily cross to bear;
And he who treads where Jesus trod,
Must not refuse His cup to share.
- 2 But sin can ne'er be crucified,
By cross or suffering of our own:
The cross whereon Immanuel died,
Alone can win the victor's crown.
- 3 We own but one Gethsemane,
And there the debt of woe was paid;
We know but one true Calvary,
And there was sin's atonement made.
- 4 'Tis sweet, O Lord, Thy cup to share,
Of true discipleship the sign;
And easy is the cross to bear,
If faith beholdeth only Thine.
- 5 Then grant us grace to drink the cup,
Whate'er that daily cup may be;
And cheerfully the cross take up,
And bear it meekly after Thee.

185

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep
around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and trace in sad review
His grief, who bowed beneath your load,
And gave His life, the just and true,
To reconcile your souls to God.
- 3 O love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what wondrous things we see,
He that was dead revives again!
- 4 The Conqueror bursts the sealed tomb,
Behold Him from the dead arise!
Angelic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Then, O ye saints, rejoice and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
- 6 Cry! live for ever, glorious King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
O death, where is thy boasted sting?
Where is thy victory, O grave?

186

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 8 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And sees her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love!

187

L. M.

KELLY.

- 1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 8 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
'Tis all that sinners want below,
'Tis all the ransomed know above.

188

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
Awake, awake, O sword,
And smite the Shepherd, and the man,
My fellow, saith the Lord.
- 2 Obedient to the dread command,
The sentence quickly flies,
And Jesus to His Father's hand,
Bows down His head, and dies.
- 8 But see the wisdom and the grace
That now with justice join;
He dies to save our guilty race,
And give us life divine.
- 4 Such was the great and holy One,
Who yielded to be slain;
He could at will His life lay down,
And take His life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing;
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

189

5s. & 11s. C. WESLEY.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing your Saviour should
die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is:
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like
His.

2 For what you have done,
His blood must atone;
The Father hath given for you His dear
Son:
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger, did lay
Your sin on the Lamb, and He bore them
away.

8 He answered for all;
O come at His call,
And low at His feet with astonishment
fall:
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

190

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 LET not my heart from Thee remove,
My Jesus, and my God;
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
Our souls are freed from pain;
And by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 8 Till in the flesh I see the Lord,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The threatenings of His awful word
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But when Immanuel's face appears,
My hope and joy begin;
His name forbids all slavish fears,
His grace forgives my sin.
- 5 While Jews upon the law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the gospel mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

191

8s. & 7s.

KELLY.

1 AS a lamb led forth to slaughter,
Jesus on His way proceeds:
See His foes are filled with laughter,
While the patient Victim bleeds.
Jesus dies, by man abhorred;
Jesus, chosen of the Lord.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

2 Jesus dies in love to others;
Greater love hath none than this:
Love of kindred, love of mothers,
Feeble is compared to His.
Who can tell its breadth and length?
Who its depth, its height, its strength?

3 Come, my soul, look here and wonder,
Here's a sight to cause surprise:
Well the rocks might cleave asunder;
Well might darkness veil the skies:
'Twas the voice of nature then;
Nature's voice reproving men.

4 Nature's voice again reproving
Would be heard should I not speak:
None has greater cause for loving
Him who came the lost to seek:
Yet my love, how cold it is!
O how different mine from His!

5 Ah, my Lord, Thou knowest Thy servant,
Weak, unfaithful, apt to slide;
Make his love more pure and fervent;
Let him at Thy feet abide:
Thine the tribute of his praise,
Thine the remnant of his days.

192

S. M.

KELLY.

1 "HIMSELF He cannot save:"
Insulting foe, 'tis true;
The words a gracious meaning have,
Though meant in scorn by you.

2 "Himself He cannot save:"
This is His highest praise:
Himself for others' sake He gave,
And suffers in their place.

3 It were an easy part
For Him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fills His heart,
And makes Him choose to die.

4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause,
Why He, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.

5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
And worldly wisdom mock;
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,
And Christ himself my Rock.

6 I leave the world for this:
Let others share its toys:
I envy not their fancied bliss;
The cross yields purer joys.

193

7s. 6s. & 8.

WENLEY.

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal:
Now declare us justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

194

6. 5.

1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind!

3 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

195

8s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **WOULD** Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?

What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me—
Forgive them, Father, O forgive;
They know not that by Me they live!

- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

- 3 O let Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

- 8 Full is His cup of woe;
In death His drooping head declines;
'Tis done! He cries; and now
His soul resigns.

- 4 O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown of thorn;
In deep and dread amaze
There look and mourn.

- 5 For thee He shed His blood;
Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim;

To that accursed wood
Thou hast nailed Him.

- 6 To Thee, the mighty Lord,
Who washed in blood our sins away,
Our boundless gratitude
Its thanks would pay.

196

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **NATURE** with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise
abroad;

And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of our God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

- 8 Here His whole name appears complete

Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

- 4 Here I behold His inmost heart
Where grace and justice strangely join;
Piercing His Son with deadly smart
To make the great salvation mine.

- 5 O the sweet wonders of that cross
On which my Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

198

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **WHEN** I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory
died,

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my Lord
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns such temples ever crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

197

6s. 8. & 4.

- 1 **L**O! on the inglorious tree
The Lord, the Lord of glory
hangs;

Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with pangs.

- 2 A shameful death He dies,
Uplifted with transgressors twain;
A Lamb for sacrifice,
By sinners slain.

199

S. M.

BONAR.

- 1 **I** HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty Sacrifice,
And have peace with God.

- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

- 8 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes
not;
The cross is ever nigh.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.
- 5 That which can shake the cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave!
- 6 Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield;
Jesus, I know, has died and lives;
On this firm rock I build.
- 7 I change, He changes not;
My Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.
- 8 I know He liveth now,
At God's right hand above:
I know the throne on which He sits;
I know His truth and love!

200

L. M.

SMITH.

- 1 **B**EFORE the throne of God above,
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is
Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on His hands;
My name is written on His heart;
I know that while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.
- 4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him, and pardon me.
- 5 Behold Him there!—the bleeding
Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness;
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.
- 6 One with Himself, I cannot die;
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

201

8s.

DECK.

- 1 **W**HEN first, o'erwhelmed with sin
and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came;
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet, drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich, atoning blood.

- 2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun His presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich, atoning blood.
- 3 Before His face my Priest appears;
My Advocate the Father hears:
That precious blood, before His eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God,
The voice of that atoning blood.
- 4 Here I can rest without a fear:
By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich, atoning blood.

202

8. 7.

ALLEN.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from His languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

203

8s. & 4s.

- 1 **T**IS the blood of Christ hath spoken
Peace, peace—be still;
The destroyer sees the token!
Peace, peace—be still:
On God's word we boldly venture,
All our hopes in Jesus centre,
Into rest our souls can enter,
Peace, peace—be still.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

2 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still;
Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth,
Peace, peace—be still:
Though with mighty foes engaging,
War with sin and Satan waging,
Storms of trial fiercely raging,
Peace, peace—be still.

8 Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Peace, peace—be still;
Day and night through faith unfearing,
Peace, peace—be still: [der
Though approaching judgments thun-
Filling all men's hearts with wonder,
Though earth's ties are rent asunder,
Peace, peace—be still.

4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,
Peace, peace—be still;
He shall hush its loud commotion,
Peace, peace—be still:
Soon shall end our days of sighing,
Pain and sorrow, death and crying;
Till that hour on God relying,
Peace, peace—be still.

204

C. M.

WATTS.

1 O YE distressed, why doth your face
Those mournful colours wear?
What sorrows now disturb your peace,
And tempt you to despair?

2 What though your sins more numerous
are
Than stars that fill the skies,
And pointing upwards in the air,
Like towering mountains rise;

3 What though your mighty guilt hath
spread
Beyond creation's bound,
And hath its broad foundations laid
Beneath the vast profound;

4 Behold an ocean, deep and wide,
Of never-failing grace,
Springing from Christ the Saviour's
side,
The fount of life and peace.

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake our souls, His praises spread,
Who covers every fault,
With that dear blood which Jesus shed,
With endless mercy fraught.

205

L. M.

WATTS.

1 O UR spirits join to bless the Lamb;
Oh that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Son of God resigns His breath;
Pours out His blood upon the ground,
And ransoms guilty worms from death.

8 We broke our Maker's righteous laws;
Christ from the judgment set us free;
Bore all our sins upon the cross,
And nailed the threatenings to the tree.

4 In vain our feeble voices strive
To speak of pity so divine;
What tribute, Lord, can creatures give,
Equal to love so great as Thine?

206

C. M.

PURCELL.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree;
He died the captives to restore,
His blood was shed for thee.

2 Look to Him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from His cross depart.

3 Look to Him, till His dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Look to Him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

207

7s.

TOPLADY.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

208

8. 7. 4.

EVANS.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finished!" oh what pleasure
These triumphal words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort
draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

209

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect Thy Son;
Nor leave Thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone."
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With bitter cries and tears;
God heard Him in that dreadful day,
And chased away His fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of His death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring shall arise
From His expiring groans,
And be regarded in His eyes
As daughters and as sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek Immanuel be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The Isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn possess
Salvation through His blood.

210

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The bitter sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the swelling billows roll,
To overwhelm His righteous soul.
- 2 In words of prayer He spends His
breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of
death,
With all the sons of malice join
To execute their dark design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, His conflicts prove
How boundless is redeeming love;
The dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atone for sins which we have done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honour of Thy law restored;
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
And now He pleads before Thy throne.
- 5 O for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

211

7s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!
- 7 King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

212

7s.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the cross
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss; Hallelujah!
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save;
Hallelujah!
- 3 But the pain which He endured,
Hallelujah!
Our salvation has procured:
Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing
Hallelujah!
- 4 Sing we to our God above Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love; Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Hallelujah!

213

C. M.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen!" O, what joy
These blessed tidings give!
He died, our enemies to destroy;
He lives; we therefore live.
- 2 "The Lord is risen!" death and sin,
And hell all conquered are;
He's gone the holiest within
Our mansion to prepare.
- 3 "The Lord is risen!" see Him sit
Upon the Father's throne;
All worship at His pierced feet,
And Lord our Jesus own.
- 4 "The Lord is risen!" risen too
With him from sin and death,
Let us the heavenly thrones pursue,
And die to all beneath.
- 5 Our place is with Him on the throne,
There, with the Lord we love;
As strangers here ourselves we own,
Our hearts, our home above.

214

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 BEST morning whose young dawn-
ing rays
Beheld our rising Lord
Triumphant from the grave arise,
According to His word.

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
The glorious Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 Almighty Lord, to Thy great name
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and
seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

215

8s. & 6s.

KELLY.

- 1 JOYFUL sound! O glorious hour!
When Christ by His Almighty
power
Arose, and left the grave:
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who broke the chains of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.
- 2 The First-begotten from the dead,
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What though the saints like Him shall
die,—
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.
- 3 No more we tremble at the grave;
For He, who died our souls to save,
Will raise our bodies too:
What though this earthly house shall
fall,—
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

216

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son of God,
That clothed Himself in clay,
That burst the iron gates of death,
And set the prisoners free.
- 2 Death is no more a dreadful king,
Since Jesus left the dead;
He tore away the tyrant's sting,
He bruised the serpent's head.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There the exalted Saviour reigns,
And sends His blessings down,
To cheer His saints on earthly plains,
And fit them for His throne.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

5 Rejoice, ye blest, and tune your
tongues,
To reach His high abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Resound Immanuel's praise.

217 S. M. WATTS.

1 NOW Christ ascends above,
To judge and rule the earth;
Pleads the great merit of His blood,
The glory of His birth.

2 He asks, and God bestows,
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

3 The nations that rebel
Shall feel His iron rod;
He will maintain the honour well
Which He received from God.

4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at His throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

5 If once His wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to His grace.

218 7. & 8. GELLERT.

1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

219 8s. & 6s. HAMMOND.

1 JESUS, who died the world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,
By His Almighty power:
From sin and death He sets us free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour clothed with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your
fears;
In heaven your mansions He prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His church is still His joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down,
On her He did redeem;
The members of that church He knows;
He shares their joys and feels their
woes,
And they shall reign with Him.

220 8s. & 7s.

1 THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed
gloriously,
In power and might excelling;
The grave and hell are captive led,
For He has risen from the dead,
To His eternal dwelling.

2 The heavens with joy receive their
Lord,
To saints, and angel-hosts restored;
O day of exultation!
O earth, proclaim thy mighty King,
His rising, His ascension sing,
With joyful adoration.

3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Upon His church His grace to pour;
And still His love He giveth:
O may our hearts to Him ascend,
May all within us upward tend
To Him who ever liveth.

221 L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on
high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee
wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
So glorious, when the Lord was there;
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

8 How bright the triumph, none can tell,
When Christ subdued the powers of hell;
And souls that they had captive made,
Were joyful captives by Him led.

4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sends the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

222

C. M.

WATTS.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King,
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high!
His heavenly guards around,
Attend Him rising through the sky
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne;
He loved that chosen race:
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste his grace.

223

L. M.

WESLEY.

1 O UR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way."

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims those mansions as His right:
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, that all His foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell
o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, for ever blessed.

224

C. M.

CHANDLER.

1 O CHRIST! our hope, our heart's desire!

Redemption's only spring!
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love,
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future great reward!
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

225

C. M.

GREGG.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
Yon heaven of heavens, with peerless light
Our great Redeemer fills.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At His right hand, with golden harps
They offer songs divine.

3 And whilst He stooped on earth to dwell,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honours at His feet,
And waited in His train.

4 Through all his travels here below
They did His steps attend;
Oft wondering how and where at last
This scene of love would end.

5 As on the torturing cross He hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.

6 They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before,
And rise in conquering majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

7 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and sang,
"The glorious work is done!"

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SECOND COMING.

226

6s. & 8s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **G**OD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 4 High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway:
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

HIS SECOND COMING.

227

8. 7.

MIDLANE.

- 1 **H**ARK! the cry, "Behold, He
cometh!"
Hark! the cry, "The Bridegroom's
near!"
These are accents falling sweetly
On the ransomed sinner's ear.
- 2 Man may disbelieve the tidings,
Or in anger turn away;
'Tis foretold there shall be scoffers
Rising in the latter day.

- 3 But He'll come, the Lord from heaven,
Not to suffer or to die;
But to take His waiting people
To their glorious rest on high.
- 4 Happy they who stand expecting
Christ, the Saviour, to appear:
Sad for those who do not love Him,
Those who do not wish Him here.
- 5 But in mercy still He lingers,
Lengthening out the day of grace;
Till He comes, inviting sinners
To His welcome, fond embrace.

228

L. M.

HEBER.

- 1 **T**HE Lord shall come! the earth shall
quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form
With rainbow wreath and robes of
storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by
pride,
The Nazarene—the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

229

C. M.

DENNY.

- 1 **H**ARK to the trumpet, lo! it breaks
The sleep of ages now;
And lo! the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.
- 2 Changed in a moment unto life,
The quick, the dead arise;
Responsive to the angel's voice,
That calls us to the skies.
- 3 O Lord, the bright and blessed hope
That cheered us through the past,
Of full eternal rest in Thee,
Is all fulfilled at last.
- 4 Praise, endless praise, alone becomes
This bright and blessed place;
Where every eye beholds unveiled
Thy mysteries of grace.
- 5 All conflict past, O Lord, 'tis ours,
Through everlasting days
To sing the song of victory,
And only live to praise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SECOND COMING.

230

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O, come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

231

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 Now to our great atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our exalted King,
Let loud hosannas be addressed,
And every tongue His glory sing.
- 4 Behold on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him
once,
He will display His pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.

232

8s. & 7s.

LUTHER.

- 1 **G**REAT God! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves
restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the loud trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

- 3 Great God! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
Behold the Son of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

233

8. 7. 4.

NEWTON.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for Thine!
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By His looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow!
Yon for ever
Shall My love and glory know."
- 5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to
praise!
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze!

234

8s. & 7s.

HEBER.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of might, from Sinai's
brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was blackest night,
And at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

- 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.
- 3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet sound, and angel song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

235

7s.

- 1 DAY of anger! that dread day
Shall the sign in heaven display,
And the earth in ashes lay.
- 2 O what trembling shall appear,
When His coming shall be near,
Who shall all things strictly clear!
- 3 When the trumpet shall command
Through the tombs of every land,
All before the throne to stand.
- 4 When the Judge is on His throne,
All that's hidden shall be shown,
Nought unpunished or unknown!
- 5 What shall I before Him say?
How shall I be safe that day,
When the righteous scarcely may?
- 6 King of awful majesty,
Saving sinners graciously,
Fount of mercy, save thou me!
- 7 Thou didst toil my soul to gain;
Didst redeem me with Thy pain;
Be such labour not in vain!
- 8 Lord, Thine ear in mercy bow!
Broken is my heart and low:
Guard of my last end be Thou.
- 9 In that day, that mournful day,
When to judgment wakes our clay,
Show me mercy, Lord, I pray.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

236

L. M.

CONDER.

- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

- 3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens
known,
He will present them at the Throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

237

8s. & 7s.

KELLY.

- 1 HARK, ten thousand harps and
voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He fills yon azure throne!
Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 King of glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
Happy objects of Thy grace, [own:
Destined to behold Thy face.
- 3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day!
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

238

6s. & 8s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye, who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The Gospel Trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

239

8s. & 7s.

BAKEWELL.

1 **H**AIL! Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail! Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail! Thon agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

240

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeemed our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend:
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we "Everlasting glory
Be to God, and to the Lamb:"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name!

241

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

242

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW strong Thine arm is, mighty
God!

Who would not fear Thy name?
Jesus, how sweet Thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King:
From bonds of hell He freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand
The Egyptian host was drowned!
But His own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to His flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place;
But Christ shall bring His followers
home
To see His Father's face.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feed a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

243

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honour shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the
Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and
died;
Worthy to rise, to live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are His due,
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness
here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name;
Let every creature say, Amen.

244

6s. & 8s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fall;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's
voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

245

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **H**ELP us, O Lord, to praise!
Come with a touch of fire,
And sanctify our lips,
And wake each silent lyre;
That we may laud Thy holy name,
And its almighty power proclaim!
- 2 We've tasted of Thy love,
And seen Thy beauteous face,
But, Lord! our hearts are cold,
We need afresh Thy grace:
Come shine in all Thy light and power;
Be this, to us, a favoured hour!
- 3 Yonder Thy saints in light
Sing evermore Thy praise,
They chant Thy glories, Lord,
In holy, holy lays;
And we would echo now their song,
And their sweet anthems here prolong!
- 4 Yes! Jesus! we would sing
Of Thee, Thy cross, Thy grave,
Thy Resurrection morn,
Thy willingness to save;
And we would tell how Thou wilt come
To take Thy waiting children home!
- 5 No other song can cheer
Our hearts when sorrows rise,
No other name can wipe
The tear-drops from our eyes!
Therefore, O Lord, we'll sing of Thee,
Now and throughout eternity!
- 6 Come, Saviour, quickly come;
Set up Thy kingdom, Lord!
And let this stricken earth
Hear Thine almighty word,
"Behold! I make all new again,"
While saints and angels cry—"Amen!"

246

L. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints! rejoice and
praise
The blessings of redeeming grace;
Jesus, your everlasting tower,
Mocks at the angry tempest's power.
- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh;
His watchfulness a mountain high;
His name's a rock which winds above
And waves below can never move.
- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure:
His perfect work will over prove
The depth of His unchanging love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

4 While all things change, He changes not;
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.

5 Rejoice, ye saints! rejoice, and praise
The blessings of this wondrous grace;
Jesus, your everlasting tower,
Can bear unmoved the tempest's power.

247

7s.

M'CHEYNE.

1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When the pearly gate I gain,
Never to go out again;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

248

7s.

LANGFORD.

1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, who long, alas! have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Listen to redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed:
Welcome to His sacred rest:
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your tribute bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

249

7s. & 8s.

C. WESLEY.

1 **H**EAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee,
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hands and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise that knows our days,
And ever brings us higher;
We lift our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour:
The love Divine which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them
all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right
To take us up to heaven. [hand,

250

7s.

COWPER.

1 **I** WILL praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turned away:
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame:
Still His worth your praise exceeds:
Excellent are all His deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion shout, for this is He:
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

251

6s. & 4s.

KELLY.

1 **S**ING, sing His lofty praise,
Whom angels cannot raise,
But whom they sing;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Object of angels' love,
Jesus, whose grace we prove,
Jesus, our King.

2 Jesus the curse sustained,
Bitter the cup He drained,
Happy for us:
Angels were filled with awe
When their own King they saw
Honour His holy law,
Honour it thus.

3 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
Not as we ought:
But when we see His face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing His grace,
Sing without fault.

4 Yet we will sing of Him,
Jesus our lofty theme,
Jesus we'll sing:
Glory and power are His;
His too the kingdom is:
Triumph, ye saints, in this,
Jesus is King.

252

8s. & 6s.

1 **O** JESUS, Lord! 'tis joy to know
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,
For us so meekly trod:
All finished is Thy work of toil,
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,
Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy head, once bound with
thorns,
The crown of glory now adorns;
Thy seat, the Father's throne:
O Lord! e'en now we sing Thy praise;
Ours the eternal song to raise,
Worthy the Lord alone!

3 As Head for us Thou sittest there;
Thy members here the blessing share
Of all Thou dost receive:
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,
Thy boundless love hath all made ours,
Who in Thy name believe.

4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord;
Thy joys our deepest joys afford;
Thy taste of love divine:
While sorrowing, suffering, tolling
here,
How does the thought our spirits cheer,
The throne of glory's Thine.

253

S. M.

HAMMOND.

1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

254

8s. & 7s.

ROBINSON.

1 **C**OME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount, oh fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

255

8s. & 7s.

1 **L**ET us sing, for we have reason;
Let us join with those above;
Praise is never out of season;
Let us praise the God of love.
We have cause indeed to sing,
Jesus is our glorious King.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

- 2 When we reach the full enjoyment
Of the state where sorrows end,
Praise shall be our sweet employment,
Praise to Christ, our mighty Friend;
He hath washed us in His blood,
He hath brought us near to God.
- 8 But how different then the praises
From the praise we render now;
Well our coldness may amaze us
When we think how much we owe;
But no coldness will remain,
When that glorious state we gain.
- 4 Yet the Lord accepts our praises,
Rendered while sojourning here;
He on whom all heaven gazes,
With delight and holy fear,
Hears His people when they sing,
And accepts the praise they bring.

256

6s. & 4s.

ALLEN.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His name!
Angels His love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name:
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His great fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye His name!
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name:
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And through all ages sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

257

11s.

- 1 **L**ET saints all rejoice and exult in
their King;
To Jesus with joy and with melody
sing;
For sinners' redemption His life-blood
He gave,
And the "Faithful and True" will
never deceive.

- 2 His name is our glory, His voice is
our guide;
Creation shall fail, but His word shall
abide;
He sealed with His blood every promise
He gave,
And the "Faithful and True" will
never deceive.
- 8 He promised a crown when He gave us
a cross;
A kingdom we gain, the reward of our
loss;
To glory He leads, and to Him let us
cleave,
For the "Faithful and True" will
never deceive.
- 4 In heartfelt affliction His presence can
cheer;
He feels every sorrow, He wipes every
tear;
Through fire and through water, will
Jesus e'er leave?
No, the "Faithful and True" can
never deceive.
- 5 See, tried unto death, that omnipotent
Friend!
He dies, as the pledge of our life
without end;
He lives to watch o'er us; what more
can we crave?
Since the "Faithful and True" will
never deceive.
- 6 'Twas the promise of love, "I come
quickly again;"
He calls us to join in the joyful
"Amen;"
Of the hope that He gives shall ought
then bereave?
No, the "Faithful and True" will
never deceive.

258

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! how much Thy name unfolds
To every opened ear!
The pardoned sinner's memory holds
None other half so dear.
- 2 Jesus! it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever sins we mourn.
- 3 It tells us of Thy sinless walk
In fellowship with God;
And, to our ears, no tale so sweet
As Thine atoning blood.
- 4 This name encircles every grace,
That God, as man, could show;
There only can the Spirit trace
A perfect life below.
- 5 The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou!
The chief of sinners we!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

259

C. M. WHITFIELD.

- 1 **T**HERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a still small voice
To trust and not to fear.
- 4 Jesus! the name I love so well;
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

260

L. M. MEDLEY.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence
gives:
He lives, He lives who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.
- 3 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly
Friend,
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 4 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.
- 5 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives!

261

8s. & 6s. CONDER.

- 1 **T**HOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 2 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed;
Brightness of uncreated light;
The heart of God revealed:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 3 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend:
The Father only—glorious claim!
The Son can comprehend:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 4 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
As one with Thee, are blest:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 5 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and Sun;
The eternal theme of praise is this
To heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

262

8s. & 7s.

- 1 **O** JESUS, sweetest, holiest name
To God's dear children given;
A solace in their weariness,
A foretaste of their heaven;
To every mourning, anxious breast,
It whispers everlasting rest.

- 2 No name has such a power as this
To heal the broken-hearted,
And point the soul to realms of bliss,
O'er earthly hopes departed;
To fill us with adoring love,
To fit us for the joys above.

- 3 No name like this can soothe our fears
When sin or Satan rages;
The fount of life through endless years
Which human grief assuages;
A fountain ever full and free,
Which flowed and flows from Calvary.

- 4 No name like this can raise the weak,
By guilt and woe dejected;
Or turn the prodigals to seek
Their Father, long neglected;
It bids their dark misgivings cease,
And points them to a home of peace.

- 5 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
All other names transcending;
My only, all-sufficient claim,
To glory never ending;
My passport to those realms above,
Where all extol Thy boundless love.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

263

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **P**Raise, my soul, with joy and gladness,
And the praise of Jesus sing;
He removes the cause of sadness;
Only Jesus life could bring;
He redeemed me:
Glory! Glory! to my King.
- 2 He, to blot out my transgression,
Died! and set the prisoner free!
How I love this sweet confession,
Jesus died; He died for me!
He redeemed me;
Greater love could never be.
- 3 Well He knew my lost condition;
Sinless offering God must have;
Vain my tears and deep contrition,
Nought that I could do would save:
He redeemed me,
For His precious life He gave.
- 4 Now He lives; He lives for ever,
And for His dear people pleads;
One with Him, there's nought can sever,
Those for whom He intercedes:
He redeemed them,
And to glory safely leads.
- 5 Bright the prospect of that glory,
Seen by faith at God's right hand;
There we shall recount the story,
In that happy, happy land;
He redeemed me;
Wondrous all His love had planned!

264

L. M.

BERNARD.

- 1 **J**ESUS! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys
meet:
But oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort
nigh,
Than Jesus Son of God most High.
- 3 Jesus the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn;
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?
- 4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness;
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.
- 5 O Jesus, King of wondrous might!
O Victor, glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

- 6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
And fill us with Thy grace, we pray;
And with Thine own true sweetness
feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed.

265

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious.
See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour "King of kings."
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him;
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

266

C. M.

FERRONET.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

267

8s.

MAXWELL.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I His beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of His worth.
Or what His chief dignities are?
- 2 His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest His throne,
How rich are His treasures of grace;
No, this is a secret unknown.
- 3 In Him all the fulness of God
For ever transcendently shines!
Though once as a mortal He stood
To finish His gracious designs.
- 4 Though once He was nailed to the cross,
Lost rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal His kingdom shall be.
- 5 O sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in Him.
- 6 Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin;
Draw near, while with terror you're
tossed;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.
- 7 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace—yea, and
more;
Here's glory eternal at last.

268

C. M.

BERNARD.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art;
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

269

C. M.

WESLEY.

- 1 **O**H for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks, and listening to His voice
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Look unto Him ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 6 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

270

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music in mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

271

7s.

CONDOR.

- 1 **A**LL things praise Thee, Lord most
high,
Heaven and earth, and sea and sky;
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all honour bring to Thee;
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

- 2 All things praise Thee—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee—day by day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we!
- 8 All things praise Thee—round her zones
Earth, in fragrant, brilliant tones,
Rolls a ceaseless choral strain,
Roaring wind, and deep-voiced main,
Rustling leaf and humming bee,
All things praise Thee—Lord, may we!
- 4 All things praise Thee, heaven's high
shrine
Rings with melody divine;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet;
This their highest bliss to be
Ever praising—Lord, may we!

272

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 8 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No: the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

273

8. 7.

KEMPTHORNE.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore
Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He hath made.

- 8 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

274

7s.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heavenly King;
For His blessings far extend,
And His mercy knows no end.
- 2 Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of gods is God supreme;
He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee and veil their pride.
- 8 Who asserts His just command,
By the wonders of His hand;
He whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky.
- 4 He who bade the watery deep
Under earth's foundation sleep;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless ether roll.
- 5 On our sorrows, from on high,
He with pity casts an eye;
In each danger, o'er our heads
He the shield of safety spreads.
- 6 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praise to heaven's eternal King;
For His blessings far extend,
And His mercy knows no end.

275

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.
- 8 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And Thy refulgence from afar
Sparkles in every rolling star.
- 4 But in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the splendour of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
Rejoice, my thoughts, at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face!
There all His beauties to behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!

276

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into Thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?
- 5 He shall fulfil Thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well:
Lo! in His hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell.
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

277

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, His person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are joined
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blessed He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given!
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
His praises on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

278

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all His Father's glories on.

279

8s. & 4.

- 1 **A**LLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung:
Alleluia!
- 2 The powers of death have done their
worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
Alleluia!
- 3 On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain:
Alleluia!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell:
Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded
Thee, [free,
From death's dread sting Thy servants
That we may live, and sing to Thee:
Alleluia!
- 280
- 1 **Y**ES, Thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With every power to be adored,
That men or angels e'er can raise:
Let heaven and earth unite their
strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!

8s.

STEEL.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

- 2 Jesus, who vanquished all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to
bless!
From Him our every comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace:
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!
- 8 How mean the tribute mortals pay!
How cold the heart, how faint the
tongue!
But, Lord, Thy coronation day
Shall tune a more exalted song;
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!
- 4 He comes, He comes with triumph
crowned,
In dazzling robes of light arrayed,
Faith views the splendour dawning
round,
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade:
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!

281

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy grace at first,
I speak Thy wonders more.
- 8 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy
To see my Father God. [strength,
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
He hath redeemed my soul from shame,
And cleansed me with His blood.

282

11s. & 12. MUHLENBERG.

- 1 ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly
His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory ex-
celling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns
upon earth!
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to
nation,
The heart-cheering news let the
earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers
salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting
are crowned:
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
- 8 Mortals, your homage be gratefully
bringing,
And sweet let the glad some hosanna
arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujahs be sing-
ing;
One chorus resound through the
earth and the skies:
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

283

8s. & 6s.

- 1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and
voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at His feet;
Come, take His praises on your tongues,
And raise to Him your thankful songs,
"In Him ye are complete!"
- 2 In Him, who all our praise excels,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The Head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;
"In Him ye are complete!"
- 8 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on Him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name for ever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteous-
ness, "In Him ye are complete!"
- 4 Nor fear to pass the vale of death;
In His dear arms resign your breath,
He'll make the passage sweet;
The gloom and fears of death shall flee,
And your departing soul shall see
"In Him ye are complete!"

284

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King,
Jesus, the Lord, supremely fair!
No beauty can with His compare.
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from His lips divinely flows,
And blessings all His state compose.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

3 Dress Thee in arms, O Lord most high,
Gird on Thy sword upon Thy thigh;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at Thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Melt haughty rebels at Thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands;
Pure is Thy law, Thy judgment right,
Justice and grace are Thy delight.

6 God, Thine own God, hath richly shed
The oil of gladness on Thy head;
And with His Holy Spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

285

7s.

KELLY.

1 CROWNS of glory ever bright
Rest upon the Victor's head:
Crowns of glory are His right,
His, "who liveth and was dead."

2 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight He stood alone;
All His foes before Him fell,
By His single arm o'erthrown.

3 They have fallen to rise no more;
Final is the foe's defeat;
Jesus triumphed by His power,
And His triumph is complete.

4 His the fight, the arduous toil;
His the honours of the day;
His the glory and the spoil;
Jesus bears them all away!

5 Now proclaim His deeds afar;
Fill the world with His renown:
His alone the victor's car;
His the everlasting crown.

286

6s. & 8s.

CUMMINS.

1 SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches
ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race
To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Shall they adore the Lord
Who bought them with His blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

4 Oh, spread the joyful sound!
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation, through His name;
Till the whole earth take up the strain,
And send the echo back again!

287

8s. & 5.

KELLY.

1 SING of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never!
Who, or what, from Him can sever
Those He makes His own?

2 With His blood the Lord hath bought
them,
When they knew Him not, He sought
them,
And from all their wanderings brought
them;
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds
them,
And through all their way He speeds
them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought
them,
Him who came from heaven and sought
them,
Him who by His spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

288

8. 7. D.

KEY.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
Thee,
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost and kindly brought
Thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to
bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

289

8s. 7s. & 6s.

- 1 **R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name!
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!
- 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh, trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise our God alway;
Let all His saints adore Him!
- 8 Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name!
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His saints adore Him!

290

6s. & 4s.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high!
Peace upon earth and joy!
Good will to man!
Ye, who the blessing prove,
Join with the hosts above;
Sing ye a Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan.
- 2 Mercy and truth unite;
This is a joyful sight,
All sights above!
Jesus the curse sustains;
Bitter the cup He drains;
Nothing for us remains,
Nothing but love.
- 8 Love, that no tongue can teach,
Love, that no thought can reach,
No love like His!
Heaven is its blessed source,
Death could not stop its course,
Nothing can check its force,
Matchless it is.
- 4 Join then this love to sing,
Join to exalt our King,
Sinners forgiven:
To the great One in Three,
Honour and majesty,
Now and for ever be,
Here and in heaven!

291

10s. & 11s. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master
proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful
name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; He rules
over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence
we have;
The great congregation His triumph
shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our
King.
- 8 "Salvation to God, who sits on the
throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honour the
Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels pro-
claim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship
the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His
right;
All glory, and power, and wisdom,
and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels
above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite
love.

292

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 8 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS PRAISE.

293

10a.

BONAR.

1 **N**OT what I am, O Lord, but what
Thou art!
That, that alone, can be my soul's
true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and
doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing
breast.

2 Thy name is love; I hear it from yon
cross;
Thy name is love; I read it in yon
tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's
thickest gloom.

3 It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;
It saves me now, and shall for ever
save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness;
It bears me safely o'er each swelling
wave.

4 More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by
hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and
Lord;
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and
power,
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate
Word!

294

L. M.

1 **Y**ES, Thou art mine, my blessed
Lord;
For ever, yea, for ever mine:
And, purchased with Thy precious
blood,
My Lord and Saviour, I am Thine.

2 Thy spotless righteousness is mine,
Resplendent now before the throne;
In Thee I stand accepted there;
In Thee, O Son of God, alone.

3 Thy Spirit, Lord, is mine, for Thou
Didst send Him, never to depart,
Thine own sweet Comforter, to dwell
Within the temple of my heart.

4 Thy rich inheritance is mine;
Joint heir with Thee of worlds above,
Lord, in Thy kingdom I shall shine,
And reign with Thee in endless love.

295

8. 7.

MANT.

1 **R**OUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high!"

4 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

296

L. M.

KELLY.

1 **S**EE where the Lord His glory
spreads,
Through yonder mansion filled with
light;
His least perfection far exceeds
The reach of fancy's boldest flight.

2 Around His everlasting throne
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing:
They worship Him as God alone,
And crown Him everlasting King.

3 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot fail while God endures;
Ye cannot want while God is love.

4 Come, then, and swell the note of
praise,
In Jesus' name rejoice and sing:
While angels on His glory gaze,
The saints may cry, "Behold our King."

5 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
To Thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

6 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope, ere long, Thy face to view;
In heaven with angels to appear,
And praise Thy name as angels do.

297

C. M.

LUTHER.

1 **A**LL glory to the Lord of hosts,
Who made the earth and sky;
And glory to the Prince of peace,
Who came for man to die.

2 The hosts of heaven their voices raise,
His glory to proclaim;
And all the universe unites
To praise His holy name.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 8 His hand created all that is,
His mercies never fail;
To all on earth His grace extends,
His love and truth prevail.
- 4 In my distress to Him I cried,
His mercy lent an ear;
And from the realms above He deigned
My voice and cry to hear.

- 5 He guideth with a Father's care
His chosen little flock;
And they their trust have placed in
Him,
Their sure and steadfast Rock.

- 6 When all the creatures of the earth
To them their help deny,
To God they lift their hearts in prayer,
And find a Helper nigh.

- 7 Ye who the love of Jesus know,
Give glory to His name;
His blood hath cleansed your sins away,
His goodness all proclaim.

- 8 Give praise and glory to the Lord,
Before His throne appear;
His mighty deeds to men extol,
Let all His name revere.

298

6s. & 4s. KELLY.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord is King,
Come then, ye saints, and sing,
Jesus our theme:
High over all He is,
Yonder bright throne is His;
Triumph, ye saints, in this;
Triumph in Him.

- 2 Angels confess His claim,
Angels exalt His name,
"Angels of light;"
Spirits around His throne,
Blessed in Him alone,
Making His glory known,
Day without night.

- 3 High on His throne above,
His is a throne of love,
Jesus is seen:
In yonder glorious place,
Angels adore His grace,
Angels behold His face,
No cloud between.

- 4 While we remain below,
"Only in part we know;"
More is not given:
But there's a day at hand,
When, at our Lord's command,
We hope with joy to stand
Near Him in heaven.

- 5 While ages roll away,
Joy suffers no decay,
Ever the same:
Let us then praise our King,
Tribute and homage bring,
Lord, 'tis Thy name we sing,
Jesus! Thy name.

299

8s. & 6s.

- 1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amidst the heavenly host,
And in the church below!
From whom all creatures drew their
birth,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

300

8s. 6. & 4. AUBER.

- 1 OUR blessed Redeemer, ere He
breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He comes sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

- 5 O! God of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee.

301

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was
great,
When the beloved disciples met;
While on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like cloven tongues of flame.

- 2 What gifts, what mighty powers He
gave,
To wound, to heal, to kill, to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous
words, [swords.
Instead of shields, and spears, and

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth

From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the mystery of the cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the stoutest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace! my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of His word.

302

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HY Spirit, Lord, our lips confess,
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
His power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by His heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
His inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 His power resistless works within,
And breaks the chain of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And make our hearts entirely new.

4 The troubled conscience knows His voice,
His cheering words awake our joys,
Allay the stormy, restless wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

303

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW can the children of a King
Go mourning all their days!
While His good Spirit comes to bring
Salvation, joy, and praise.

2 Doth He not dwell in every saint,
And show our sins forgiven,
Renew our strength when'er we faint,
And seal us heirs of heaven?

3 'Tis He assures us of our part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bears His witness to our heart,
That we are born of God.

4 This is the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come,
The foretaste of the bliss above,
Till Christ shall call us home.

304

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, let Thy Spirit, like a dove,
Descend with quickening powers,
To light a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Amused with earthly toys;
Without His aid we ne'er can go
Where reign eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever be
In this sad lifeless state?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 O may Thy Spirit, like a dove,
With all His quickening powers,
Shed in our hearts a Saviour's love,
That it may kindle ours.

305

L. M.

NEWTON.

1 **O**H may the power which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
The God whom we profess to fear!

2 Lord, while Thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fixed on Thee!
We own Thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 The Lord displeased has raised His rod!
Ah! where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

4 Lord, hear Thy people everywhere,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray;
The nation and Thy churches spare,
And let Thy wrath be turned away!

306

L. M.

1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Exert Thy power for Jesus' sake;
Art thou not He who Rahab slew?
Oh come, the glorious fight renew.

2 Bethesda's waters stagnant lie,
The lame, the sick, the blind are nigh;
Oh trouble Thou the pool, and then
The waters will give health again.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

8 Come from the winds, O heavenly breath,
And breathe upon this plain of death,
The shaking bones we long to hear
That tell of resurrection near.

4 While we the heavenly message give,
Breathe on these slain, and they shall live,
A mighty living army stand,
The glory of our favoured land.

5 The work is all Thine own, though we
Are used as instruments by Thee;
Then quicken us to do Thy will
And from Thyself our vessels fill.

6 Oh! let our gospel trumpet sound,
Wakening poor sinners all around;
Give Thou the word, and great shall be
The preaching, praying company.

307

S. M. MIDLANE.

1 "REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!"
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Create soul-thirst for Thee,
And hungering for the Bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be.

4 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Give power unto Thy word;
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.

6 "Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Give Pentecostal showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own;
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

308

S. 7. 4. NEWTON.

1 SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again:

Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die:

Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

8 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares:

Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh:

Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

309

C. M.

1 THE Word reveals a Saviour's grace,
Its height, and breadth, and length;
And clothes us with His righteousness,
A panoply of strength.

2 It cheers our minds, and makes them grow
Like plants in fruitful ground;
And when affliction brings us low,
Pours balm into our wound.

8 Here light descending from above
Directs us in the way,
To mansions of almighty love,
Where shines eternal day.

4 In sickness, in declining age,
When death appears in sight,
This Word shall be our heritage,
Our portion, our delight.

5 'Twill cheer the cold and dreary path,
And dissipate the gloom;
While lively hope and steadfast faith,
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

310

7s. BURTON.

1 HOLY Bible, book divine;
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

8 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book divine;
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

311

C. M. FAWCETT.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
'A light whose ever-cheering ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious
night
Of life shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

312

C. M. STEELE.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimar sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

313

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us
know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do His will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have
been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

F

- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once;
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

314

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **G**REAT God, with wonder and with
praise
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may get to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Then let me love the Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

315

8s. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still:
My joy, Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be:
So will the Lord His follower join,
And walk and talk Himself with me:
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word,
Sweetly compose my weary breast!
While, on the bosom of the Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long :
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my
tongue ;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

316

11s. AMERICAN.

- 1 **T**HE Bible! the Bible! more precious
than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages
unfold :
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of
His love ;
It shows us the way to the mansions
above.
- 2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of
truth ;
How sweetly it smiles on the season of
youth !
It bids us seek early the pearl of great
price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the
bondage of vice.
- 3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with
joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues
shall employ ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of
its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the
earth.
- 4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall
ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we
sing ;
Our banners, inscribed with its pre-
cepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of
our schools.

317

6s. BAKER.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

- 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

318

C. M. COWPER.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight,
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
Its truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

319

C. M. HURN.

- 1 **T**HERE is a river, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows ;
It fills with joy the church of God,
And widens as it flows.
- 2 Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day ;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.
- 3 Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign ;
The Lord Himself commands the
peace,
And foes conspire in vain.
- 4 Along the shores, angelic hands
Watch every moving wave ;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.
- 5 To them distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh ;
They leave their cares and sorrows
there,
They drink, and never die.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

- 4 Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will.

320

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, O Lord,
For not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in Thy written word.

- 2 May the blest volume of Thy grace,
My inward grief assuage;
Lo, there I see the Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is supremely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

- 4 Here living water freely flows,
To purify our hearts;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Which saving health imparts.

- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
The guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

- 6 O may Thy counsels, gracious God,
My wandering feet command,
And guide my footsteps in the road
That leads to Thy right hand.

321

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares His will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out His fiery law.

- 2 Now He reveals His face,
In mercy from above,
And sends the gospel of His grace,
His messages of love.

- 3 These messages impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The loving-kindness of His heart,
The judgment of His hands.

- 4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.

- 5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold His blood;
All arts and knowledge gained beside
Will do us little good.

- 6 May we embrace the word,
Believe the promises,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And grow in truth and grace.

322

L. M.

BATHURST.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sacred book of God,
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

- 2 Sweet book! in thee mine eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From Thine illumined page I learn
The joys His presence will afford.

- 3 In Thee I read my title clear
To mansions never to decay;
My Lord! O when will He appear,
And bear His prisoner far away?

- 4 Then shall I need Thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then concealed;
When I have reached the heavenly
shore,
The Lord Himself will stand revealed.

- 5 When 'midst the throng celestial
placed,
The bright Original I see,
From which Thy sacred page was
traced,
Sweet book! I've no more need of
thee.

- 6 But while on earth, Thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And get a taste of joys above.

- 7 I know His Spirit breathes in thee,
To animate His people here;
May Thy sweet truths prove life to me,
Till in His presence I appear!

323

8s.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heaven's well-
ordered frame
Declares the glory of Thy name;
There Thy rich works of wonder
shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun;
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, which as a bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth
rejoice.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God;
All nature joins to show Thy praise;
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer far Thy book of grace.

324

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate mine own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

325

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** HOW I love Thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate Thy word:
My soul with longing melts away
To hear Thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth Thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 Am I a stranger or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.
- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall Thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Or heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write Thy praise.

326

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory,
Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power
confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never
stand:
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth hath
run,
Till Christ hath all the nations blessed
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments
right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In life proclaimed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my heart, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to
heaven.

327

Ss.

WATTS.

- 1 **I** LOVE the volumes of Thy word;
What light and joy Thy truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed:
Thy precepts clearly mark my way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of Thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw,
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy law awakes my slumbering eyes,
And warns me where my danger lies;
But 'tis Thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience
clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free and large reward.

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE WORD OF GOD.

- 4 Who knows the error of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts at praise,
That I have read Thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

328

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **THY** mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good Thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read Thy word,
And see Thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashioned by Thy hand,
My service is Thy due;
O make Thy servant understand
What Thou wouldst have him do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not Thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
- 4 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heardest my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of Thy grace,
Nor let me stray again.
- 5 Instruct me, that I ne'er offend,
And heavenly truth impart;
Then I'll pursue it to the end,
Thy law shall rule my heart.
- 6 This was my comfort, when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn Thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.
- 7 What though the proud my soul deride,
I'll not forget Thy law,
But take the gospel for my guide,
Whence all my hope I draw.
- 8 Make me to understand Thy will,
So shall I tell Thy ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall spread abroad Thy praise.

329

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem Thy judgments right,
And all Thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.
- 2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep Thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.
- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet Thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to Thee.
- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of Thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compared to mine.

330

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God! if once compared with
Thine,
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But Thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall
And can no farther go!
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought:
But Thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and every grace
Fall far below Thy word;
Perfection, truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

331

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my
choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Where seeds of endless bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 In grief, the best relief we have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our only hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

332

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **I**MMANUEL, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are
Thine;
Oh bring these living waters nigh,
Or we must droop, despair, and die.
- 2 No traveller in desert lands,
Scorched by the sun 'midst burning
sands,
Longs more for wells, or to obtain
Relief from heat by cooling rain.

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

- 3 Our souls, revived, aloud shall sing,
Spring up, O well, let waters spring,
And in a wondrous river flow,
To cheer our onward steps below.
- 4 O may these waters softly glide
Through all this desert by our side;
Till, in Immanuel's land above,
They swell to seas of boundless love.

333

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **T**HIS holy book is all divine,
To man in mercy given;
Its truths all radiant and benign,
With beams of living lustre shine,
And gild the path to heaven.
- 2 Upon this life's uneven way,
As we are swiftly driven,
It sheds a bright celestial ray,
It points to an eternal day,
And bids us strive for heaven.
- 3 When earthly friends and comforts die,
How blest the promise given!
It shows a home above the sky,
And bids us, "Abba, Father," cry
To Him who is in heaven.
- 4 To all who in its truth confide,
A hope divine is given,
That they through grace shall firm abide,
And every threatening storm outride,
And rest at last in heaven,

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

334

8. 7. 4.

HART.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View Him prostrate in the garden,
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

335

C. M.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsteth, come,
To living waters haste;
Incline your ear, nor longer roam,
Come, without money taste.
- 2 How long in search of joys unchaste,
Will ye incautious tread;
And wealth and labour vainly waste,
For that which is not bread?
- 3 My word and grace a rich supply
Of solid pleasures give;
Come, without price, and freely buy;
Hear, and your souls shall live.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
While promised mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.

336

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of Me;
I am of meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blessed is the man whose shoulders
take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at Thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Reign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

337

8. 7. 4.

SWAIN.

- 1 **C**OME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone,
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through Him alone.
- 2 Take His easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.
- 8 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 Blessed are the eyes that see Him;
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessed are the souls that trust Him,
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.
- 5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all;
Faith, and hope, and love desire it,
But it overwhelms them all.

338

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my
Lord;
For Thou hast brought salvation down,
The blessings written in Thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 8 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises how sure, how free!
How firm our hope, our comfort
stands!
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I would pronounce them vanities,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

339

8s. & 7s.

- 1 **D**OTH He who came the lost to seek,
To save the soul benighted,
Doth He entreat with earnest voice;
And shall His love be slighted,—
His call to every human heart
To bid unholy thoughts depart,
And as its Lord receive Him?
- 2 Doth the great Saviour stand and call?
Shall we remain unheeding?
Doth He repeat His kind request?
Can we withstand the pleading?
That faithful Friend, His life who gave,
From sin's dread bonds, from death to
save!
O let us turn and hear Him.
- 8 He bids us all obey and live,
God's word of love repeating;
O let us not the call refuse:
Our Judge! we yet shall meet Him!
Great Source of good, Thy grace in-
part,
That now at length each wandering
heart
May for its Lord receive Him!

340

7s.

STURGIS.

- 1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do
More than He has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood?
- 2 After all this flow of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you the Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?
- 8 Turn, He cries, O sinner, turn!
By His life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
- 4 If your death were His delight,
Would He thus to life invite?
Would He ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?
- 5 Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not His word receive;
Will you not His oath believe?
- 6 See! the suffering Lord appears:
Jesus weeps—believe His tears!
Mingled with His blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

341

8s. & 6.

COOK.

- 1 **J**UST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree!
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free:
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:
O weary sinner, come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,
O trembling sinner, come.

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

342

Ss. & 6.

C. ELLIOTT.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

343

L. M.

SCOTT.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blessed,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless
state!

O let him not Thy counsel spurn,
Nor mourn his fatal choice too late!

344

L. M.

GREGG.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked
before;

Has waited long; is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

6 Yet know—nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign;
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

7 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of
Peace!

O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing
mind;
And be His empire—all mankind.

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

345

7s.

COWPER.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 2 I delivered Thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shall be,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

346

7s.

HAWKES.

- 1 **F**ROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner come.
- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid:
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner come.
- 3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To Thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner come.
- 4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day;
Up to My eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner come.

347

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging
thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In one vast ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The treasures of almighty love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

348

7s.

HAVERGAL.

- 1 **Y**E who hear the blessed call
Of the Spirit and the Bride;
Hear the Master's word to all,
Your commission and your guide—
"And let him that heareth say,
Come," to all yet far away.
- 2 "Come!" alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Friend above,
Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love;
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.
- 3 "Come!" to those who do not care
For the Saviour's precious death,
Having not a thought to spare
For the gracious words He saith:
Ere the shadows gather deep,
Rouse them from their fatal sleep.
- 4 "Come!" to those who, while they hear,
Linger, hardly knowing why;
Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by:
Call them now; oh! do not wait,
Lest to-morrow be too late.

349

G. 4.

HASTINGS.

- 1 **T**O-DAY, the Saviour calls
You, wanderers, home;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

2 To-day, the Saviour calls;
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

8 To-day, the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

350

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon My holy throne:
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Inhabiting eternity.

2 But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of My delight.

8 The humble soul My words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've
been;
But should My wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath My
stroke."

5 O may Thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of Thy chastening love.

351

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **J**ESUS, Thy blessings are not few,
Nor is Thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow the aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth Thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

8 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to His sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and His heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in His name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

352

L. M.

KELLY.

1 **S**WEET were the sounds that reached
our ears
When mercy raised her heavenly
voice;
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

2 All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly
song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

8 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience
rest,
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love;
Mercy, that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

353

C. M.

LOGAN.

1 **O** HAPPY is the man who hears
Wisdom's instructive voice;
Who in her counsel perseveres,
And glories in his choice.

2 Her merchandise is far above
What western mines unfold;
Her everlasting gain shall prove
More precious than pure gold.

8 In her right hand she holds entwined
Pleasure and endless days;
Eternal wealth, with honour joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young, directs their feet,
In paths of life to tread;
And will a crown of glory set
On all her hand hath led.

5 According as we seek her face,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

354

11s.

KEITH.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
word!

What more can He say than to you He
hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have
fled?

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

2 In every condition,—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

355

8s. 5. 3. GREEK HYMN.

1 **A**Rt thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!"

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

356

8s. 7s. & 4.

1 **I** WILL never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake;
I will guard and save and keep thee,
For My name and mercy's sake
Fear no evil!
Only all My counsel take;
For I'll never, never leave thee,
I will never thee forsake.

2 When the storm is raging round thee,
Call on Me in humble prayer;
I will fold My arms about thee,
Guard thee with the tenderest care:
In the trial,
I will make thy pathway clear;
For I'll never, &c.

3 When thy sky above is glowing,
And around thee all is bright;
Pleasure like a river flowing,
All things tending to delight;
I'll be with thee,
I will guide thy steps aright:
For I'll never, &c.

4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care:
Through the mist by which 'tis shrouded
I will make a light appear:
And the banner
Of My love I will uprear.
For I'll never, &c.

5 When thy feeble flame is dying,
And thy soul about to soar
To that land where pain and sighing
Shall be heard and known no more,
I will teach thee
To rejoice that life is o'er,
For I'll never, &c.

357

8. 7. ALEXANDER.

1 **J**ESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His calm voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would hold us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

358

Ss. 6s. & 4. HASTINGS.

1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.
Return, return!

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come:
O now for refuge flee.
Return, return!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
Return, return!

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

359

L. M. STOWELL.

1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness o'er our heads!
A place, than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around our common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

360

L. M. HART.

1 **P**RAYERS were appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians
pray,
For, only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer in-
dites;
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie
While Christ stands waiting for thy
prayer?

My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;
Arise, and try thy interest there.

4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sins distress,
The remedy's before thee: pray.

5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's
weak,
Though thought be broken, language
lame;
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

6 Depend on Him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, His merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

361

S. M. NEWTON.

1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold.

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow;
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

- 6 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

362

L. M.

COWPER.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright;
And Satan trembles when He sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread
wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they
failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would offend be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

363

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord! teach us how to pray.

364

7. 6.

SEMPSON.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling every fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then, for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then, in silent breathing,
The spirit, raised above,
Shall reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth and love.
- 4 Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all:
O not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare;
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.

365

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **C**OME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel
That God Himself is near;
That, while we at His footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way
This is our solace; let us pray.
- 2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
May be relieved by prayer:
Jesus can smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought! come, let us pray.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

8 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
O, loiter not, nor longer stay,
From Him who loves us; let us pray.

366

C. M. COWPER.

1 **H**EAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief."

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee if we may:
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

367

L. M. HART.

1 **M**Y Father, when I come to Thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek Thy face,
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.

2 I plead the name of Thy dear Son,
All He has said, all He has done;
O, may I feel His love to me,
Who died, from sin to set me free.

3 My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye,
My sins forgive, my wants supply:
With favour crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak Thy praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress Thy likeness on my heart;
May I obey Thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

368

C. M. BATHURST.

1 **B**EFORE Thy mercy-seat, O Lord!
Behold Thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of Thy word,
The guidance of Thy hand.

2 Let Thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart:
That from the safe and narrow way
None may stray.

3 Lord, from Thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store:
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.

4 Help us to see a Saviour's love
Shining in every page;
And let the thought of joys above
Our inmost souls engage.

5 Thus, while Thy word our footsteps
guides,
O may we safely go
To those fair realms where love pro-
vides
A final rest from woe!

369

7s. NEWTON.

1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bidden thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with Thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Shew me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith:
Let me die Thy people's death.

370

7s. C. WESLEY.

1 **J**ESUS lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh receive my soul at last.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

8 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee!
Spring Thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternity!

371

8. 7. MIDLANE.

1 FATHER, for Thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before Thy throne;
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from Thee alone.

2 Blessed earnest Thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest,
Blessings still with Thee are hidden,
Pour them forth, and make us blest.

8 Prayer ascendeth to Thee ever,
Answer! Father, answer prayer;
Bless, O bless each weak endeavour,
Blood-bought pardon to declare!

4 Wake Thy slumbering children, wake
them,
Bid them to Thy harvest go;
Blessings, O our Father, make them;
Round their steps let blessings flow.

5 Give reviving—give refreshing—
Give the looked-for Jubilee;
To Thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto Thee.

6 Let no hamlet be forgotten,
Let Thy showers on all descend;
That in one loud blessed anthem,
Myriads may in triumph blend.

372

7s. NEWTON.

1 LORD, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent pressing case.

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?
Ah, my Lord, Thou knowest my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with Thee.

8 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now:
Who could hold me up but Thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

7 No; I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

373

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 HOW shall a contrite spirit pray?
A broken heart its griefs make
known?

A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ
alone.

2 He died, that we might die to sin;
He rose, that we to God might rise;
By His own blood He entered in
The holy place beyond the skies.

8 There, as our great High Priest, He
stands,
And pleads before the mercy-seat;
Our cause is in His faithful hands,
Our enemies beneath His feet.

4 Father, in Him we claim our part;
For Thy Son's sake accept us now;
In Him well-pleased Thou always art;
Well-pleased with us through Him be
Thou.

5 O look on Thine Anointed One;
The gift of Him is all our plea,
Our righteousness—what He hath
done,
Our prayer—His prayer for us to Thee.

6 So, while He intercedes above,
In His dear name may we believe,
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost soul receive.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

374

8s. & 6.

ELLIOTT.

1 **THOU**, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Wholoving, lovest them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!

5 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say, Thou pleadest for me!

375

S. M.

BULMER.

1 **NOW** from the world withdrawn,
For intercourse with Thee,
May each, O Lord, before Thy throne,
From earthly cares be free.

2 Possess our every thought,
And teach our minds to pray;
Help us to worship as we ought,
And thus conclude the day.

3 Our strength may we renew,
And lift our hearts above,
That, while life's journey we pursue,
We still may walk in love.

4 Then, in our latter end,
When death shall close our eyes,
Thy mercy will our souls attend,
And bear them to the skies.

376

C. M.

NEWTON.

1 **APPROACH**, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

377

7s. & 5.

MORRIS.

1 **G**OD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

378

L. M.

MEDLEY.

1 **H**EAR, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free;
O God, be merciful to me!

4 To Thee, I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!
Mercy alone I make my plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

5 To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee;
O God, be merciful to me!

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

6 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I ought wherein to trust;
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be;
O God, be merciful to me!

7 To glory bring me, Lord, at last;
And there, when all my fears are past,
With all the saints I'll then agree,
God has been merciful to me!

379

8. 7.

1 **L**ORD! I come to Thee for pardon;
Though with anxious, halting
mind;
And I find the pardon waiting,
Ready sealed and ready signed.

2 Lord! I come to Thee for clothing;
Goodly raiment I have none;
And I find "the best robe" ready;
Counted as the sinner's own!

3 Lord! I come, athirst and hungered,
A poor beggar at Thy board;
And I find the bread is broken,
And the wine already poured.

4 Still I come for daily cleansing;
Still to take the lowest seat;
And I find Thee ready girded,
Washing the disciples' feet.

5 Still I come, weak, needy, worthless,
Bringing nothing in return;
And I find in Thee a fulness,
Which o'erflows my empty urn.

6 "Grace for grace" invites my coming,
Hour by hour, and day by day;
I should pine, and faint, and perish,
If I dared to stay away.

380

C. M.

1 **O**H fount of grace that runneth o'er,
So full, so vast, so free!
Are none too worthless, none too poor,
To come and take of Thee?

2 We come, O Lord, with empty hand,
Yet turn us not away;
For grace hath nothing to demand,
And suppliants nought to pay.

3 'Tis ours to ask and to receive;
To take and not to buy;
'Tis Thine, in sovereign grace to give,
Yea, give abundantly!

4 And thus, in simple faith we dare
Our empty urn to bring;
Oh nerve the feeble hand of prayer,
To dip it in the spring!

G

381

8s. & 7s.

LUTHER.

1 **O**UT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing:
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee!

2 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation:
Shielded by Thee, I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

3 Like those who watch for midnight's
hour,
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow:
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

4 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded;
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression.

382

8s. & 6.

ALFORD.

1 **L**O! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are
shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy church, in pride, is swell-
ing;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

383

6s. & 4.

TAYLOR.

1 **S**AVIOUR and Lord of all!
Turn every heart to Thee;
Guard us and guide us safe
Over life's sea.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

- 2 When we are full of grief,
Victims of anxious fear,
Give Thon our hearts relief:
Jesus, be near!
- 3 Brighten our darkest hour,
Till the last moment come;
Then, in Thy love and power,
O, take us home.

384

S. M. D. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know, Thon hearest my prayer:
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, Almighty to create!
Almighty to renew!
- 2 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 3 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.
- 5 I rest upon Thy word;
Thy promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love!

385

8. 7. BATEMAN.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Saviour, thus before
Thee,
With our varied want and care;
For a blessing we implore Thee,
Listen to our evening prayer!

- 2 By Thy favour safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our evening praise!
- 3 Through the day, Lord, Thou hast
given
Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.
- 4 Lord, we thank Thee, and adore Thee,
For the solace of Thy love;
And rejoicing thus before Thee,
Wait Thy blessing from above!

386

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

387

7s. 5s. & 8s.

- 1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their care on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

8 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Fervent bows the knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name;
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

388

8. 4.

1 **T**HERE is a God, who heareth prayer,
Both night and day:
O pray to Him; pray everywhere;
And ever pray.

2 Fervent or cold, in voice or heart,
Still persevere;
Till every sin and grief depart,
And every fear.

3 Ask God for light, for faith, for peace,
For joy divine,
In Jesus' sacred name; nor cease
Till each be thine.

4 And O! ask Him that grace to give,
All gifts above:
He only yet has learned to live,
Whose life is love.

389

C. M.

1 **W**HAT shall we ask of God in
prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies,—Thou,
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling now,
And answer, and forgive.

3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee we may have peace!

390

7s.

HAMMOND.

1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now inpart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

391

7. 6. D.

1 **O** LAMB of God; still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis there alone in safety
And peace I can abide:
What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe:
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

392

L. M. D.

1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour
of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

393

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow!

2 Thy kingdom come: Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live:
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

394

6s. & 8s. BURTON.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of Thy word;
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, Thou;
We, children of Thy grace:
Oh, let Thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy name.

4 And send Thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word;
Till heathen lands shall own Thy sway,
And cast their idol gods away.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

395

C. M. WATTS.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are;
Swift as the feathered arrow flies,
Or swifter shooting star.

2 The present moments just appear,
Then glide away in haste;
Ere we can say, Behold them here,
They are for ever past.

3 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy constant favours share;
And the rich bounties of Thy grace
Crown each succeeding year.

4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed by love;
While truth stands pointing out the
road
Which leads to joys above.

5 His goodness runs an endless round
All glory to the Lord!
His favours are without a bound,
And be His name adored!

6 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let age to age His praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

396

C. M. WATTS.

1 LET others make their empty boasts,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord of hosts,
What feeble things we are.

2 Upright as grass our bodies stand,
And flourish fair and strong;
A furious storm sweeps o'er the land
And lays the grass along.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And falls if one be wrong;
Strange! that a harp of thousand
strings
Should keep in tune so long.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

4 'Tis the same power supports us still,
That gave us breath at first ;
How wondrous is the mighty skill
That formed us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our
tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
And may His grace tune all our songs,
Now and for evermore.

397

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HREE we adore, Eternal Name,
And at Thy feet confess,
How brittle is our mortal frame !
How feeble is our race !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 Time hastens on, and takes away
The breath our Maker gave ;
The rapid stream for none will stay,
But sweeps us to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the
ground
To bring us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Alas ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Grant us, O Lord, a constant sense
Of danger in the road ;
That when our souls are summoned
hence,
They may be found with God.

398

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 **T**HO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command ;

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young !

4 One thing demands our care :
O ! be it still pursued !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed !

5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should
die
In sudden endless night !

399

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 **S**OVEREIGN of Life ! before Thine
eye,
Lo ! mortal men by thousands die :
One glance from Thee, at once brings
down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banished, at once, from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprisoned in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly hand no more shall greet
Accents familiar once and sweet ;
No more the well-known features trace ;
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where He leads the way.

5 He nobler friends than here I leave
In brighter, surer worlds can give ;
Or, by the beamings of His eye,
A lost creation well supply.

400

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not how,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust !
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 I would relinquish carnal hope,
Undue desires recall,
Forbidden joys of time give up,
And make the Lord my all.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

401

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
Thy throne was fixed ere heaven was
spread,
Or ere Thy footstool, earth, was made.
- 2 Man to destruction Thou dost turn,
And make his soul within him mourn;
A thousand years are in Thy sight
As yesterday's departed light.
- 3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
A tale once told; a morning flower,
That blooms and withers in an hour.
- 4 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we attain,
Our strength is labour, grief, and pain.
- 5 But O, how oft Thy wrath appears,
And shortens our expected years;
Awakes our fear, and makes us dread
The mighty power that strikes us dead.
- 6 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
How insecure, how short his span:
Direct our feet to wisdom's way,
And lead us to the realms of day.

402

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in Thy sight
As yesterday are gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all his sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mowers hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

- 8 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

403

C. M.

MORRISON.

- 1 **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave:
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if following on to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morning be,
Like joyful sounds His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

404

10s.

STONE.

- 1 **W**EARY of earth and laden with my
sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne
appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to
draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the
heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings
fall,
"Repent, believe, thou shalt be loosed
from all."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to
draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
Throne.

5 O great Redeemer, grant my soul may
wear,
The lowliest garb of penitence and
prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious
dress
May be the garment of Thy righteous-
ness.

6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, right-
teous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great
reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life
laid down.

7 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all
I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can be-
stow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove;
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

405

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **S**HEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The boundless ocean of Thy grace;
And as Thy goodness hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace!
Lord, should Thy judgment grow se-
vere,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

406

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**REATE my heart, O Lord, anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
Cast me not off, but let me come,
Like the repentant spendthrift, home.

2 Behold, I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean,
My spots of guilt lie deep within.

3 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling
priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can my defilement wash away.

4 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone,
To make me pure, and white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

5 While guilt disturbs and breaks my
peace,
My flesh hath neither rest nor ease;
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my bleeding heart rejoice.

407

8s.

LUTHER.

1 **F**ROM deep distress I cry to Thee,
Oh! heavenly Father, hear my cry;
Lend now a gracious ear to me,
And grant me mercy from on high:
Lord, should'st Thou mark the sinner's
way,
Who could within Thy presence stay?

2 It is by grace, and grace alone,
That sin can ever be forgiven;
Good works for us could not atone,
Nor ever bring our souls to heaven;
We must have mercy at Thy hand,
Before in judgment we can stand.

3 Therefore in God secure I rest,
On Him alone my trust I place;
On Him I lean my drooping breast,
And trust Him for His boundless grace:
His word is true which speaks to me,
On it my hope shall ever be.

4 And should I wait from morn till night,
And even till the morn again,
Yet would I trust my Father's might,
Nor would my trust be found in vain;
For dark howe'er may be the road,
Yet faith doth ever cling to God.

5 However great our sins be found,
The Father's grace is greater still;
His hand to help us hath no bound,
And deeds of mercy will fulfil:
He slumbers not, He never sleeps,
But Israel He guides and keeps.

408

C. M.

NEWTON.

1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had split,
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

- 6 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayest live."
- 7 Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

409

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
The way to life's a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 Deny thyself, take up thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Shall never dwell among the saints,
But seals his own destruction sure.
- 4 O Lord, let not my hopes be vain;
Bestow a heart and spirit new;
Which human efforts ne'er obtain,
And which apostates never knew.

410

8s. & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **O** GOD, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And bid me, ere it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

- 2 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 Be this my one great business here—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love!

411

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To Thee my God, I raised my cries;
If Thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.
- 2 But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense Thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach Thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul, before Thy gate;
When will my God His face display?
- 4 My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is His love, and large His grace,
Through the redemption of His Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

412

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O**UT of the depths I send my cry,
Lord, hear my mournful prayer;
O send salvation from on high,
Bow down Thy gracious ear.
- 2 Great God, should Thine omniscient eye,
And Thine impartial hand,
Mark and rebuke iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons, Lord, with Thee,
That men may fear Thy name;
Thy grace alone can set us free,
And save our souls from shame.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

4 I wait for Thy salvation, Lord;
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by Thy word,
Stands watching at Thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking
light,
And hail them with their eyes;

6 So longs my soul to see Thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first beamings of Thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
And early seek His face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is His grace.

8 There is deliverance at His throne
For mortals long enslaved;
He sends redemption through His Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

413

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**ARK, the loud voice of sovereign
grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! come, ye sinners in distress,
And lean upon the Lord.

2 My soul obeys the gospel call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
Help Thou mine unbelief.

3 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my sinful soul
From stains of scarlet dye.

4 Guilty and weak, in nakedness,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
O clothe me with Thy righteousness,
And be my all in all.

414

8s. & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

1 **O** THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee and mourn,
On Thee whom we have slain;
Have pierced a thousand, thousand
times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed Thy mortal pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfixed on Calvary,
To know Thee who Thou art,
The One eternal God and true!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine
That suffered in my stead;
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming
eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

415

C. M. D.

BONAR.

1 **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

416

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own work have built;
Their hearts deceitful and unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

417

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ reveals the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteous-
ness."
- 3 Our frame's defiled throughout by sin;
His precious blood hath washed us
clean;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
As purify and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteous-
ness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

418

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous
faults,
How great our guilt hath been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our actions sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous
ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which we ourselves have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding in His Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
And 'tis by water and by blood
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the Lamb, that suffered
death
For sinners, on the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

419

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

420

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.
- 2 When shall the sovereign grace,
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod?
- 3 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 4 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain
And pardon all my sins.
- 5 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 6 With humble faith I wait .
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

421

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry:
He saw me resting on His word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay:
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on the rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread His works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are Thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on His heart.

422

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **I**N vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
There's nothing but the Saviour's blood
That can for sin atone.
- 2 The threatenings of the holy law
Impress our souls with fear;
Should God His sword of justice draw,
All hope would disappear.
- 3 But Christ's atoning sacrifice
Hath paid the law's demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Descend through Jesus' hands.
- 4 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
Prophets of old did long foresee
Salvation through His name.
- 5 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on Thy word we rest;
For ever be Thy name adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

423

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

- 2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

424

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of
heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust His grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For His own holiness.

425

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**HRIST and His cross is all our
theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power and love
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of His name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse His influence down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

426

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **Q**UESTIONS and doubts be heard
no more,
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
His Spirit seals His gospel sure,
To every soul that trusts in Him.

2 Jesus, Thy witness speaks within
The mercy which Thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart
anew;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow, and own Thy doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch, that trusts Thy
blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves His Maker's laws.

5 Learning and wit may cease their
strife,
When miracles with glory shine:
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty, and divine.

427

6s.

BONAR.

1 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

6 Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.

428

6s. & 8s.

BONAR.

1 **D**ONE is the work that saves;
Once and for ever done:
Finished the righteousness,
That clothes the unrighteous one:
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er;
The veil is rent in twain;
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain:
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 Upon the mercy-seat
The High Priest sits within;
The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean:
With boldness let us now draw near,
That blood has banished every fear.

429

C. M.

1 "**N**O condemnation!" O my soul,
'Tis God that speaks the word;
Perfect in comeliness art thou,
In Christ, thy risen Lord.

2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks
In God the Father's ear:
His church, the jewels, on His heart
Jesus will ever bear.

3 "No condemnation!" precious word!
Consider it, my soul:
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;
His stripes have made thee whole.

4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;
So shall we love Thy gracious will,
And glorify Thy name.

430

6s. & 4s.

PALMER.

1 **M**Y faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

431

8s. & 6s. TOPLADY.

- 1 O THOU that hearest the prayer of
faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be;
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from eternal death;
The Spirit of adoption breathe;
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

432

L. M. STEELE.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and
sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

433

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God hath given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of His Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like a heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

434

L. M.

- 1 DID Jesus die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to seek my God?
Is there not pardon rich and free,
Proclaimed through Jesus' precious
blood?
- 2 Who, then, shall drive my trembling
soul
From Thee, my God, to black despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought, to fix the
bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign!
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I OWN my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember Thou hast died,
"T would only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at Thy side.
- 6 Lord, at Thy feet I'll cast me down,
To Thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And, if Thou spurn me from Thy
throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

435

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 BLESSED is the man, for ever
blessed,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 2 Blessed is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works but grace relies.
- 8 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance, well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and
shines!

436

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But, washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!
- 2 Happy beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharged;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.
- 8 While I my inward guilt suppressed
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And racked my tortured mind.
- 4 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults;
Thy grace my pardon sealed.
- 5 This shall invite Thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

437

7. 6.

BONAR.

- 1 **I**LAY my sins on Jesus
The spotless Lamb of God!
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
- 2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash away my stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 8 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
- 4 I bring my griefs to Jesus,
My burdens and my cares:
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
- 5 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right arm me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

- 6 I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
- 7 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.
- 8 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

438

8s.

NOTE.

- 1 **M**Y hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteous-
ness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.
- 8 His oath, His covenant and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.
- 4 When the last awful trumpet shall sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found,
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne:
On Christ the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

439

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, Thou art
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.
- 8 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work Thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

4 Thy rich and sovereign grace
At first did freely move:
I still shall see Thy face,
And feel that God is love;
My soul into Thine arms I cast,
I know I shall be saved at last!

440

S. M. BEDDOME.

1 FAITH is the gift of God,
By His own Spirit wrought;
The eye that sees, the hand that takes
The blessings Christ hath brought.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To Him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness,
It is our strength and stay;
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
If faith direct our way.

5 Lord, 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To work this faith in me!

441

L. M. WARING.

1 BENEATH Thy wing, O God, I rest,
Under Thy shadow safely lie,
By Thine own strength in peace pos-
sessed,
While dreaded evils pass me by.

2 With strong desire I here can stay
To see Thy love its work complete:
Here can I wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.

3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath that sheltering wing I see:
For all the work I have to do
Is done through strengthening trust
in Thee.

4 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be;
And, when Thy joy the church o'er-
flows,
I know that it will visit me.

442

Ss. C. WESLEY.

1 THOU hidden source of calm repose;
Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine,
From sin and grief, from guilt and
shame;
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings and power and peace,
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven; my all.

443

C. M. TURNER.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly
bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its
power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

4 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

444

Ss. & 6s. LUTHER.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress;
Our shield of hope through every
care;
Our Shepherd watching us to bless,
And therefore will we not despair:
Although the mountains shake,
And hills their place forsake,
And billows o'er them break,
Yet still will we not fear,
For Thou, O God, art ever near.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

2 God is our hope and strength in woe;
Through earth He maketh wars to
cease;
His power breaketh spear and bow;
His mercy sendeth endless peace:
Then though the earth remove,
And storms rage high above,
And seas tempestuous prove,
Yet still will we not fear,
The Lord of Hosts is ever near.

445

L. M.

WATTS.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne:
In all my trials, all my straits,
My soul for His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways:
Pour out your hearts before His face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Once hath His awful voice declared,
Once and again our ears have heard,
"All power is my eternal foe;
I must be feared and trusted too."

4 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Love is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

446

T. M.

WATTS.

1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me:
Dread that I might live on high,
Dread that I might never die:
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine.

2 Oh, the brinks of Jesus' love,
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Wider than eternity:
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought Him not.

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me:
All my trials He can know,
All my sorrows are His woe:
Said with Him from eternity,
He sustains the burden here.

447

L. M.

WATTS.

1 THY promise, Lord, is perfect power,
And yet my trials still increase:
Thy love is stronger my soul needs,
Thou Saviour's name must ever be praised.

2 Then, Saviour, then I fly to Thee,
And in Thy grace my refuge see;
Thou heardest me from Thy holy hill
And Thou wilt hear and help me still.

3 Beneath Thy wings secure I sleep;
What foe can harm while Thou dost
keep?
I wake, and find Thee at my side,
My omnipresent Guard and Guide!

4 Oh why should earth or hell distress,
With God so strong, so nigh to bless?
From Him alone salvation flows;
On Him alone, my soul, repose.

448

S. M.

WATTS.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address His throne
When morning brings the light;
I'll seek His blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Those who regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath Thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease
And no sad changes feel:
They neither fear nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord:
I'll cast my burden on His arm,
And rest upon His word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The ravens of His love:
The ground on which their safety
stands
No earthly power can move.

449

T. & D.

WATTS.

1 THY heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And such is such a nothing,
The nothing changes here:
The seven may cease without me;
My heart may now be dead;
But God is strong about me,
And not to be dismayed.

2 Whomsoever He may guide me,
No wind shall turn me back:
He singeth to beside me,
And aching not I lack:
His wisdom is my strength,
His sight is more than I;
He knoweth the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 8 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

450

10s. & 11s. NEWTON.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is
near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will
perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at
the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is
my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and crea-
tures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely
prevail.
- 3 His love in times past forbids me to
think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me
quite through.
- 4 Determined to save, He watched o'er
my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported
with death:
And can He have taught me to trust
in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put
me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or
distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no
less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from
His word,
Through much tribulation must follow
their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can
conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that sinners
might live!
His way was much rougher and darker
than mine;
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall
I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;
Though painful at present 'twill cease
before long,
And then, oh how pleasant the con-
queror's song!

451

C. M. RYLAND.

- 1 **O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near,—
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

452

JOHN WESLEY,
S. M. From Paul Gerhardt.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves and clouds and
storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!
- 5 Leave, to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

6 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care!

453

JOHN WESLEY.

S. M. *From Paul Gerhardt.*

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father! Thy ceaseless love
Sees all Thy children's wants, and
knows
What best for each will prove.

6 And whatsoever Thou wilt
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

7 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

8 When Thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou
givest,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

454

L. M.

COWPER.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my
mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee!

3 O let me then, at length, be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

455

L. M.

WATTS.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as
night;

Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

456

10s. & 11s.

FAWCETT.

1 A FULNESS resides
In Jesus our Head,
And ever abides
To answer our need:
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure,
To give to the poor.

2 Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies:
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

8 The fountain o'erflows,
Our woes to redress,
Still more He bestows,
And grace upon grace;
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive,
He has a redundancy
For all that believe.

4 Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us
And silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

5 When troubles attend,
Or danger, or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us through life:
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting
His hand will supply.

2 The rock of truth I now have found,
Here shall I ever stand secure;
I safely anchor in the ground
That shall for evermore endure:
When all the things of earth are fled,
With joy I shall lift up my head.

8 Nor waves nor storms can bring me
harm,
While on this rock I place my trust;
My strength is the almighty arm,
The shield and refuge of the just:
Here shall I dwell, and dwell serene,
Amid life's every chequered scene.

4 Though fiends of hell against me rise,
Their looks of wrath I will not fear;
While on the Lord my soul relies,
He shall for my defence appear:
He is my fortress and high tower,
My helper in the evil hour.

5 My house I build upon this rock
Which shall for ever be my stay;
To fire, nor flood, nor tempest shock,
Shall its foundations e'er give way;
But here shall stand for ever fast,
Long as eternity shall last.

457

S. M. D. C. WESLEY.

1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace:
The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone
Whene'er Thy face appears:
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears:
It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget mine every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still:
Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

458

8s. LUTHER.

1 MY anchor is within the veil;
Whatever may my soul betide,
Against me nothing can prevail,
For God the Lord is on my side:
Though heaven and earth shall pass
away,
My trust shall still unshaken stay.

459

L. M. MEDLEY.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To Jesus we our voices raise;
Jesus, who deigned on earth to dwell,
Who while on earth did all things well.

2 Wisdom, and power, and love divine
In all His works unrivalled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That He alone did all things well.

8 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
Or dark and sorrowful our days;
And though our spirit oft rebel,
We know He still does all things well.

4 And when we stand before His throne,
And all His ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That Jesus has done all things well.

460

8s. & 6s. WARING.

1 SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

2 No other comforter I need,
If Thou, O Lord, be mine,
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,
Thy fire my heart refine,
And cause me pain that none can heal
By other love than Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 8 Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary
land
My lonely way be made;
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me,
I need not be afraid.
- 4 Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

461

L. M. NEWTON.

- 1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end,
in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe, and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my Guide,
And will not let me miss my way.
- 8 Though snares and dangers throng my
path,
And earth and hell my course with-
stand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food;
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and
cares.
- 5 With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
I tell Him all my grief and pain;
And He reveals His love to me.
- 6 Some cordial from His word He brings,
When'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad com-
plaints.
- 7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures, that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my
Friend!

462

7s. CONDER.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh! to learn this lesson well:
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

- 8 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not mine own—my Father's will.
- 5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot:
Anxious, busy cares, away!
I'm provided for to-day.
- 6 Oh to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued;
Yet elate with gratitude!

463

L. M. NEWTON.

- 1 BE still, my heart! these anxious
cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
snares;
They cast dishonour on the Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide.
- 8 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thine all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through;
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God:
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all!

464

8s. & 7s. C. ELLIOTT.

- 1 CLOUDS and darkness round about
Thee,
For a season veil Thy face;
Still I trust and cannot doubt Thee,
Jesus! full of truth and grace:
Resting on Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.
- 2 O rebuke me not in anger!
Suffer not my faith to fail!
Let not pain, temptation, languor,
O'er my struggling heart prevail:
Holding fast Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

8 In my heart Thy word I cherish,
Though unseen, Thou still art near;
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,
What have I to do with fear?
Trusting in Thy word I stand,
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

465

8s. & 6s.

ANSTICE.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 How far from this our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
O! could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms.

3 O for the faith to cast our load
Of anxious thought upon our God!
For He will clothe and feed;
And from the lilies as they grow,
And from the tended ravens, know
That we are safe indeed.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of
ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and
flowers,
And from self-torment cease!
Father! we trust; and we lie still;
Leave all things to Thy holy will,
And so find perfect peace.

466

8. 7. 4.

LYNCH.

1 MOUNTAINS, by the darkness hid-
den,
Are as real as in the day;
Be then unbelief forbidden
In a dreary hour to say,
"God hath left us;
Oh! why hath He gone away?"

2 When He folds the cloud about Him,
Firm within it stands His throne;
Wherefore should His children doubt
Him,
Those to whom His love is known?
God is with us,
We are never left alone.

3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,
Cannot run into the day;
God can lead the blind and seeing,
On Him wait, and for Him stay;
Be not fearful,
They who cannot sing can pray.

4 Oh! the bright, the vast creation
Can be terrible and stern;
From its stroke be no salvation
Though on every side we turn:
Lord of nature,
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

5 Time and space, O Lord, that show
Thee
Oft in power veiling good,
Are too vast for us to know Thee
As our trembling spirits would:
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,
Father! Thou art understood.

467

L. M.

KELLY.

1 THE privilege I greatly prize
Of casting all my care on Him,
The mighty God, the only wise,
Who reigns in heaven and earth
supreme.

2 How sweet to be allowed to call
The God whom heaven adores, my
Friend;
To tell my thoughts, to tell them all,
And then to know my prayers ascend!

3 Yes, they ascend; the feeblest cry
Has wings that bear it to His throne;
The prayer of faith ascends the sky,
And brings a gracious answer down.

4 Then let me banish anxious care,
Confiding in a Father's love;
To Him make known my wants in
prayer,
Prepared His answer to approve.

5 My Father's wisdom cannot err,
His love no change nor failure knows;
Be mine His counsel to prefer,
And acquiesce in all He does.

468

L. M. D.

J. WESLEY.

From W. C. Dessler.

1 INTO Thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of Glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me, by Thy grace!
Now righteous through Thy wounds I
am,
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
Alive in Thee, my living head.

2 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away;
Still with me let Thy grace abide;
That I from Thee may never stray:
Let Thy word richly in me dwell;
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do Thy will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: HOLINESS AND LOVE.

1 **ARM** me with Thy strength, O Lord:
 Suffer my weakness with Thy might;
 Ours is my strength, Thy conquering
 sword.
 And shield me in the threatening
 fight.
 From death to death, from grace to
 grace.
 Since Thy strength shall I gain:
 Thy heaven and earth are from Thy
 hand.
 And glory and what grace began.

2 What profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming grief?
 Thy sighs and tears will all be vain,
 They cannot bring relief.
 3 Put thou in God thy trust,
 And patiently be still;
 The Lord Himself protects the just,
 But sovereign is His will.
 4 We may approach His throne
 With cares and griefs distressed;
 But yet the time must be His own
 To answer our request.

469

SS. D. GERRARDY.

1 **CONSUME** the way to God.
 The weight which makes thee
 While thou art to Him no head: faint:
 'Tis Him breathe Thy complaint;
 He, who for winds and clouds
 Maketh a pathway free,
 Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
 Can make a way for thee.

2 Thou must in Him be blest,
 Ere bliss can be secure:
 On His work must thou rest,
 If thy work shall endure:
 To anxious, prying thought,
 And weary, fretting care,
 The Highest yieldeth nought:
 He giveth all to prayer:

3 Father: Thy faithful love,
 Thy mercy, wise and mild,
 Sees what will blessing prove,
 Or what will hurt Thy child:
 And what Thy wise foreseeing
 Doth for Thy children choose,
 Thou bringest into being,
 Nor sufferest them to lose.

4 Trust Him to govern, then!
 No king can rule like Him;
 How wilt thou wonder, when
 Thine eyes no more are dim;
 To see those paths that vex thee,
 How wise they were and meet;
 The works that now perplex thee,
 How beautiful, complete!

5 Faithful the love thou sharest;
 All, all is well with thee;
 The crown from hence thou wearest,
 With shouts of victory:
 In thy right hand to-morrow,
 Thy God shall place the palm,
 To Him who chased thy sorrow,
 How glad will be thy psalm!

470

S. M. LUTHER.

1 **WHO** in the Lord confide
 Have never cause to fear;
 For God is ever by their side,
 To comfort and to cheer.

5 God heareth every cry
 In every land and clime;
 He never missed a tear or sigh,
 Then let us wait His time.
 6 Oh! let us all be still,
 And place in Him our trust;
 And when He works His sovereign will,
 Then shall we own it just.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

HOLINESS AND LOVE.

471

SS. & GS.

1 **L**ORD of my life, whose tender care
 Hath led me on till now;
 Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer,
 Before Thy throne I bow;
 I bless Thy gracious hand and pray
 Forgiveness for another day.

2 O may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow!
 To Thee and to Thy glory live;
 Dead else to all below;
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
 Though thorny, yet the path to God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
 For mercies day by day:
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing;
 Lord, teach me how to pray:
 All that I have, I am, to Thee
 I offer through eternity.

472

C. M. WATTS.

1 **WHAT** shall I render to my God
 For all His kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit Thine abode,
 My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: HOLINESS AND LOVE.

8 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight,
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy
Lord, I devote to Thee. [care,

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

473

L. M.

WATTS.

1 WHO shall ascend Thy holy place,
O Lord, and dwell before Thy
face?

The man that walks uprightly here,
And speaks the truth, devoid of fear.

2 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are
clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they
mean:

No slanders dwell upon his tongue,
Nor would he do his neighbour wrong.

3 Who from his word ne'er turns aside,
But by his promise will abide;
And still fulfil what he avers,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

4 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all mankind the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

5 Yet, when these various works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man Thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

474

8s. & 6.

OBERLIN.

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee:

To Thee, my God, to Thee.

2 What'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee:
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee:
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall
be,

That all I want I find in Thee:
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

475

7s.

C. WESLEY.

1 LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy only in Thy love!

4 Oh that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

476

L. M.

WATTS.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with
earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me
thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes with-
drawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

477

7s. & 6s.

WESLEY.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with His blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: HOLINESS AND LOVE.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend,
Daily in His grace to grow,
In His favour to abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

8 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of His love I speak,
Who freely died for me:
While I sojourn here below
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

478

C. M. D.

J. ELLIOT.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless
On ocean and on land: [gifts
'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.

2 We love Thee, Lord, because when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way:
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
Of Thy benignant light.

3 Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still:
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot;
Because we have forsaken Thee;
Yet Thou forsookest not.

4 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hope of heaven:
Yes; much we love, who much have
sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

479

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end;
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend!

8 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

480

C. M.

WATTS.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

8 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give Him all.

481

L. M.

WATTS.

1 O MAY our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
O may our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

8 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth and
love,
Our inward holiness approve.

4 The gospel bears our spirits up,
While looking for that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith reposes on His word.

482

8. 7. D.

LYTT.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition;
All I've sought, and hoped, and
known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 4 Soul! then, know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smiles are thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thine earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

483

L. M.

STEELE.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues
to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

- 4 To do His heavenly Father's will
Was His employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through His life divinely bright.
- 5 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by Thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like Thee.

484

8s. & 6s.

- 1 **C**OME, Jesus Lord, with holy fire,
Come, and my quickened heart
inspire,
Cleansed by Thy precious blood:
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.
- 2 Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.
- 3 Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart:
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In night, Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art.
- 4 My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see,
In Thine unclouded face:
Called the full strength of trust to
prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

485

6s. & 4s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 2 Thou blessed Son of God
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is Thy love,
All other loves above;
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: HOLINESS AND LOVE.

4 Soon Thou wilt come again !
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord !
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

486

6s. & 8s.

1 **G**RACE every morning new,
And every night, we feel;
The soft refreshing dew
That falls from Hermon's hill:
On Zion sweetly it descends,
And shall till rolling nature ends.

2 The Lord doth freely pour
His blessing from above,
A rich and pleteous shower
Of heart-reviving love:
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God, and love to man.

3 In Him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless:
His grace and Spirit He'll bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

4 The riches of His grace
In fellowship are given,
To Zion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven:
He fills them with His choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

487

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**LAMOUR and anger hence begone,
Envy and wrath for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and
strife:
Why should we vex and grieve His
love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life.

3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
Even as God forgives our faults,
For the dear sake of Christ His Son.

488

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and
Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, or cymbal's sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the hills remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To clothe the naked, feed the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

489

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**O, what a good and pleasant sight
Are brethren that agree;
Whose hearts with cheerfulness unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the
Descend on every soul, [spring,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;

3 'Tis like the oil that Moses poured
On Aaron's priestly head;
The holy stream perfumed his beard,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God His favour still renews,
And makes His grace distil.

490

S. M.

WATTS.

1 **B**LESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blessed is the faithful house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Where songs of praise, and mingled
Make its communion sweet. [vows,

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
Was poured the rich perfume,
The holy oil his robe o'erspread,
And fragrance filled the room.

4 So on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

491

8s. & 7s.

WARDLAW.

1 **O**H how good the hallowed union,
Oh how sweet the pure communion
Of the family of God !
When in peace together dwelling,
Kindred love each bosom swelling,
This is pleasure's blest abode.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

- 2 Rich the sweetness, far transcending
All the costly spices, blending
On the head with mitre crowned;
Down the sacred vestments flowing,
O'er the rich embroidery glowing,
Breathing balmy fragrance round.
- 3 Lovely as the dews of morning,
Hermon's sacred mount adorning,
All in fresh and sparkling pride;
Soft on Zion's hills distilling,
Every sense with pleasure filling,
Spreading joy on every side.
- 4 Zion! 'Tis Jehovah's dwelling:
There, from purest fountains welling,
Flow the streams of peace and love;
Israel's wants and woes redressing,
There the Lord commands the blessing,
Everlasting life above.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

492

8. 7. CREWDSON.

- 1 **L**ORD! we know that Thou art near
us,
Though Thou seemest to hide Thy
face;
And are sure that Thou dost hear us,
Though no answer we embrace.
- 2 Not one promise shall miscarry,
Not one blessing come too late;
Though the vision long may tarry,
Give us patience, Lord, to wait.
- 3 While withholding, Thou art giving,
In Thine own appointed way;
And while waiting, we're receiving
Blessings suited to our day.
- 4 Oh the wondrous loving-kindness,
Planning, working out of sight;
Bearing with us in our blindness;
Out of darkness bringing light.
- 5 Weaving blessings out of trials;
Out of grief-evolving bliss;
Answering prayer by wise denials,
When Thy children ask amiss!
- 6 And when faith shall end in vision,
And when prayer is lost in praise;
Then shall love, in full fruition,
Justify Thy secret ways.

493

7s. RYLAND.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand;
All events at Thy command.

- 2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;
- 3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 4 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 5 O Thou gracious, wise and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.
- 6 May I always own Thy hand;
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that Thou art God alone,
I and mine are all Thine own.
- 7 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having Thee, I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with Thee?

494

7s. KELLY.

- 1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust, and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though enwrapt in gloomy night,
We perceive no ray of light;
Since the Lord Himself is here,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 3 Night with Him is never night;
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.
- 4 Be it ours then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go;
What He bids us, that to do.

495

8s. & 7s. KELLY.

- 1 **'T**IS to us no cause of sorrow,
That we cannot tell to-day,
What it is will come to-morrow;
'Tis enough that we can say,
He whom we our Father call,
Knows the future, knows it all.
- 2 Happy they, who, all committing
To their Father's care and love,
Let Him choose what most is fitting,
And of all He does, approve:
Ever free from anxious care,
Blest in this, His people are.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

8 Teach us, O our God and Father,
Teach us to obey Thee thus,
Be Thy choice our portion, rather
Than what may seem good to us;
'Tis not meet we should refuse
Aught that Thou, our God, shalt
choose.

4 Future things with Thee are present;
All to come Thine eye can see;
Safe it is for us and pleasant
Future things to trust to Thee:
Then Thy people happy are,
When on Thee they cast their care.

496

C. M. STEELE.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:
2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee:
3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art
mine,
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end."

497

C. M. BAXTER.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
2 If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey:
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?
3 Christ leads me through no darker
rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
4 Come Lord, when grace has made me
meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

498

L. M. COWPER.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall; .
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep com-
plaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer
prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.
5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee:
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to
plead.

499

7s. D. COWPER.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.
3 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway?
Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

500

6. 5. D.

- 1 **W**HY that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
Oh thou heir of heaven!
Think on Jesus' love;
Which to thee is given
All His grace to prove.
- 2 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee!
Gird thine armour on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Strive to gain the crown.

501

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abraham with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
- 8 "Abraham, forbear!" the angel cried,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be blessed in-
deed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

502

C. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In Life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.

- 5 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their
Immediately from Thee. [bliss]
- 8 O! may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till, from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away!

503

S. M.

LLOYD.

- 1 **O**UR times are in Thy hand,
Father, we wish them there,
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand our many sins had pierced
Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in Thy hand;
We'll always trust in Thee;
Till we have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

504

7s.

SCHMOLKE.

- 1 **W**HAT our Father does is well;
Blessed truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.
- 2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?
- 3 What our Father does is well;
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

505

C. M. HUMPHREYS.

1 GOD'S furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

2 His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though He does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

3 Thy love is constant to its line,
Though clouds oft come between:
Oh could my faith but pierce these
clouds,
It might be always seen.

4 But I am weak, and forced to cry,
Take up my soul to Thee;
Then, as Thou ever art the same,
So shall I ever be.

5 Then shall I ever, ever sing,
Whilst Thou dost ever shine:
I have Thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, Thou art ever mine.

506

C. M. WHATELEY.

1 HE sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And He is strong to save;
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And guides each drifting wave.

2 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
When waves of sorrow rise;
And while He holds the bitter cup,
He wipes the tearful eyes.

3 He knows how long the wilful heart
Requires the chastening grief;
And soon as sorrow's work is done,
'Tis He who sends relief.

507

C. M. COWPER.

1 LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

508

8. 7.

1 WHEN the world my heart is rending
With its fiercest storm of care,
Then my thoughts, to God ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.

2 There's a hand of mercy near me,
Though the waves of trouble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
When the toils of life are o'er.

3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining
That bright crown they longed to
wear;
Spot nor wrinkle then remaining,
Nor one pang of grief or care.

4 Oh! to rest in peace for ever,
Joined with the redeemed above,
Where no foe my heart can sever
From the Saviour whom I love.

5 This the hope that shall sustain me,
Till life's pilgrimage be past;
That though troubles vex and pain me,
I shall reach my home at last.

509

7s. LLOYD.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord;
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word:
As thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
As thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see,
This is still thy sweet relief:
As thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure:
As thy days, thy strength shall be.

510

8s. & 6s. CONDER.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

- 2 O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.
- 8 Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks;
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

511

C. M.

GREEN.

- 1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who hath an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord; should I distrust
Or contradict His will,
Who can do only what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord who gives me all,
My health, my friends, my ease;
And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.
- 4 It is the Lord who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill
Can, from affliction, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord, the covenant God,
Blest be His glorious name!
Whose gracious promise, sealed with
Must ever be the same. [blood,

512

Ss. & 6.

ELLIOTT.

- 1 OHLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing
By faith to cling to Thee! [scene,
- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall we repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
Our souls may cling to Thee?
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would we cling to Thee!
- 4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

- 5 They fear not life's rough storms to
brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;
Because they cling to Thee.
- 6 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb us, who appal,
While as our strength, our rock, our all,
Saviour! we cling to Thee?

513

Ss. & 4.

C. ELLIOTT.

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's
rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!
- 4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine;
Thy will be done!
- 5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
Thy will be done!
- 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!
- 7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

514

6s.

BONAR.

- 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine;
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill;

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all!

515

8s. & 6s.

1 THIS world to man's a world of woe,
But 'tis himself that makes it so;
Yet we will not despair,
Who, journeying to a better one,
Shall find, when our short race is run,
No grief nor sorrow there.

2 Rough is the road, and hard the fare;
Endurance is the badge they wear,
Who travel to the skies;
If bright and fair the way had been,
Our hearts had lingered o'er the scene,
And lost the heavenly prize.

3 O may we then submissive bow,
Nor question what the scriptures show,
And saints have understood;
The trials we so keenly feel,
Our heavenly Father doth reveal,
Who sends them for our good.

4 Affliction leads our souls to God,
We feel the stroke, and own the rod;
He chastens whom He loves;
We can a parent's hand discern,
Whose bowels for his children yearn,
While he their homage proves.

516

C. M.

WATTS.

1 MUST friends and kindred droop
and die,
And helpers be withdrawn?
Must we, in sorrow, weeping lie,
And mourn our comforts gone?

2 Be Thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in affliction's road,
But love us to the end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
The saints before us trod!
And with as ready zeal obey
The counsels of our God.

4 May we be weaned from things below,
In truth and love excel,
Till, thus prepared by grace, we go
Where all the righteous dwell.

517

6. 5.

1 O LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

518

C. M.

HAWES.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness
flows!
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord! remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, now peace impart:
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and
grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame
If Thou remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour! with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

519

7s.

NEWTON.

1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave!
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

520

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **F**ATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray;
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep Thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn His statutes well.

4 The law that issues from Thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in Thy word,
And made Thy grace my only choice.

521

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call Thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command His love
When I address His throne by day,
Nor in the night His grace remove:
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before His feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly rock,
Why doth Thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath Thy
stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low:
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise Him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me
still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts em-
ploy;
And lead me to Thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

522

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And Thy deliverance send;
My soul for Thy salvation faints:
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn Thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins—
I read Thy word, I run Thy way,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not Thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's
weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

5 I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from Thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew Thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

523

8s. & 7s.

KELLY.

1 **W**HEN the Lord rebukes His ser-
vant,
'Tis to save and not destroy;
'Tis to make my spirit fervent;
'Tis to give me real joy;
'Tis to make me better know
That my rest is not below.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

2 Shall I then repine at trials
By my Father's love decreed?
What if God had poured the vials
Of His wrath upon my head:
Death of sin the wages is,
All is mercy short of this.

3 Since the Lord has given me reason
To expect a place above,
In affliction's sharpest season,
Let me own that God is love;
Let me own that all He does
From paternal kindness flows.

4 Shall I murmur at His dealings?
Shall I not His kindness trust?
Since He knows my frame and feelings,
And remembers I am dust,
Shall I not receive the rod,
And confess the hand of God?

5 Hear me, Lord, in my petition;
O sustain me lest I faint;
Teach me patience and submission;
Keep Thy servant from complaint;
And in every trying hour,
Lord, uphold me by Thy power.

524

8s. NEUMARCK.

1 LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail,
The never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all discerning love hath sent:
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4 He knows when joyful hours are best;
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

5 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:
God never yet forsook at need,
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

ZEAL AND COURAGE.

525

7s. CENKICK.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

6 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

7 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

8 Seal our love, our labours end;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy kingdom come;
Lord! we long to be at home.

526

8. 7. BONAR.

1 THIS is not my place of resting;
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain:
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

527

L. M. EVEREST.

- 1 **T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly, meekly, follow Me.
- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
And let not carnal pride rebel:
The Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross in Jesus' strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he, who bears the cross
On earth, will wear the heavenly crown.

528

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still He is gracious, wise, and just,
And still in Him let Israel trust.

529

7. 6. D. DUFFIELD.

- 1 **S**TAND up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

530

S. M. TOPLADY.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The people of His choice
He will not cast away;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.
- 5 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 6 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 7 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal His sovereign power.
- 8 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

- 9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee !
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

531

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls; away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be-
gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless
power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native
strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

532

5s. D.

STAMMERS.

- 1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest:
Onward and onward still,
Urge thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth
Shall be for ever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee:
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of Eternity
Flows on for ever.
- 3 Raise the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Lift the heart, Christian,
Ere it repositeth:
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done;
Praise Him for ever.

533

8s.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.
- 3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes ! I to the end shall endure
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

534

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint;
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by
sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

535

8s. & 4s.

BOWLY.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our
Saviour
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well !
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to
shield us;
All must be well !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well!
Happy, still to God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well!
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well!

536

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts
arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot the mighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 The rock of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwells;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And doubt and fear dispels.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that on the Lord rely
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet He brings
Where perfect pleasure is.

537

8s.

NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's
power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the
field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why
should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were
dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my
love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and He is mine!

538

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET faith in Christ the Saviour tend
To banish care and woe;
The Lord almighty is our friend,
And shall we fear the foe?
- 2 He who spared not His only Son,
But gave Him up to die,
Shall He not with Him, of His own,
All needful things supply?
- 3 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn,
Since God hath justified?
Or who shall charge the saints with sin,
For whom the Saviour died?
- 4 Yea, rather, that again arose,
Triumphant from the grave,
And ever lives to interpose;
Omnipotent to save.
- 5 Who then shall e'er divide us more
From our Redeemer's love;
Or break the bond He gave the poor
To dwell with Him above?
- 6 Nor length, nor breadth, nor depth,
nor height,
Nor time's o'erwhelming flood,
Nor life, nor death shall disunite
Our souls from Christ our God.

539

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care,
Instructs me for the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

540

8. 7.

DARBY.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on; His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore
thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way;
Secret blessings richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 In the desert God shall teach thee
What the God that thou hast found—
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.
- 5 Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle-strength He'll still renew:
Garments fresh, and feet unwearied,
Tell how God hath brought thee
through.
- 6 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs in Zion sing.

541

5s. & 8s.

RUSSELL.

- 1 **J**ESUS, guide our way
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
Lead us by Thy hand
To our Father's land!
- 2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet!
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.
- 3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succour cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open Thou the door!

542

7s. & 5s.

PARSON.

- 1 **L**ORD, we bend before Thee now,
And with one united vow,
To Thy sacred service now
All our lives resign:
Only, to each youthful heart,
Courage, patience, help impart;
Then, if Thou our Leader art,
Glory shall be Thine.

- 2 But, can such a feeble band
Satan's gathered host withstand,
And resist, with dauntless hand,
All their mighty powers?
Saviour, in Thy name we go,
Thou hast conquered every foe;
And if Thou Thy strength bestow,
Saving help is ours.

- 3 Far above our mortal sight,
Near Thy throne in shining light,
Happy spirits, clothed in white,
Strike their harps and cry:
Jesus triumphed when He rose,
Jesus conquered all our foes;
Now His faithful hand bestows
Palms of victory.

- 4 Saviour, if Thy cross we bear,
May we hope Thy joy to share,
And with ransomed hosts to wear
Crowns of light on high?
Hear us, then, we humbly pray;
Take us in our early day;
Let us 'neath Thy banner stay,
Faithful till we die.

543

8s.

KELLY.

- 1 **A**ND art Thou, gracious Master,
gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold Thee on Thy throne,
And there for ever sit with Thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in Thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its angry frown,
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,
And make Thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day
When Thou Thy glory wilt display.
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him
not:
Through fear of such an one shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny?
- 4 No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if it will,
If to confess my Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still!
For Thee, my God, I all resign,
Content that I can call Thee mine.
- 5 What transport then will fill my heart,
When Thou my worthless name wilt
own,
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as I myself am known;
When I, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall have eternal rest with Thee!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

544

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **S**HALL we go on in sin,
That grace may still abound,
And crucify the Lord again,
Again His body wound?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free;
He nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And gave us liberty.

545

L. M.

CONDOR.

- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps
swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of
thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering
lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
Thine.
- 5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than
these?
- 6 Yes! I would count them all but loss
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the
cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

546

L. M.

GRIGG.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise!
Whose glories shine through endless
days!

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright morning Star! bid darkness
flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

547

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,
And think His gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make Thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is Thine,
My Saviour and my God!
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim Thy grace;
They cast their honours at Thy feet,
And own their borrowed rays.
- 5 Are we the soldiers of the cross?
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 6 Now must we fight if we would reign:
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 7 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 8 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

548

7s.

- 1 **F**AIN'T not, Christian, though the road
Leading to thy blest abode
Darksome be, and dangerous too;
Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian, though in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian, though the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian, though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian, though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
Smite He must, with Father's care,
That He may His love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian, Christ is near;
Soon in glory He'll appear;
Thou shalt cease thy toil and strife,
Thou shalt wear the "crown of life."

549

6s.

AVELING.

- 1 **O**N, towards Zion on!
Glory awaits you there:
Crowns for the victor's brow,
Robes that the conquerors wear;
Thrones for the sons of might,
Harps for the sons of song;
Welcomes from heaven's own King,
Greetings from heaven's bright throng.
- 2 On, for ye now must wage
The warfare, life begun;
Or see life's day decline,
With life's great work undone:
Hark! for your Captain calls,
And o'er your path has shone
His lightning-gleaming sword:
On, to the fight, then, on!
- 3 Put off each cumbrous weight;
Renounce each darling sin;
He must be free as air,
Who would faith's victory win:
With patience gird the soul;
Maintain the strife begun;
Be firm unto the end:
On, to the foe, then, on!

4 Be fearless in the fight;
Look round you—myriads stand
Enrobed in glorious light,
Earth's star-crowned victor band:
They point you to the prize,
By true hearts surely won;
They urge you to advance:
On, to the field, then, on!

5 See, Christ among them throned;
He, who the crown of shame
Wore on that royal head,
Now wreathed with endless fame:
He waits to bind a crown,
Life's last great battle won, . .
Round every conqueror's brow:
On, then, to victory, on!

550

6s. & 8s.

KELLY.

- 1 **H**ARK, 'tis a martial sound!
To arms, ye saints, to arms!
Your foes are gathering round,
And peace has lost its charms:
Prepare the helmet, sword, and shield;
The trumpet calls you to the field.
- 2 No common foes appear
To dare you to the fight,
But such as own no fear
And glory in their might:
The powers of darkness are at hand;
Resist, or bow to their command.
- 3 An arm of flesh must fail
In such a strife as this;
He only can prevail
Whose arm immortal is:
'Tis heaven itself the strength must
yield,
And weapons fit for such a field.
- 4 And heaven supplies them too:
The Lord, who never faints,
Is greater than the foe,
And He is with His saints:
Thus armed, they venture to the fight;
Thus armed, they put their foes to
fight.
- 5 And, when the conflict's past,
On yonder peaceful shore
They shall repose at last,
And see their foes no more;
The fruits of victory enjoy,
And never more their arms employ.

551

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy
fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's
gone.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness
rage,
And waste the fury of his spite,
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors
wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace:
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

552

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every
nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
We'll lay our honours down.

553

C. M. WATTS.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

554

H. K. WHITE.
7s. F. F. MAITLAND.

1 **O**FT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

555

C. M. WATTS.

1 **I**M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

556

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ZEAL AND COURAGE.

- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

557

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God
supplies,
Through His beloved Son;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The armour of your God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

558

6s. & 8s.

COWPER.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King,
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright:
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth
To storm the invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say,
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help His servant to the end.

559

C. M.

- 1 **O**H, speed thee, Christian, on thy
way,
And to thy armour cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on thy anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 Oh, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before His throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

560

7s. D.

SWAIN.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these:
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

561

8s. & 6s. ELIZ. DAWBARN.

- 1 **G**OD is my safety and my light,
What shall I fear from human
might?
My life is precious in His sight;
He makes my soul His care:
When wicked men against me rise,
Their vengeful plans 'scape not His
eyes;
Jehovah all their arts defies,
Who to molest me dare.
- 2 In troublous times He shelters me,
Where none may pierce my secrecy;
He gives to me security,
In danger's dreadful hour:
My head above my foes I'll raise,
And ever my deliverer praise,
With songs and sacrificial lays
To His almighty power.
- 3 Accept them, Lord! weak though they
be!
Have mercy too and answer me!
Thy countenance, oh! let me see;
Thou badest me seek Thy face!
My heart's responsive to Thy call;
Thou art my help, I shall not fall;
Forsaken though I be of all,
Kindred Thou wilt replace.
- 4 Make my path plain before my eyes;
Though false accusers 'gainst me rise,
Oh! shield me from their calumnies,
And every cruel word:
God's goodness I have lived to see;
Wait on Him and He'll strengthen
thee;
Ye righteous, of good courage be;
Wait ever on the Lord!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

562

7s. & 5s.

- 1 **C**HRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Therefore watch and pray.
- 2 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one:
Therefore watch and pray.
- 3 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
It is He who speaks the word:
Therefore watch and pray.

- 4 'Twas by watching and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear:
Therefore watch and pray.
- 5 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep;
Pray, for God must speed thy way;
Narrow is the road, and steep:
Therefore watch and pray.

563

7s. D. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears;
Never, never quit thy hold!
Murmur not at His delay,
Dare not set thy God a time;
Calmly for His coming stay;
Leave it, leave it all to Him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is His word!
On His word my soul I cast;
He cannot Himself deny;
Surely it shall speak at last,
It shall speak and shall not lie.
- 3 Every one that seeks shall find;
Every one that asks shall have;
Christ the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able, all to save:
I shall His salvation see;
I in faith on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free
Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in Thy hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' name:
Saviour in temptation Thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

564

8. 7. D. KELLY.

- 1 **G**OD of hope and consolation,
Sweeten every bitter cup;
Thine a great, a free salvation;
Thou canst hold Thy people up:
Great Thou art in operation,
Thou art rich in grace and love;
O fulfil our expectation,
Lead us safe to joys above.
- 2 Never can we taste enjoyment
Pure and full, till Thou appear;
Praise, Thy people's blest employment;
Praise, that day, unmixed with fear:
When Thou comest, Lord, what gladness,
Will be felt by all Thy friends!
Then they bid adieu to sadness,
Then their night of trouble ends.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: PROGRESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

- 3 Through a world of sorrow going,
Keep us from the evil, Lord;
'Tis Thine arm we trust to, knowing
Nought but this can hope afford:
When the sharpest trials prove us,
Be Thou near, and hold us fast;
Keep us, Lord, that nought may
move us,
Till the stormy day is past.
- 4 Then Thy people sorrow never;
Then the storm is heard no more;
Peace and joy are ours for ever,
When we land on yonder shore:
Fear and hope alike are banished,
And Thy saints are fully blessed;
All that caused them fear has vanished,
All they hoped for is possessed.

565

L. M.

KELLY.

- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldling's
mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are
Had I the pinions of the dove, [blest!
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

566

11s.

LYTTE.

- 1 **M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not
here,
Then why should I murmur when trials
are near?
Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst
that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens
thee home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Or building my hopes in a region like
this;
I look for a city that hands have not
pled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

- 3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot
destroy;
One glimpse of His love, turns them
all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but
on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow dia-
mond and gem.
- 4 Let doubt, then, and danger my pro-
gress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at
the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er
may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for
them all.

567

7. 6.

- 1 **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow
To Jesus as your head.
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.
- 3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles,
To Him alone will turn;
- 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;
- 6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?
- 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

568

7s. & 6s.

WESLEY.

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Christ shall send me all supplies,
He every hope fulfils:
Faithful soul! trust His defence,
All His care thou then shalt prove;
All His watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

2 See the Lord, thy Saviour, stand
Omnipotently near !
Lo, He holds thee in His hand,
He banishes thy fear ;
Shadows with His wings thy head ;
Shields from all impending harms ;
Round thee, and beneath, are spread
The everlasting arms !

3 Christ shall bless thy going out,
And bless thy coming in ;
Ever compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin :
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
Rest in Him, securely rest—
Thy Guardian never sleeps.

569

6. 5. D.

DAREY.

1 **T**HOUGH faint, yet pursuing,
We go on our way,
The Lord is our leader,
His word is our stay ;
Though suffering and sorrow
And trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge,
And whom can we fear ?

2 He raiseth the fallen,
He cheereth the faint ;
If the weak are oppress'd,
He hears their complaint ;
The way may be weary,
And thorny the road,
But how can we falter
Whose help is in God ?

3 And to His green pastures
Our footsteps He leads ;
His flock in the desert
How kindly He feeds !
The lambs in His bosom
He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers
Safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us,
Our God is our light ;
Though storms rage around us,
Our God is our might :
So faint, yet pursuing,
Still onward we come,
The Lord is our leader,
And heaven our home.

5 And there, all His people
Eternally dwell,
With Him who hath led them
So safely and well :
The toilsome way over,
The wilderness past,
And Canaan the blessed
Is theirs at the last.

570

7. 6. D.

BURTON.

1 **P**ILGRIMS we are and strangers,
As all our fathers were ;
Our path is full of dangers,
Beset with many a snare :
But, in our God confiding,
No evil will we fear ;
For our defence providing,
He will be ever near.

2 Our heavenly habitation
Attracts our longing eyes ;
In sweet anticipation
We view the blissful prize :
That glimpse our souls inflaming
With more intense desire,
All earthly hopes disclaiming,
They up to heaven aspire.

3 Jesus is gone before us,
Those mansions to prepare ;
Soon shall we share His glories,
And sing His praises there :
The prospect, O how cheering !
We hail the happy day,
And long for His appearing
To bear our souls away.

4 Then let us ne'er be weary,
Nor faint upon the road ;
For, though the way be dreary,
It leads us home to God :
It leads us to that station,
Where foes no more annoy ;
That world of full salvation,
And everlasting joy.

571

7s.

CONDER.

1 **H**EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not—for flesh is frail—
Where fierce trials would assail ;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain ;
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing Thee.

4 Lord, uphold me day by day ;
Shed a light upon my way ;
Guide me through perplexing snares ;
Care for me in all my cares.

5 All I ask for is enough,
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

- 6 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.
- 7 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

572

10s.

LYTE.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me! fast falls the even-
tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!
When other helpers fail, and com-
forts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with
me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disci-
ples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with
me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings,
But kind and good, with healing in
Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every
plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide
with me!
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst
smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left
Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing
hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!

- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-
terness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

573

L. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **E**MPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, myself, and all but Thee;
Only reserved for Christ that died,
Surrendered to the Crucified:
- 2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
For heaven alone my heart prepare,
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend and my companion Thou!
Lord, seize my heart, assert Thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.
- 4 The idols tread beneath Thy feet,
And to Thyself the conquest get:
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.
- 5 Larger communion let me prove
With Thee, blest object of my love;
But, oh! for this no power have I;
My strength is at Thy feet to lie.

574

C. M.

BUBIER.

- 1 **I**WOULD commune with Thee, my
God;
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath;
I hear the thunders roll:
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the heights on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 Oh, this is life! Oh, this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

575

8s. & 6s.

WARING.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart, at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7 There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer:
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the
truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty!

576

10s.

INGLIS.

- 1 "ABIDE in Me!" if thou wouldst
fruitful be:
The branch bears not when severed
from the tree;
Without my Spirit's power, the sapless
bough
No fruit can bear, for it can nothing do.
- 2 "Abide in Me!" All grace is Mine to
give:
My voice the dead shall hear, and hear-
ing, live!
My Spirit can thy strongest sins sub-
due,
Softened thine heart, and all thy thoughts
renew.

- 3 "Abide in Me!" Live only on My love,
And thou shalt taste the bliss of saints
above;
In Me thou shalt have peace; in Me
find rest,
Though storms should rage around, or
cares molest.
- 4 "Abide in Me!" Then, safe within the
veil,
Death cannot hurt, though heart and
flesh may fail;
One with Myself, who vanquished death
and hell,
It only breaks the bondage of thy cell!
- 5 "Abide in Me!" Then thou mayst
calmly smile
On ruined hopes, or ruined worlds the
while:
Even the trumpet's awful sounds shall
be
The sweetest music ever heard by thee!

577

L. M.

BERNARD.

- 1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou fount of life! Thou light of
men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art
good;
To them that find Thee, All in all!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee
fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and
bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

578

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

1 The window panes around me shine
The sunbeams I detect mine.
With gladness at the heart's mine.
The window I am His.

2 I will not leave this heavy day
In this shadowy world.
But will go the sunny way
To meet my heavenly Lord.

3 I have not in this shadowy world
To break the light of day.
The window panes and beams of faith
Shall be the conqueror through.

579

C. M. WATTS.

1 I will the windows of Thy grace,
Thy face when my Lord is seen:
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a space between.

2 I think the happy hour were come
To glance not back to sight.
I shall not sit my Lord at home
In a dimmer light.

3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
These unprofitable days.
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my powers be praise.

580

C. M. VINCENT.

1 A SILENT shout is with Thy grace,
A silent shout of praise;
Nor let us ever to sin give place,
Nor grieve Him we adore.

2 Abide among us with Thy ray,
O light that lightest all:
And let Thy truth preserve our way,
Nor suffer us to fall.

3 Abide with us to bless us still,
O boundless Lord of peace:
With grace and power our souls now
Our faith and love increase.

4 Abide among us as our shield,
O Captain of Thy host:
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forsake our post.

5 Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be:
Thy help in need, oh let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

581

C. M. TOPLADY.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all be-
side
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, blessed Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

2 The sense of Thy expiring love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow: for Thee alone,
I absolutely pray.

3 Whatever else Thy will withhold,
Here grant me to succeed;
Oh, let Thyself my portion be,
And I am blest indeed.

4 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot have,
And Thou canst give no more.

5 Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return.

6 What'er consists not with Thy love
I gladly now resign;
Oh, make Thy face to shine on me,
Since Thou, O Lord, art mine.

582

S. M. BURNS.

1 STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
To hear Thy voice, mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

583

11s. & 10s. H. B. STOWE.

1 STILL, still with Thee, when purple
Morning breaketh,
When wake the birds, and all the
shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the
daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am
with Thee!

2 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil,
to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings
o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find
Thee there.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

- 8 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee:
O! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

584

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESSED is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat;
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at His right hand
Appoints His saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

585

6s. & 8s.

HAVERGAL.

- 1 **I** BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened Fount:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.
- 2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed:
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
- 3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me:
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

x

- 4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well:
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

- 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven:
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast given all to me.

- 6 My life I bring to Thee;
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone:
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

586

C. M.

MONSELL.

- 1 **I** KNEW Thee in the land of drought,
Thy comfort and control;
Thy truth encompassed me about,
Thy love refreshed my soul.
- 2 I knew Thee when the world was waste,
And Thou alone wast fair;
On Thee my heart its fondness placed,
My soul reposed its care.
- 3 And if Thine altered hand doth now
My sky with sunshine fill,
Who amid all so fair as Thou?
Oh let me know Thee still:
- 4 Still turn to Thee in days of light,
As well as nights of care,
Thou brightest amid all that's bright!
Thou fairest of the fair!
- 5 My sun is, Lord, where'er Thou art;
My cloud, where self I see;
My drought in an ungrateful heart;
My freshest springs in Thee!

587

7s.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **O**BJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee!
- 2 Thee to please and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die!
- 4 Source and giver of repose!
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine!

588

L. M. C. ELLIOTT.

- 1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully, and for ever, blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, and none remove;
There neither life nor death will part
My spirit from Thy perfect love.

589

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **T**HIRREE happy souls, who born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in His fear!
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone!
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with Thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

590

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,

Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Long for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I will appear
Among the saints, and seek Thy face;
Oft have I seen Thy glory here,
And felt the influence of Thy grace.

5 Life and its joys, without Thy love,
No solid pleasure can afford;
My years would but a burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.

6 I'll lift my hands, and raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Through all the remnant of my days.

591

C. M.

1 **H**APPY the men to Jesus joined,
The saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Glory on earth begun.

2 The saints, triumphant in His love,
Their Saviour's glory know;
They sing His fame in songs above,
And we in songs below.

3 His name in heavenly courts they praise,
And bow before His throne;
We in His earthly courts of grace
His majesty make known.

4 United to our living Head,
Our souls shall hence arise;
The holy to the holiest led,
In realms beyond the skies.

592

C. M. WATTS.

1 **B**LESSED are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are pure and right,
Who never from the law depart,
But in the truth delight.

2 Blessed are the men that keep Thy word,
And practise Thy commands;
That seek with their whole heart the Lord,
And serve Thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love Thy law,
How firm their souls abide;
Nor shall a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all Thy statutes I obey,
And honour all Thy name.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

JOY IN GOD.

593

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
The glorious gospel was designed
For comfort, joy, and peace.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
Will speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope do grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
Refreshments ever sweet,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden street.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

594

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
Beyond the upper skies;
Who covets not the joys of time,
But from temptation flies.
- 2 He knows that all created things
Are sentenced to decay;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they flee away.
- 3 To worlds unseen by mortal eyes,
The gospel's wondrous light
Directs his views, where prospects rise
Pre-eminently bright.
- 4 His hopes are fixed on joys to come,
Secured in Christ above,
Where pleasure shall for ever bloom,
And all around be love.

- 5 While myriads search for earthly bliss,
And search, alas, in vain,
Be ours the comfort, rest and peace,
Which ever shall remain.

- 6 We would upon His word rely,
With ever fresh delight;
Till hope shall terminate in joy,
And faith be lost in sight.

595

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
Thy saints, where'er they dwell;
'Tis paradise when Thou art near;
If Thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 To Thee, O Lord, alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His presence should remove,
Or but conceal His face.
- 5 Not all beneath the sky
Can pure delight afford;
Man never tasted perfect joy,
Before he knew the Lord.
- 6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

596

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I'll glory in infirmity,
That Jesus' power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Christ is my shield, and grace my song.
- 3 I can do all things, and can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While He my hope and faith maintains.
- 4 But should His influence be withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

597

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the source of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis He adorns my naked soul,
And makes salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes His face to shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He takes the robe the Saviour wrought,
And casts it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
The ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
- 5 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By Him, the God of grace;
Then let thy cheerful thanks be paid
In songs of joy and praise.

598

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **F**ROM Thee, my God, my joys shall
rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love.
- 5 Blest Jesus, every smile of Thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all Thy graces spring.

599

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What though the bright, the genial sun
Display his cheering light;
Thy brighter beams create my noon,
Their absence is my night.

- 3 How vain a toy is glittering wealth!
And what the world to me!
What is my safety, life, or health,
When once compared to Thee?

- 4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And all the stars my own,
Without the knowledge of Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
Nor let me wish for more.

600

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower
skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
A high and glorious throne;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's exalted Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with the everlasting things
The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

601

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul! that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day:
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

602

7. 6. D. NEWTON.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may;

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

603

S. M. WATTS.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

3 And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

604

8s. ZINZENDORF.

1 NOW I have found the ground
wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin
E'en from the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is mine unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and
skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my
head,
Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

605

C. M. NEWTON.

1 OH happy they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by His word:
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead His love and
power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name;
And we can witness to His praise:
His love is still the same.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord! we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And own us still for Thine.

606

8. 7. 4. KELLY.

1 **H**APPY they who trust in Jesus;
Sweet their portion is and sure,
When the foe on others seizes,
God will keep His own secure:
Happy people!
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight,
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are:
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

4 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them
there:
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

607

10s. LYTE.

1 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no earthly
rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering
breast,
Who opens His arms, and bids the
weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest
divine;
And I since then am His, and He is
mine.

2 Yes! He is mine! and nought of earthly
things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth,
or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of
kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love
an hour:
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all
that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

3 The good I have is from His stores
supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the
best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought
beside;
And poor without Him, though of all
possessed:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content, while I am His, while He is
mine.

4 What'e'er may change, in Him no
change is seen;
A glorious Sun, that wanes not, nor
declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks
serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness
shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is
mine.

5 He stays me falling, lifts me up when
down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards
from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the
victor's crown;
Which, in return, before His feet I
throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His
shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is
mine.

6 While here, alas! I know but half His
love,
But half discern Him, and but half
adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms
above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him
more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir
divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

608

C. M. DOWNING.

1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in that long-experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
And oh, I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be removed no more.

609

8s. & 6s. C. WESLEY.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

610

8 7. BOWAR.

1 YES, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care:
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth;
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day:
Yes, e'en me, e'en me, He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joya unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even!

611

L. M. NEWTON.

1 KINDERED in Christ, for His dear
sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

2 May He by whose kind care we meet
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him,
Who lived and died and reigns for us:

4 To talk of all He did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread;
And what He's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore;
And hasten to the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

612

L. M. NOEL.

1 I SHALL be with Thee where Thou
art,
Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord;
For never wilt Thou say depart,
To those who love and keep Thy word.

2 I shall be with Thee where Thou art,
To praise Thee for Thy love divine;
When Thou hast made my sinful heart
Perfect and pure and good, like Thine.

3 I shall be with Thee where Thou art,
To dwell within Thy blessed abode;
Where nothing shall Thy ransomed
part
From Thee and from their Father,
God.

4 I shall be with Thee where Thou art,
My Father's house within the skies;
And with those dearest to my heart,
Walk in Thy promised paradise.

5 I shall be with Thee to behold
The glory God to Thee hath given;
Not gems, nor perishable gold,
But the eternal throne of heaven.

6 I shall be with Thee to adore,
Worship and serve, like those above;
And with more knowledge love Thee
more,
Through an eternity of love.

613

7. 6.

HAVERGAL.

- 1 **S**IT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.
- 2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.
- 3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden,
And gives them kind relief.
- 4 His righteousness all glorious
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.
- 5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.
- 6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

614

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of
Thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love Thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say, "My God is mine,"
When I can feel Thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of
bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly
trees;
Yet, now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from Thy right
hand,
While we pass through this barren
land,
And in Thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.

615

10s. & 11s.

- 1 **S**WEET praises I sing in hymns to
the Lord;
My Saviour and King, Jehovah adored;
Who fixed earth's foundation, who
formed the deep sea,
Who spake the creation, yet "careth
for me."
- 2 Though poor my estate, though humble
my name,
He cares not for that, He loves me the
same:
While breasting life's ocean, though
fierce the waves be,
In storm or commotion, "He careth
for me."
- 3 My road may be long, dark sorrow be-
tide;
I'll cheerful go on while He is my
Guide;
He knows all my weakness, whate'er
it may be,
In toil, pain and sickness, "He careth
for me."
- 4 Though rocks strew my path, though
dark billows roar,
Though winds howl in wrath, what
should I deplore?
This Captain ne'er sleepeth, so safe
shall I be;
For ever He keepeth a watch over me.
- 5 Then raise, O my tongue, a song to
His name;
In notes loud and long His goodness
proclaim;
While birds in the forest, with earth,
sky and sea,
All join in the chorus, "He careth for
me."

616

S. M.

KENT.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
"Tis with the righteous well."
- 2 Well, when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when at His throne
They wrestle, weep and pray;
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

- 5 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

617

7s. D.

GRANT.

- 1 LORD of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath
planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

- 2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
Oh, that world is passing fair!
Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

- 3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child:
Oh! should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

618

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious
fields,
And flocks and herds are Mine;
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.
- 2 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullock burnt with fire;
To trust and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.
- 3 Call upon Me when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honour due to me.
- 4 The man that offers humble praise
Doth glorify Me best;
And those that tread My holy ways
Shall my salvation taste."

619

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 MY God, what silken cords are Thine,
How soft, and yet how strong;
While power and truth and love com-
bine
To draw our souls along.

- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the
yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One offering takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

- 4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.

- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round Thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

620

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint!
- 5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works
abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

621

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild:
Content, my Father, with Thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, and lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: JOY IN GOD.

622

L. M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of grace, rich, full and free,
What need I that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.
- 2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near:
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.
- 3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.
- 4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest shielded by Thine arm.

- 3 When sin and woe assail,
By faith they fly to Thee;
And through Thy might their souls
prevail,
Their foes before them flee.
- 4 Affliction passeth o'er,
When trusting in Thy grace;
And clouds of sorrow fly before
The brightness of Thy face.
- 5 Jesus, Thou sinners' Friend!
Extend Thy love to me;
That when life's pilgrimage shall end,
My rest be found with Thee.
- 6 This world I can despise,
If I am only Thine;
And, through Thy grace, can lift mine
eyes
To blessed joys divine.

623

8s.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of
Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me:
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch, while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, despatched from the
throne,
Repair to their stations assigned:
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.
- 3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

625

6s. & 8s.

LUTHER.

- 1 **M**Y heart is full of joy
When I the cross survey,
On which Messiah shed His blood
To wash my sins away:
Calmly I can this world resign,
For now celestial joys are mine.
- 2 His love I will proclaim
To all that live around;
The cross of Christ my theme shall be,
Where I have mercy found;
I and the cross can never part,
For now 'tis wedded to my heart.
- 3 How can I e'er forget,
That one so vile as I
Should see the mercy of the Lord,
And feel salvation nigh;
Such things for me the Lord hath
wrought,
I'm lost in wonder at the thought.
- 4 How gracious is His love!
How sweet to walk therein!
And see the light of truth dispel
The dismal night of sin:
Christ is our Sun whose gladdening
rays
Shall guide us all our earthly days.
- 5 He cheers the drooping soul,
He comforteth the just;
How blest it is to feel Him near,
And put in Him our trust;
He guides us safely through this vale,
Whatever dangers may assail.
- 6 He fills our souls with hope
That we shall yet arise
To dwell with Him in realms of bliss,
In mansions of the skies;
There through eternity to raise
The sacrifice of endless praise.

624

S. M.

LUTHER.

- 1 **J**ESUS, how blest are they
Who here enjoy Thy love!
And thus anticipate the day
Of endless bliss above.
- 2 The things of heaven are theirs,
They taste of joy divine
Who cast on Thee their griefs and
cares,
And on Thy breast recline.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

626

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
His glory sets in view;
"Behold, I sit upon My throne,
Creating all things new.
- 2 Nature and sin are passed away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise.
- 3 I'll be a Sun of Righteousness
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glory shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to Thee,
Create new powers within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin and earth and hell,
In the new world that grace hath made,
I would for ever dwell.

627

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **Y**E flattering joys of earth, away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
Unstable as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of deep despair,
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had even swept me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous
seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine
eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

628

7s.

SCHMIDT.

- 1 **H**EAVENWARD doth our journey
tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wand
To our home of heavenly birth:
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.
- 2 Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy
wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is nought in earthly things,
Worthy to be all thine aim;
Every soul whom God inspires,
Up to Him, its source, aspires,
- 3 Heavenwards! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His word,
Showing me the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord:
When His word expands my thought,
Up to heaven my soul is caught.
- 4 Heavenwards! heavenwards! ever this
Be my watchword on the earth:
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth:
Heavenward let my being tend,
Till in heaven my journey end.

629

6s. & 5s.

ALARIO A. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
When shall peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no never!
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!
- 3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
There may we all unite,
Happy for ever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never!
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreath her chain,
Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
And songs of praise shall close,
Never, no, never!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

630

8s. & 7s.

KELLY.

- 1 **H**ARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners rich and free;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.
- 2 Brethren join in supplication;
Join to plead before the Lord;
'Tis His arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word;
Father, let Thy kingdom come,
Bring Thy wandering outcasts home.
- 3 Brethren, let us freely offer;
All we have is from above;
Let us give, and act, and suffer;
What is this to Jesus' love?
Did He die our souls to save?
Then we're His and all we have.
- 4 Hark! the saints' triumphant chorus,
"Worthy is the Lamb," they cry;
They have gained the prize before us,
Soon we hope to share their joy;
But while here, remember still,
They who love Him, do His will.
- 5 Till we reach the wished-for vision,
Till we see Him as He is,
Let us scorn the world's derision,
Let us prove that we are His;
Let us sound through all the earth
Christ's inestimable worth.

631

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! the voice of ceaseless
praise
Around Jehovah's throne,
Songs of celestial joy they raise,
To mortal lips unknown.
- 2 Upon the sea of glass they stand,
In shining robes of light;
The harps of God are in their hand,
They rest not day nor night.
- 3 Oh! for an angel's perfect love,
A seraph's soaring wing,
To sing, with thousand saints above,
The triumphs of our King.
- 4 On earth, our feeble voice we try,
In weakness and in shame,
We bless, we laud, we magnify,
We conquer in His name.
- 5 But oh! with pure and sinless heart,
His mercies to adore!
My God, to know Thee as Thou art,
Nor grieve Thy Spirit more!
- 6 Oh! blessed hope! a "little while,"
And we, amidst that throng,
Shall live in our Redeemer's smile,
And swell the angels' song.

632

8. 7. D.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **L**OVE Divine! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Praise Thee as Thy hosts above,
Serve and worship without ceasing;
Glory in Thy precious love.
- 4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

633

8. 7.

MIDLAND.

- 1 **L**OVE us freely, blessed Jesus,
For we have not ought to pay;
Saviour Thou, and we poor sinners,
Is alone what we can say;
Love us freely, blessed Jesus,
For we have not ought to pay.
- 2 Love us ever, blessed Jesus,
We are changing as the wind;
If Thy love on us depended,
We should ne'er salvation find;
Love us ever, blessed Jesus,
We are changing as the wind.
- 3 Love and help us, blessed Jesus,
Help us to be wholly Thine;
Every idol and enchantment,
For Thy glory to resign:
Love and help us, blessed Jesus,
Help us to be wholly Thine.
- 4 Love and keep us, blessed Jesus,
Keep us from denying Thee;
Keep our wayward feet from straying
Into paths of vanity:
Love and keep us, blessed Jesus,
Keep us from denying Thee.

634

8s.

WESLEY.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely:
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light:
Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast
borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our home in heaven:
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God:
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Leader in the skies.

635

8s.

GERHARD.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue
declare,
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure and my crown:
All coldness from my heart remove,
May every act, word, thought be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, in life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

636

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Lord, descend and
dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Fill our enlarged hearts with strength,
To comprehend and to possess
The depth and height and breadth
and length,
The fulness of Thy truth and grace.
- 3 Now unto Him whose power can do
Beyond what we can ask or know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ His
Son.

637

11s.

LYTE.

- 1 **O**HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a
dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence
above!
How soon would I fly where the weary
have rest;
And hide all my cares in Thy shelter-
ing breast!
- 2 I flutter, I struggle, and pant to get
free;
I feel me a captive while banished
from Thee:
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I
roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be
home.
- 3 Ah! there the wild tempest for ever
shall cease,
No billows shall ruffle that haven of
peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall
depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from
the heart.
- 4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise
be mine;
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to
decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness
cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness
appears?

638

C. M.

WORDSWORTH.

- 1 **W**E, in ourselves, unrighteous are;
With sorrow we confess
Our great and grievous sins to Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

2 Thou, Christ, the great Jehovah art,
The fount of holiness;
And, God with us, Thou art become
The Lord our Righteousness.

3 O wash us with Thy blood, and clothe
With Thy pure, spotless dress;
O hide us in Thyself, and be
The Lord our Righteousness.

4 Make us by grace to be indeed
What we in word profess;
O make us like unto Thyself,
The Lord our Righteousness.

5 Lo, in Thy glorious image raised,
May we Thy mercy bless;
And sing for ever praise to Thee,
The Lord our Righteousness.

639

L. M.

WESLEY.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching
sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for
Thee;
O, burst these bands, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art
near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

640

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead
us;
Without Thee we cannot go;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us;
Thou hast laid the tyrant low:
Let Thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price Thy love hath bought us;
Saviour! who hath love like Thine!
Hitherto Thy power has brought us;
Power and love in Thee combine:
Lord of glory,
Ever on Thine Israel shine.

3 Through a desert, waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie;
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy:
Nought shall move us
While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we hunger Thou wilt feed us;
Manna shall our camp surround:
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us;
Streams shall from the rock abound:
Happy Israel!
What a Saviour thou hast found!

5 Then lead on, almighty Victor!
Scatter every hostile band;
Be our guide and our protector,
Till on Canaan's shores we stand:
Shouts of victory
Then shall fill the promised land.

641

7s.

1 SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

2 Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

3 Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way;
Gently call Thine own by name;
All our wandering steps reclaim.

4 Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in Thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm Thy fold assail.

5 Jesus, who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live;
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

642

C. M.

WESLEY.

1 SPEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE : ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

8 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face,
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

643

8. 7. 4.

1 BLESSED Lord, our hearts are
panting,

Holy, like Thyself to be;
No good thing is ever wanting,
To the saints who walk with Thee:
Grace and glory,
In our Sun and Shield we see.

2 All the joy we now are tasting,
Is but as the dream of night;
To the day of God we're hastening,
Looking for it with delight:
Christ is coming;
He will satisfy our sight.

8 Now the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown;
But the saints in Jesus sleeping,
Raised in power, will soon be shown:
Resurrection,
Lord of glory, is Thine own.

4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter;
We are children of the day:
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter;
Faith regards not the delay:
Sure the promise,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way.

644

C. M.

COWPER.

1 OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

8 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

645

S. M.

BAKER.

1 OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in
blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

8 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours;
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here!

5 Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live!

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

646

7s.

WINDHAM.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground;
Christ, the spring of all my joy!
Still in Thee let me be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

8 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it Christ to me to live.

4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

5 Thus, oh! thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

647

C. M. BATHURST.

- 1 **O** FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last spark is fled;
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

648

8s. SCHEFFLER.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my
tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have
shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.
- 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

649

8s. & 6s. WESLEY.

- 1 **O**FT when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the
skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep;
Tossed with the long tempestuous night
We see no ray of heavenly light
To cheer the lonely deep.
- 2 But lo! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."
- 3 O Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save:—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe and come to Thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come: His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.
- 5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of
Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease
And fall, no more to rise:—
O! if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

650

7s. & 4. GILBERT.

- 1 **T**HOU who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray,—
Thou, whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day;
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way.
- 2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart;
Give me pleasures
Which the world can ne'er impart.
- 3 When I sit beneath Thy word,
At Thy table, cold and dead;
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled;
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.
- 4 Then if heavenly dews distil,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when Thou art near.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

5 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When Thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose;
Stay Thy rough wind,
When Thy chilling east wind blows.

6 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Kind Forerunner! soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

651

C. M. NEWTON.

1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas, what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake me too?

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in Thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question
stirred—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

652

7s. & 5.

1 **G**OD of grace, O let Thy light
Bless our dim and blinded sight;
Like the day-spring on the night
Bid Thy grace to shine.

2 To the nations led astray
Thine eternal love display,
Let Thy truth direct their way
Till the world be Thine.

3 Praise to Thee, the faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Learn the good thanksgiving word,
Ever praising Thee.

4 Let them moved to gladness sing,
Owning Thee their Judge and King;
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring
Where Thy rule shall be.

5 Praise to Thee, all-faithful Lord;
Let all tongues in glad accord
Speak the good thanksgiving word,
Heart-rejoicing praise.

6 So the fruitful earth's increase,
Bounty of the God of peace,
Never in its course shall cease,
Through the length of days.

7 While His grace our life shall cheer,
Farthest lands shall own His fear,
Brought to Him in worship near,
Taught His mercy's ways.

653

7s.

1 **S**AVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love, in loving, finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

654

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

655

L. M. BUBIER.

1 **O** THOU the hope of Israel's host,
Their strength, their helper, and
their boast;
How oft their Saviour hast Thou been,
In times of trouble and of sin!

2 And have not we beheld Thy face?
Thy visits crowned the means of grace;
Oh come again, indulgent Lord,
With all the joy Thy smiles afford.

3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,
Enter, thou ever-honoured Guest;
Enter, and make our hearts Thine
own,
Thy house, Thy temple, and Thy
throne.

4 And stay, not only for a night,
To bless us with a transient sight;
But with us dwell, through time,—and
then
In heaven for evermore.—Amen.

656

S. M. D. BENNETT.

1 **I** HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me:
My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned
My dwelling-place with God.

2 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure:
He passed through death's dark raging
flood,
To make my rest secure:
The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

3 Bright angels guard my way;
His ministers of power,
Encamping round me night and day,
Preserve in danger's hour:
Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where partings are unknown.

4 But more than all I long
His glories to behold,
Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
With ecstasy untold:
That bright, yet tender smile—
My sweetest welcome there,
Shall cheer me through the "little
while"
I tarry for Him here.

5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
My joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening
word
That bids me rise to Thee:
And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains I'll praise
The grace that made me Thine.

657

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 **H**EAVEN is a place of rest from sin;
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest pre-
pare.

2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven! O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed:
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms,
powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus;
A goodly heritage is ours,—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of
grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word!
In those our Saviour's steps we trace,
By this His living voice is heard.

6 Firm in His footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of His love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

658

6s. & 4s. TAYLOR.

1 **I**'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild whirly blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

8 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand,
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

659

L. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking
hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 8 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim
views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

660

G. 5.

MIDLANE.

- 1 **O**NWARD, upward, homeward,
Hastily I flee:
From this world of sorrow,
With my Lord to be.

2 Onward to the glory,
Upward to the prize,
Homeward to the mansions
Far above the skies.

8 Onward, upward, homeward,
Here I find no rest;
Treading o'er the desert
Which my Saviour pressed.

4 Onward, upward, homeward,
I shall soon be there;
Soon its joys and pleasures
I, through grace, shall share.

5 Onward, upward, homeward,
Come along with me;
Ye who love the Saviour,
Bear me company.

6 Onward, upward, homeward,
Press with vigour on;
Yet a little while,
And the race is won.

661

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly weapons I have
fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 8 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of His Son.
- 4 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to His heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.
- 5 God is my everlasting aid
And hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

662

L. M.

COWPER.

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly
things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

8 I want that grace that springs from Thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 Great fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.

663

C. M.

WATTS.

1 MY soul! forsake the earth's delight,
Bid the vain world farewell,
And seek the riches infinite,
Which in Immanuel dwell.

2 What is there round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire?
To heavenly joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

8 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
To fill the joyful mind.

4 The Sovereign Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Displays His all-sufficiency there,
And makes our bliss complete.

664

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

1 OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

8 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

665

6s. & 7.

CAREY.

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes unto me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

8 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying dark between,
And winding down through the night,
Is the deep, unknown stream
Which leads me to the light.

5 Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith;
Be near me when I stand
On the sad shore of death:

6 Near, when my trembling feet
Are slipping over the brink:—
I may be nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

666

7s. & 6s.

SEAGRAVE.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

8 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

667

6s. & 4s.

ADAMS.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

8 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

668

C. M.

SMITH.

1 **L**ORD, I desire to live as one
Who bears a blood-bought name,
As one who fears but grieving Thee,
And knows no other shame.

2 As one by whom Thy walk below
Should never be forgot;
As one who fain would keep apart
From all Thou lovest not.

8 I want to live as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
The pearl-built gates above.

4 As one who daily speaks to Thee,
And hears Thy voice divine,
With depths of tenderness declare,
"Beloved! Thou art mine."

669

8s. & 7s.

HAVERGAL.

1 **M**ASTER, speak! Thy servant hear-
eth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard:
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing,
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilling echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine:
Let Thy longed for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

8 Master, speak! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed:
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

4 Master, speak! I kneel before Thee,
Listening, longing, waiting still;
Oh! how long shall I implore Thee,
This petition to fulfil!
Hast Thou not one word for me?
Must my prayer unanswered be?

5 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

670

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **O**H that the Lord would guide my
ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

8 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

671

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought
Thy face;
O let me never stray
From Thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an ever present guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress Thy word.

4 While sinners do Thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves Thy righteous law.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of Thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For Thy salvation still;
While Thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey Thy will.

672

5s. & 8s. ZINZENDORF.

1 JESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

673

L. M. WATTS.

1 LORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt
prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

2 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

3 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

4 O glorious hour! O blessed abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
prise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

674

C. M. SPURGEON.

1 WOE'S me that I in Mesech am
A sojourner so long;
That I in tabernacles dwell
To Kedar that belong.

2 My soul with him that hateth peace
Hath long a dweller been;
I am for peace; but when I speak,
For battle they are keen.

3 My soul distracted mourns and pines
To reach that peaceful shore,
Where all the weary are at rest,
And troublers vex no more.

4 Fierce burning coals of juniper,
And arrows of the strong,
Await those false and cruel tongues
Which do the righteous wrong.

5 But as for me my song shall rise
Before Jehovah's throne,
For He has seen my deep distress,
And hearkened to my groan.

675

11s. DENHAM.

1 MID scenes of confusion and crea-
ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion
with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at
home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory,
my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love
cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sad-
ness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.
Home! home! &c.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion
with Thee;
Though now my temptations like bil-
lows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with
Thee at home.
Home! home! &c.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I
stay,
O give me submission, and strength as
my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I
come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home! home! &c.

5 What'e'er Thou deniest, oh give me Thy
grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles
of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy
throne;
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste
of home.
Home! home! &c.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties
to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the
tomb,
With glorified millions to praise Thee
at home.
Home! home! &c.

676

S. M.

STEELE.

- 1 **M**Y Maker and my King,
To Thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 The creature of Thy hand,
On Thee alone I live;
My God, Thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart,
When all is Thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart,
The gift, alas! how poor!
- 4 Shall I withhold Thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with Thy love.
- 5 Oh, let Thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

677

L. M.

HOLMES.

- 1 **L**ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and
star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for
Thee,
Till all Thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

678

19s. & 11s.

HEBER.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee,
Through sorrows and darkness
Encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed
Through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love
Is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave,
We no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path
Of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy
Are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope,
Since the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,
And, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit
In fear lingered long;
But the sunshine of Paradise
Beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou hearest
Was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,
But 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom,
Thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee,
And He will restore thee;
And death has no sting
Since the Saviour has died.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

679

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,
Can but consume my flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And from the upper skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We will adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of higher sound we raise,
With new and nobler tongues.

680

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O**FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing—
Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

681

6s. & 8s. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **F**RIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

682

6s. & 4s.

HERMANS.

- 1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear and shield and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou.
- 3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away:
Aid us, O God.
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

683

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with
hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall:
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come:
Faith lives upon His word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

684

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven
proclaims
Of all the faithful dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest,
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

685

Ss. HILL.

- 1 **W**E sing His love, who once was
slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might
have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and
we
Shall rise to immortality.
- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and
we
Shall rise to immortality.
- 3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and
we
Shall rise to immortality.
- 4 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall
rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and
we
Shall rise to immortality.

686

L. M. MACKAY.

- 1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to
weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

- 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

687

7s. D. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **B**LESSING, honour, thanks and
praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee!
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory:
Free and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son;
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Hath for us the conflict won.
- 2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his earthly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered in to God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run;
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life:
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and soars, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

- 4 Join we, then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long:
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

688

C. H.

WATTS.

1 **W**HEN by we mourn departed friends,
 "Where art thou, dear friend?"
 Thy name the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we weep to see country
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the Redeemer's body lay,
 Till the third day and thence.

3 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
 And sowed them every seed.
 Where sit and the living members rest,
 But with the Lord their head.

4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed their feet the way:
 To His wounds our flesh shall fly,
 At the time coming day.

5 Then the loud trumpet's martial sound
 Shall bid our kindred rise;
 And we, from underneath the ground,
 With them ascend the skies.

689

C. H.

WATTS.

1 **W**HEN should we part and tear us
 From the place of endless joy,
 What triumphs waits we mortals are:
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away:
 Still we should back again to life,
 Find it our gain and our day.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in
 haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terror as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed,
 Feet soft as downy pillows are,
 While in His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

690

C. H.

MIDDLETON.

1 **D**EAREST of names, our Lord, our King,
 Jesus, Thy praise we loudly sing:
 In cheerful songs we spend our
 breath,
 And in Thy triumph over death.

2 Death is a sleep; and oh! how sweet
 To souls prepared to strive to meet:
 Their dying beds, their graves are
 dust,
 For all to them is peace and rest.

1 Their bodies sleep: their souls take
 wing.

2 Rise to heaven, and there they sing
 With joy before the Saviour's face,
 Triumphantly in victorious grace.

3 Soon shall the earth's remotest bound
 Feel the archangel's trumpet sound;
 Then shall the grave's dark caverns
 shake.

4 And joyful all the saints shall wake.

5 Bodies and souls shall then unite,
 Arrayed in glory, strong and bright;
 And all His saints will Jesus bring,
 His face to see. His love to sing.

6 O may I live, with Jesus nigh,
 And sleep in Jesus when I die!
 Then, joyful, when from death I wake,
 I shall eternal bliss partake.

691

C. H.

WATTS.

1 **B**LESSED be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord;
 Be His abounding mercy praised,
 His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
 And called Him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That we should never die.

3 What if, through Adam's sin, we lose
 This life, and turn to dust;
 Yet as the Lord our Leader rose,
 So all His followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserved against that day;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
 And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
 Till the salvation come;
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

692

C. H.

WATTS.

1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is
 strong:

His arm is my almighty prop:
 Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
 My soul for ever with the dead,
 Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
 Then shall Thou lead the wondrous
 way

To Thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
 And full discoveries of Thy grace,
 Which we but tasted here below,
 Spread heavenly joys through all the
 place.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

693

7. 6.

BERNARD.

1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

5 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 There God, our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

694

10s. & 11s.

STRAPHAN.

1 **O**N wings of faith mount up, my
soul, and rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the
skies:

Nor heart can think, nor mortal
tongue can tell,
What endless pleasures in those
mansions dwell:

There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
victorious.

2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-
rending pain,
In that blest country can admission
gain;

No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting
fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the
falling tear:

There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
victorious.

3 Before the throne a crystal river
glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful
sides:
There the fair tree of life majestic
rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign
virtue bears:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
victorious.

4 No rising sun his needless beams
displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead there celestial glory
sheds,
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance
spreads:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
victorious.

5 One distant glimpse my eager pas-
sion fires!
Jesus! to Thee my longing soul
aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home
arrive,
When leave this earth, and when
begin to live?
For there my Saviour lives, all bright
and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns
victorious.

695

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**O, what are these before mine
eyes,
Arrayed in robes of shining white?
Whence did their joyful spirits rise
To the pure realms of heavenly light?"

2 From tribulations, racks and flames,
From seas of their own blood, they
came;
But they have cleansed their robes
from stains,
In the rich blood of Christ the Lamb.

3 Now they appear before the throne,
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Employ their blest eternity.

4 Hunger no more their souls shall
smite;
Their parching thirst's for ever fled;
No scorching sun shall on them light,
Nor any heat fall on their head.

5 The Lamb that sits enthroned above
Shall shed around enlivening beams;
There shall they feast on His rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

- 6 Thus shall their bliss be ever new,
Through the vast round of endless
years;
And God, the holy, just and true,
Wipe from their eyes all falling tears.

696

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O** FOR the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
When present, Lord, with Thee.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled, as we wrestle now,
With sins and griefs and fears.
- 3 Now they declare whence victory came,
And with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They traced the way His footsteps led,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their victorious Head,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

697

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh! O blissful
thought!
What lasting joy this moment brings;
Freed from the evil sin hath brought,
I mount aloft on eagle's wings.
- 2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And frees my soul from earthly yoke.
- 3 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,
Where feet or thought could never
climb;
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and woes of time.
- 4 Mount where thy God, thy light, doth
shine;
His presence makes eternal day;
Cheerful, thy house of clay resign,
For angels wait to lead the way.

698

8s.

SWAIN.

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus
reigns?
Since the sweet earnest of His love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of light,
And all His works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine,
Will there through endless ages shine!

- 3 Well, He has fixed the happy day
When the last tear shall fill our eyes,
And God shall wipe that tear away,
And fill us with divine surprise
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And feel His infinite embrace!

- 4 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

699

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
- 4 Round the altar priests confess
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal too, like us:
Ah! when, we like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign and shine on high!

700

8s. & 7s.

- 1 **T**HERE is a better world they say,
O, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
O, so bright!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land;
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,
Happy land;
They drink the gushing streams of
grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place;
Happy land.

8 And wicked things and beasts of prey
Come not there;
And ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there;
There all are holy, all are good;
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there.

4 But though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died:
We may be cleansed from every stain;
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign,
Jesus died.

5 Then, parents, brothers, sisters, come,
Come away;
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away;
O, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away.

701

6. 8. 4 & 7.

KELLY.

1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah, &c.

8 Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore:
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 But hark! those distant sounds
That strike our listening ears;
They come from Canaan's happy
bounds,
Where God our King appears.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing:
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah, &c.

7 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilder-
ness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah, &c.

702

8. 7.

1 IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

8 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall share.
There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

703

C. M.

DAVIS.

1 THERE is a heaven of perfect peace,
The eternal throne is there;
But what that tearless region is,
It doth not yet appear.

2 And there are angels, strong and fair,
Who know not sin nor fear;
But what the robes of white they wear
It doth not yet appear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

8 And there are ransomed spirits too,
Who once were pilgrims here;
But how the Saviour's face they view
It doth not yet appear.

4 And there are sweet commingling
thoughts,
And blest communion there;
But how they blend their heavenly
It doth not yet appear. [notes

5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer;
But how they sweep their harps on high
It doth not yet appear.

6 Then, O my soul, with patience wait!
The happy hour is near,
When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,
Where it will all appear!

704

7.6.

BERNARD.

1 JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

2 I know not, oh! I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

3 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

4 The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

5 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

6 And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

705

8s. & 7s.

RAWSON.

1 WHO are these, in dazzling bright-
ness

Bearing the victorious palm?
And in robes of purest whiteness,
Raising high their noble psalm?
"Glory be to God on high!
Glory to the Lamb!" they cry.

2 Out of fearful tribulation
They are come, this joy to gain;
And from every land and nation,
Each one washed from earthly stain;
Cleansed by the atoning blood,
All appear before their God.

8 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
Now they serve Him day and night,
And with them he dwells in light.

4 Hunger they no more for ever,
For the Lamb Himself shall feed;
Thirst not,—unto life's own river,
Them the Infinite shall lead;
And the tears of earth's short day,
God Himself shall wipe away.

706

C. M.

WATTS.

1 THESE glorious souls, how bright
they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment
white
In Jesus' dying blood.

8 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before His throne;
Their golden harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveiled glories of His face
Amongst His saints reside,
While the rich treasure of His grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their
souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead His heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

707

L. M.

HILL.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than angels
stand,

With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondering soul asks, who are they?

2 These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
More spotless than the purest white
They shine in uncreated light.

8 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine:
Tell me their origin, and say,
Their order what, and whence came
they?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

- 4 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorned the
shame:
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.
- 5 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain:
To wells of living water led,
By Christ the Lamb for ever fed.
- 6 Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The secret glories of their King:
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise?
- 7 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion, and eternal praise.

708

6s. & 8s.

SWAIN.

- 1 **T**HIS heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where His name is known:
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before His throne!
- 2 When we adore Him there,
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience need:
Love will absorb us quite,
Love in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.
- 3 Oh! what sweet company
We then shall hear and see!
What harmony will there abound!
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!
- 4 With everlasting joy,
Such as will never cloy,
We shall be filled, nor wish for more;
Bright as meridian day,
Calm as the evening ray,
Full as a sea without a shore.
- 5 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be my home;
And may I never thence remove,
Till from the church below
To heaven at once I go,
And there commune in perfect love!

709

7. 6.

BERNARD.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! blest city,
Name of celestial sound,
With living stones unbuilt,
With angel armies crowned.
- 2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of our King.

- 8 There God for ever dwelleth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb a light there shineth,
And never goeth down.
- 4 Nought to that city cometh
Its people to molest;
They praise their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 5 To Christ, the sun that lightens
His church, above, below,
The Father, and the Spirit,
Let praise for ever flow.

710

C. M.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-
built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and
woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

711

C. M.

CAMERON.

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits
shine:
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings
great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

712

7. 6. BERNARD.

1 TO thee, O better country,
Our eyes with longing turn;
At mention of thy blessings
Our hearts within us burn.

2 Thought of thy coming glory
Is balm to the distressed;
Is medicine in sickness,
Is love and life and rest.

3 O one, abiding city,
O paradise of joy!
No tears do mar thy gladness,
No sorrows e'er annoy.

4 Thou hast no need of moonbeam,
No need of sunshine bright:
God is Himself thy glory,
The Lamb Himself thy light.

5 Then shall be no more hunger;
Then shall be no more thirst;
No longer aught defiling;
No longer aught accurst.

6 Where all our yearnings centre,
There, there, O may we come!
There see God's face for ever;
There serve Him in our home.

713

C. M. WATTS.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

714

7. 6. BERNARD

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, thy weep.

2 The mention of Thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

3 O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

4 The Lamb is all thy splendour;
The crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

6 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST.

715

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: THE BLESSEDNESS OF HEAVEN.

- 5 "For ever with the Lord"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here to me fulfil.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fall,
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
 Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

716

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never withering flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er;
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

717

6s. & 4s.

CROSSMAN.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM on high
 My song and city is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?

M

- 2 Thy walls, sweet city, thine,
 With pearls are garnished;
 Thy gates with praises shine,
 Thy streets with gold are spread:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?
- 3 No sun by day shines there,
 Nor moon by silent night;
 Oh no! these needless are;
 The Lamb's the city's Light:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?
- 4 There dwells my Lord, my King,
 Judged here unfit to live;
 There angels to Him sing,
 And lowly homage give:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?
- 5 The Patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease;
 The prophets there behold
 Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?
- 6 The Lamb's apostles there
 I might with joy behold,
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?

718

S. M.

BONAR.

- 1 **A** FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
- 3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 4 A few more sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal sabbath-day.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we, with Him, may reign.

6 Then, gracious Lord, prepare
Our souls for that great day,
And wash us in Thy precious blood,
And take our sins away.

719

C. M. STENNETT.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fall,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor poisonous
breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

720

8s. & 6s. TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal
bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
Their rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

721

8s. COWPER.

1 MY Saviour! whom absent I love;
Whom not having seen, I adore;
Thy name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.

2 Ere long shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be
poured;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.

3 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

4 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise:
They'll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

5 The stroke which from sin and from
pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS PRIVILEGES.

722

8s. & 7s.

From the Italian, by Eliz. Dawbarn.

1 LOUD, Christian brethren, let us
sing!
Shout songs of praise and gladness!
Adopted sons of heaven's great King,
No more we groan in sadness:
Once were we slaves, but Jesus' blood,
For rebels freely given,
Has reconciled us to our God;
The bonds of fear are riven.

2 How boundless His affection flows,
How free His invitation!
The wearied one to Him who goes
Finds rest and full salvation:
Let doubt and trembling disappear;
No faithless terror seize us;
Our path to God is now made clear;
The living way is Jesus.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

3 No more before the Holiest
Does priest in snowy vesture
Devoutly shed the blood of beast;
With reverent rite and gesture;
The rigid rule of law gives place
To loving adoration;
To God we're kings and priests by grace
And covenant relation.

4 Incense of thanks and honour raise
To the Eternal One!
Sing hallelujahs to the praise
Of Christ, the conquering Son!
May all opposing influence wane;
The gospel spread its banner;
Peace on the earth increase her reign,
And heaven resound hosanna!

723

S. M.

WATTS.

1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On children of a sinful race,
To call us sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's well beloved Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see Immanuel here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 Since in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
O may His Spirit ne'er remove,
But dwell within my heart.

6 We now no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith doth Abba, Father, cry,
And Christ the kindred own.

724

L. M.

1 **A**GES ere rolling time had birth,
Or God to being spake the earth,
The members in the Head He chose,
A glorious body to compose.

2 Eternal as the Father's throne,
Christ and His church were viewed as
one;
And from this vital union flow
Blessings beyond what angels know.

3 This bond of love shall never break,
Though earth unto her centre shake;
Rejoice, ye saints, the Father bless,
For God hath pledged His holiness.

4 Jesus, our Head, and Surety too,
Hath paid the debt to justice due;
And now, ascended to His throne,
For ever doth His brethren own.

5 Then let our grateful voices raise
Immortal anthems to His praise;
And His great love be all our song,
As endless ages roll along.

725

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 **J**ESUS, we sing Thy wondrous grace
Which chose us for Thine own,
And gave us in Thy house a place,
To make Thy glory known.

2 United to our vital Head
We live, and stronger grow;
Divided, we are cold and dead,
Nor hope nor comfort know.

3 The saints on earth and saints above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body, knit in mutual love,
Its Head, the living Lord.

4 Bound with His life, we shall attain
To mansions of delight;
While death and hell may strive in vain
The bands to disunite.

5 This glorious body, ne'er forgot,
But kept beneath His wing,
He shall present without a spot
To God our heavenly King.

726

L. M.

1 **A**RISE, ye saints, rejoice and sing
The boundless grace of Zion's
King!
His love, eternal as His name,
O'er land and seas aloud proclaim.

2 Chosen of old, of old approved,
In Christ eternally beloved,
Adopted sons in Him our Head,
Before the starry heavens were spread.

3 Though sin defiles our conscience here,
Complete in Christ we all appear;
He took our sins, and shed His blood,
To reconcile our souls to God.

4 Thus He became our covenant Head,
And bore the cross in sinners' stead;
Perfect through sufferings; now we
view
The saints in Him made perfect too.

5 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
The favoured objects of His choice;
Redeemed, our cheerful voices sing,
And bless the name of Christ our King.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

727

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed:
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure:
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great Father given:
Takes all his children to His arms,
And makes them heirs of heaven.
- 4 How faithful our Creator's ways:
His love remains the same:
Nor will He from the book of grace
Blot out His children's name.

728

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God:
But everlasting is the love
Which Christ hath sealed with His blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace:
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this safe refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor, sure and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up:
A Father and redeeming God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths and promises, and blood.

729

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **O**UR God, how firm His promise stands,
Even when He hides His face:
No trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and His grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
The God is faithful to His saints,
In truth to His Son.
- 3 How oft His smiles my heart has lived,
And heavenly love possessed:
Then praise His name for grace re-
ceived,
And trust Him for the rest.

730

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blessed are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blessed are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blessed are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blessed are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling stains of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blessed are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blessed are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

731

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charm for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt Thy will;
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

732

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Behold the Judge of all declare
Their countless sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth and faithful dead
But one communion make,
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blessed.

733

L. M. NEWTON.

- 1 NOW let us raise our joyful tongues,
To praise Immanuel in our songs;
Encouraged to address our King
In themes that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb, that once was slain,
We Jesus, in a loftier strain;
They, only that He suffered thus,
We, that His sufferings were for us.
- 3 While they behold our glorious King,
His truth and righteousness they sing;
Our song is new, and higher soars,
His truth and righteousness are ours.
- 4 They wait around His gracious throne,
To make His power and glory known;
But we, when seated with Him there,
Shall all His power and glory share.
- 5 Then let our thankful hearts and tongues
Unite in praise and joyful songs;
In themes that angels cannot sing,
We can exalt our heavenly King.

734

8s. & 6s. CRITTENDEN.

- 1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To most I meet, unknown;
And wait till Thou Thy child shalt raise,
And seat me on Thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.
- 3 Jesus, my Lord and Saviour lives;
With Him I, too, shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while He survives,
Shall make the promise vain;
In Him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.
- 4 When He, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And His full image bear:
Enough! I wait the appointed day;
Blest Saviour, haste, and come away!

735

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My God, my hope, my trust;
What I commit to Jesus' hands
Is safe, nor can be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, hath power to move
His children from His breast;
But in the covenant of His love
They shall for ever rest.

736

L. M. NEWTON.

- 1 THUS saith the Holy and the True,
To His beloved chosen few,
"Of death and hell I hold the keys,
To shut and open as I please.
- 2 I know thy works, which I approve,
Small is thy strength, but pure thy love;
Hold fast the faith thou long hast shown,
Lest man deprive thee of thy crown.
- 3 Before thee, lo, an open door,
Which none can shut for evermore;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
Behold in Me thy strength and stay.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

4 Retain My promise, which thou hast,
The trying hour will soon be passed;
Rejoice, for lo, I quickly come,
To take thee to my heavenly home.

5 There made a pillar to remain,
I'll write on thee My holy name;
And thou, a monument of grace,
Shalt in My temple hold a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's great reward,
Prepared, and promised by the Lord;
Let him that hath the ear of faith
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

737

8. 7. D. NEWTON.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are
spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Shall their thirsting souls assuage;
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis His love His people raises
With Himself to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
*Solid joys and lasting pleasure,
None but Zion's children know.*

738

8. 7. 4. KELLY.

1 **Z**ION stands by hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favoured lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 Zion's Friend in nothing alters,
Though all others may and do;
His is love that never falters,
Always to its object true:
Happy Zion!
Crowned with mercies ever new.

4 If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy;
If He punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy:
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

5 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light.

739

8s. & 7s. KELLY.

1 **N**OTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day,
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.

2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come;
Mirth will then be turned to weeping,
Sinners then must meet their doom;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

3 O what sacred joys await them!
They shall see the Saviour then;
Those who now oppose and hate them
Never can oppose again:
Brethren, let us think of this;
All is ours, if we are His.

4 Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep:
We're no longer of the night;
We are children of the light.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

5 Being of the favoured number
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone:
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name!

740

C. M. D. HEBER.

1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

2 O hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own anointed King:
Then had the tribes of all the world
Gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates,
And all thy sons been free.

3 "And who art thou that mournest me?"
Jerusalem may say;
"And fearst not rather that thyself
May prove a castaway!
I am a dried and abject branch,
My place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft
Of thy wild olive tree!"

4 Our day of grace is sunk in night;
Our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime,
And strange their punishment:
Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
But, sinner, warned be;
Who spared not His chosen seed,
May send His wrath on thee!

5 Our day of grace is sunk in night;
Thy noon is in its prime;
O turn, and seek thy Saviour's face,
In this accepted time:
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
A lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem
Thy home for ever be."

741

8s. & 6s. SUTTON.

1 HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that
binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven:
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven:
The hope when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot:
Yet still we share the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Africa's
strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There, friendship beams from every
eye,
And love immortal grows:
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

742

8s. & 6s. WHITTEMORE.

1 HOW sweet to think that all who love
The Saviour's precious name,
Who look by faith to Him above,
And own His gentle claim,
Though severed wide by land or sea,
Are members of one family!

2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad
ground,
Or on the burning strand,
And those whose happy home is found
In our fair, peaceful land,
Are linked by more than earthly tie,
And form one lovely family.

3 "Our Father," is the hallowed sound
They breathe from day to day;
Trained by His love, their steps are
found
In the same heavenward way:
Their joys are one, alike their fears,
The same bright hope their exile
cheers.

4 Yes, they are one—though some, we
know,
Have reached the home of love;
But those who yet remain below
Are one with those above:
In that bright world are mansions fair,
And all will soon be gathered there.

743

8. 7. 4.

1 YES, we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour never
Know a long, a last farewell:
Blissful unions lie beyond this parting
vale.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

2 Oh, what meetings are before us!
Brighter far than tongue can tell;
Glorious meetings! to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell:
With what raptures will the sight our
bosoms swell!

8 Now, indeed, we meet and sever;
Chequered is our transient day;
Life's best flowers perish, ever
Tending to a long decay:
Fairest flowers bud and bloom and die
away.

4 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures;
Soon will fade this earth away;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption day:
Hail the rising of the wished-for new-
born ray!

5 Thus we part, but not for ever;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who know the Saviour never
Know a last, a long farewell:
Blissful unions lie beyond this parting
vale.

744

L. M.

WATTS.

1 GOD in His earthly temple lays
Foundations for His heavenly
praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and
pray.

8 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
"Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourished there!

745

S. M.

FAWCETT.

1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

8 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 Though often called to part,
Amid these scenes of pain;
Yet, we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

746

S. M.

W.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they
Whose souls are fixed on God
Firm as the mount where David dwelt
Or where the ark abode.

2 As lofty mountains stood,
To guard the holy ground,
So the almighty arms of God
Embrace His saints around.

3 What though a Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Do good, O Lord, to those
Devoted to Thy fear,
Whose faith and hope in Thee rest
Whose hearts are made sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's reign
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel shall sustain
His children, lest they faint.

747

8s. & 6s.

COM.

1 FOR ever will I bless the Lord,
Nor cease His praise to speak
My song His goodness shall record
That the oppressed and weak
May trust in Him, who will reward
The humble and the meek.

2 O magnify the Lord with me;
Come, join His name to bless:
To Him did I in trouble flee;
He saved me from distress:
O let Him then your refuge be,
Nor shall you fail success.

8 He is a God who heareth prayer:
He raised me from the dust;
His angel-bands keep station where
Dangers would harm the just:
Then try His love, and trust His care:
Blessed are they who trust.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

4 God on His saints looks watchful down,
His ear attends their cry;
The wicked sink beneath His frown,
Their very name shall die:
But He, at length, the just will crown
With victory and joy.

5 The broken heart His grace shall heal;
His hand the contrite raise:
Many the woes the righteous feel,
Yet still, in all their ways
Kept by His power, they bear the seal
Of His redeeming grace.

748

C. M.

WATTS.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke His name,
And tell the world His grace;
Sound through the earth His deeds of fame,
That all may seek His face.

2 His covenant, which He kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessings sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find His truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blessed,"
Said the Almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace,
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings that on them frowned
Severely He reproved.

7 "Touch Mine anointed, and My arm
Shall soon avenge the wrong:
The man that does My prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be Jehovah's care.

749

L. M.

WATTS.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Hast Thou not planted with Thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands;
Did not Thy power defend her round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit!
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, Thy lovely tree.

5 Why is her beauty thus defaced?
Why hast Thou laid her fences waste?
Why do her foes against her join,
And savage beasts devour Thy vine?

6 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let Thy vineyard longer mourn;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

750

C. M.

WATTS.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And will exalt His power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
That dust again shall rise.

3 The Lord shall raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
All nations bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan
And their ascending sighs.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And when His saints complain,
His ear regards their praying breath,
Which ne'er implores in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
Believe and praise the Lord.

751

C. M.

WATTS.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo! Thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

2 Enter, with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

8 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Hence let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

752

S. M.

PHELPS.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

754

S. M.

WATTS.

1 FEAR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise;
While saints rejoice before Thy throne,
And songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
And make a true report.

5 How beauteous, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Be ours while dwelling here below,
And ours beyond the sky.

753

L. M.

WATTS.

1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress
invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be
hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

755

S. M.

WATTS.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How clear is His salvation shown
Through all her palaces.

4 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled, with hasty fear.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS PRIVILEGES.

5 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

6 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
Rely upon His promises,
And seek deliverance there.

756

S. M. D.

BONAR.

1 **F**EAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won:
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,—
Old, and yet ever new!

2 'Tis the repeated tale
Of sin and weariness,
Of grace and love yet flowing down
To pardon and to bless:
No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Tis tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still:
No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good;
Through pain and poverty and want,
Through peril and through blood:
Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where He leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

757

11s.

GRANT.

1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon
wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no
man can save;
By darkness surrounded, by terrors
dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is
decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows may nigh
overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who stands at
the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, His power
thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy He
cries,
My promise, My truth; are they light
in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, My promise
shall stand,
Through tossing and tempest I'll bring
thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy
name
Engraved on My heart must for ever
remain;
On the palms of My hands I cannot
but see
The wounds I received when suffering
for thee.

5 Then trust Me, and fear not; thy life
is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My
power:
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
And make thee at length in My like-
ness to shine.

6 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are
My care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their
sad prayer;
From all their afflictions My glory
shall spring,
The deeper their sorrows, the louder
they'll sing.

758

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **M**Y God, the steps of upright men
Are ordered by Thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise
again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delighteth in their ways,
And all their steps approves;
Nor will deprive them of His grace,
Nor leave the men He loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them
heirs
Of blessings yet to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

5 Mark well the man of righteousness,
His various steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his
ways,
And peaceful is his end.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: BAPTISM.

759

L. M. ELLISON.

- 1 **W**HEN we were in our captive state,
We wept, remembering Zion's gate;
Our harps upon the willows hung,
For there our foes required a song.
- 2 But how could we in bondage sing
The song of Zion's glorious king?
How could a servile race rejoice,
With harps unstrung and untuned voice?
- 3 If I forget Jerusalem,
May my right hand her skill disclaim;
If I prefer her not above
All earthly joy, all earthly love.

760

L. M. BICKERSTETH.

- 1 **O** WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disowned of heaven, by man oppress,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?
- 2 O God of Israel! view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive-branch again
Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own;
The Lord he crucified, to love!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

BAPTISM.

761

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

762

C. M. RYLAND.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus
lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty and through trials too
I'll go at His command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not," come, welcome
death,
I'll gladly go with Thee.

763

C. M. BEDDOME.

- 1 **W**ITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely;
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways:
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

764

8. 7. DANIEL.

- 1 **L**ORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow Thee;
Trusting in Thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.
- 2 Nought have we to claim as merit;
All the duties we can do,
Can no crown of life inherit:
All the praise to Thee is due.

- 3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the wave to go!
Oh, the bliss! the heavenly beauty!
Christ, the Lord, was buried so.
- 4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow Him beneath the wave:
Rise and show His resurrection,
And proclaim His power to save.
- 5 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome to His church below;
Venture wholly on the Saviour,
Come, and with His people go.

765

S. M.

JOHNSON.

- 1 JESUS, my heavenly King,
Reigns on His throne above;
And while I hear His voice I'll sing
The wonders of His love.
- 2 Jesus, the Holy One,
The chief delight of God,
The eternal Father's only Son,
Was bathed in Jordan's flood.
- 3 I at His porch will wait,
With Christ baptized I'll be,
Who knows but in this heavenly gate
He'll show His face to me.
- 4 Christ is a fountain free,
Whence living waters flow;
His precious blood redeemed me—
No ransom else I know.
- 5 Baptismal water shows
That purifying grace,
Which from my Jesus overflows
To all the chosen race.
- 6 And thus I own His name,
Thus I my faith declare;
And thus I wait at grace's stream
Till glory shall appear.

766

C. M.

FISHER.

- 1 THE Lord my heart has now prepared
To walk in wisdom's ways;
My purpose is to do His will,
—And serve Him all my days.
- 2 I to this watery grave descend,
Because my Lord has died,
And by His powerful blood alone
My soul is justified.
- 3 I'm buried in this liquid tomb
To show what Christ endured,
When, sinking in the floods of wrath,
My freedom He procured.
- 4 I rise again, and change my dress,
Because my Jesus lives:
He clothes me with His righteousness,
And every comfort gives.
- 5 Why should I think it pain or shame
Thus to confess my Lord?
Who saves my soul from sin and hell,
And be His name adored.

767

L. M.

- 1 MY God, before Thee I appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
To be baptized, to own Thy grace,
And thus fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Great things and wondrous Thou hast
done,
Through Christ, Thy well-beloved Son;
And 'tis by His constraining love,
My willing footsteps hither move.
- 3 Now before men, behold I stand,
To execute His last command;
See, here is water, lo, I wait
To enter Zion through this gate.
- 4 Believing, I confess His name,
My faith and hope with joy proclaim;
And with my Lord, who died to save,
Descend into this watery grave.
- 5 Thus I, my Saviour, own Thy name;
Receive me rising from the stream;
And to Thy table let me come,
To taste the joys of heaven my home.

768

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
The nations have received the word
Since He ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits on Zion's holy hill,
With grace and pardon in His hands,
And sends the gospel, to fulfil
The promise made to heathen lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptized," He saith,
"For the remission of your sins:"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what His gospel means.
- 4 Our souls He washes in His blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like fertilizing rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
O may the hand that set us free
In heaven our solemn vows record!

769

S. 7.

FELLOWS.

- 1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion!
Thou alone our guide shall be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but Thee.
- 2 As an emblem of Thy passion
And Thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know Thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, arising
To a life divinely new.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: BAPTISM.

770

L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, the God of grace;
To Him ascribe immortal praise:
O let our hearts and voices join
To sing of blessings all divine.
- 2 The Father sent His only Son,
To make His gracious purpose known,
To die for sinners, and obtain
Deliverance from eternal shame.
- 3 To be baptized in Jordan's stream
From Galilee the Saviour came;
The liquid grave received its Lord,
While all the hosts of heaven adored.
- 4 When lo! descending from above,
On Him did rest the sacred dove;
The Father, too, was pleased to own,
"This is my well-beloved Son."
- 5 Thus has He shown His saints the way
To worship in this gospel day,
And thus we wait to feel His grace
Till we behold Him face to face.

771

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptized into His death, we're clean
From the old body of our sin?
- 2 As from the dead our Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er His mighty foes;
So we from hell's dark tomb are freed,
To live anew, a holy seed.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
But let the lusts we served before
Be crucified for evermore.

772

8. 7. 4.

GILES.

- 1 **H**AST Thou said, exalted Jesus,
Take Thy cross and follow Me?
Shall the word with terror seize us,
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And rejoicing, follow Thee.
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave;
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love to me;
Sweeter still the love that binds me
In its deathless bond to Thee:
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

- 4 Should it rend some fond connection;
Should I suffer shame or loss;
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.
- 5 Fellowship with Him possessing,
Let me die to all around,
So I rise to enjoy the blessing
Kept for those in Jesus found,
When the archangel
Wakes the sleeper under ground.
- 6 Then baptized in love and glory,
Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing;
Loudly with the immortal story
All the harps of heaven shall ring:
Saints and seraphs,
Sound it loud from every string.

773

C. M.

FISHER.

- 1 **N**OW shall my soul rehearse the deeds
Almighty grace has done;
Let every heart unite to praise
The infinite Three-One.
- 2 He saw my soul with grief oppressed;
He heard my mournful cry;
His hand conveyed the blessing down,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 3 Now I can sing delivering grace
And say, my Father, God:
My hopes I owe to Jesus' love,
And His atoning blood.
- 4 Father, Thy love constrains my heart
To walk in Thy commands;
Thy sovereign power has set me free
From Satan's slavish bands.
- 5 O may Thy word my steps direct
In all Thy heavenly ways;
And to Thy will may I devote
The remnant of my days.

774

7s. D.

PHELPS.

- 1 **C**HRIST, who came my soul to save,
Entered Jordan's yielding wave;
Rose from out the crystal flood,
Owned and sealed the Son of God,
By the Father's voice of love,
By the heaven-descending Dove:
Saviour, Pattern, Guide for me,
I, like Him, baptized would be.
- 2 In the garden, o'er His soul
Sorrow's whelming waves did roll;
Ah! on Calvary's cruel tree,
Jesus bowed in death for me:
I with Him am crucified:
All my hope is,—He hath died:
At His feet my place I take,
Bear the cross for His dear sake.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: THE LORD'S SUPPER.

8 In the new-made tomb He lay,
Taking all its dread away;
Burst He through its rock-bound door,
Glorious now, and evermore:
I with Christ would buried be
In this rite required of me;
Rising from the mystic flood,
Living hence anew to God.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

775

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **B**EFORE the mournful scene began,
Jesus took bread, gave thanks,
and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What words of wondrous grace He
spoke!

2 "This is My body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;
Now take the cup, and drink the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in My blood.

8 Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My table and record
The love of your departed Lord."

4 Jesus! Thy feast we celebrate;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

776

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**OME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joy ascends,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never ends.

2 Jesus, our Lord, invites His own
To His triumphal feast,
And brings transcendent blessings
down,
For each redeemed guest.

8 The Lord! how glorious is His face!
How kind His smile appears!
And O, what melting words of grace
He utters in our ears!

4 "For you, my brethren of all lands,
It was for you I died;
Behold My feet, behold My hands,
And touch My wounded side."

5 We give Thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

777

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **J**ESUS, we wait to see Thy face
Among Thy saints appear,
To share the fulness of Thy grace,
And feel Thy presence here.

2 With joy we eat the living bread,
With pleasure drink the cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
While we rejoice in hope.

8 We shall be strong to run the race,
And mount the upper skies,
Supported by unfailing grace,
Which Christ the Lord supplies.

4 He shall present us at the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Arrayed in garments of His own,
Cleansed in His precious blood.

5 Our souls indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
The memory of our Saviour's name
Transcends the wine we taste.

778

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **J**ESUS now reigns beyond the sky,
Where our weak senses reach Him
not;
Terrestrial objects court the eye,
To thrust Immanuel from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we
have,
How ready to forget His face;
And to refresh our memories gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

8 The Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh and precious blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And bless the great, the incarnate God.

4 Be sinful joys no longer sought;
Be earthly things of less esteem;
Be Christ the sum of every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

5 Though He is absent from our sight,
'Tis only to prepare a place,
A lasting mansion of delight,
Where we shall dwell before His face.

6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come,
While waiting His bright chariot
wheels,
To fetch us to our promised home.

779

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **B**EHOLD the rose of Sharon here,
The lily of the valley, fair;
The tree of life, that freely gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: THE LORD'S SUPPER.

2 Among the thorns, as lilies shine;
Among wild gourds the noble vine;
So shines my Saviour in mine eyes,
Among surrounding earthly joys.

3 Beneath His shade well pleased I sit,
He screens me from the noon-day heat;
Of heavenly fruit He spreads a feast,
To charm my eyes and please my taste.

4 Kindly He brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of His grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of His love He spread.

5 With living bread and generous wine
He cheers this longing soul of mine;
And, opening all His heart to me,
He shows His thoughts, how kind
they be.

780

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**ARK! the Redeemer from on high
Invites His chosen people nigh;
From realms of darkness and of doubt,
With gentle voice He calls us out.

2 Dear Lord, my thankful heart receives
The hope Thine invitation gives;
To Thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

3 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions
join!
May no rebellious wish, or word,
Or thought arise to grieve my Lord.

4 My soul by living streams He leads,
Among the lilies where He feeds;
Among the saints, whose robes are
white,
Is the abode of His delight.

5 Till the day break and shadows flee,
Till the bright morning sun I see,
Thine eyes to Thy beloved turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

781

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **A**T Thy command, most gracious
Lord,
Lo! we are come to share Thy feast;
Thy flesh and blood supply the board
With meat and drink for every guest.

2 Our faith beholds Thy bleeding love,
And in Thy death our souls confide;
We look for heavenly crowns above,
Through our Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to celebrate Thy name,
And sing the triumphs of the cross.

4 In songs of joy, our tongues proclaim
That He who died hath left the tomb;
And we, through faith in Jesus' name,
Are waiting till He call us home.

782

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW bounteous, Lord, Thy cheering
feast;
How heavenly is this place;
Here at Thy sumptuous board I taste
The riches of Thy grace.

2 Here I behold the light and peace
Which in Immanuel shine;
Here Jesus tells me I am His,
And He for ever mine.

3 Let such amazing love as this
Be sounded all abroad:
Beyond degree such favour is,
The favour of our God.

4 To Him that washed us in His blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as His days.

783

S. M.

WATTS.

1 **J**ESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board,
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 He bids us eat His flesh,
And drink His precious blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our incarnate God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our vital breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one;
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.

5 We are, though many parts,
One body and one bread;
Members of Christ, and fitly joined
To Him, our living Head.

6 Then let our powers unite,
His glorious name to raise;
Our hearts be filled with pure delight,
And all our tongues with praise.

784

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here the compassion of our God
With peace and pardon rolls;
Here our Redeemer's flesh and blood
Is food for ransomed souls.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 8 While all our hearts, with cheerful song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
Lord, why was I a guest?
- 4 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
While others make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That kindly drew us in!
Or we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

785

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **T**HE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
Richly He spread His royal board,
And blessed the food and sung.
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
And drink this precious wine;
Happy are they who in their Head
Partake the light divine.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
As His first followers did,
And, leaning on our Saviour's breast,
Receive the wine and bread.
- 4 Hosanna to His bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
But when we join the saints above,
A nobler He'll bestow.
- 5 How great the day, how bright the hour,
Appointed for our rest!
When we shall need these types no more,
But on the substance feast.

786

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand, and hear
me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where He is gone they fain would
know,
That they may seek and love Him too.

N

- 2 My best beloved holds His throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But He descends, and shows His face
In the fair gardens of His grace.
- 3 In vineyards planted by His hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies shew their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engrossed my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in His heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.
- 5 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Until my soul shall hence remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

787

10s.

BONAR.

- 1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face
to face;
Here would I touch and handle things
unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eter-
nal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of
God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine
of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly
load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin
forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I
need
Another arm save Thine to lean
upon:
It is enough, my Lord; enough, in-
deed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy
might alone.
- 4 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in
one;
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art
wise,
No teaching do I crave, save Thine
alone.
- 5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righ-
teousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the
cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my
peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord
my God!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: THE LORD'S SUPPER.

6 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is
past and gone;
The bread and wine remove; but Thou
art here,
Nearer than ever; still my Shield
and Sun.

7 Feast after feast thus comes and
passes by;
Yet passing points to the great feast
above;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal
joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.

788

S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And, in Thine own appointed way,
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee;
And take this bread and wine,
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable!

4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

789

S. M.

1 A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around Thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savour of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetful love,
Be our communion shown;
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

790

8. 7. D.

DECK.

1 "A BBA, Father," we approach Thee,
In our Saviour's precious name;
We, Thy children, here assembling,
Now Thy promised blessings claim;
From our sins His blood hath washed
us,

"Tis through Him our souls draw
nigh;
And Thy Spirit too hath taught us,
"Abba, Father," thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered,
In our folly, far from Thee;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Thy table is our place;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,
In the riches of Thy grace.

791

C. M.

TURNER.

1 OH, love divine! oh, matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite,
Shines forth so full, so free, in rays
Of purest living light.

2 Oh, wondrous death! oh, precious
blood!
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

3 Oh, covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed!
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.

4 Jesus, we bow our souls to Thee,
Our Life, our Hope, our All,
While we, with thankful, contrite
hearts,
Thy dying love recall.

5 Oh, may Thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds;
Nor earth nor self nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines.

792

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'er-
flow?

Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly
food.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS TRIUMPHS.

3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

793

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His heart;

2 To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me;

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine,
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

4 From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love:
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

5 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
A moment?—No; eternity!
They are for ever with the Lord.

794

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord;
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamentary cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

ITS TRIUMPHS.

795

4s. & 8s.

KELLY.

1 LET God arise,
The only wise,
And let his foes before Him fly;
At His command,
Let every land
Be filled with light and sacred joy.

2 The dawning ray
Of that bright day,
Whose sun shall gladden every place,
A light imparts
That cheers our hearts,
And bids us toil and danger face.

3 The Lord has said
His truth shall spread,
And all the earth His glory see;
Arise, O Lord,
Fulfil Thy word,
And Thine alone the honour be.

4 Thy people wait
With hope elate;
Not distant far the day appears,
When war shall cease,
And heavenly peace,
Shall wipe away ten thousand tears.

5 This day is light,
But far more bright
The day when Jesus will return,
He'll wipe away
All tears that day,
His people never more shall mourn.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS TRIUMPHS.

796

8s. 9s. 6s. & 4.

- 1 **W**AKE! awake! for night is flying;
The watchmen on the heights
are crying,
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes! awake!
Your lamps with gladness take:
Hallelujah!
And for the marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.
- 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes! she rises from her
glloom!
For her Lord comes down all glo-
rious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious:
Her star is risen! her light is come!
Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord;
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see,
Where Thou hast bid us sup with
Thee.
- 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest
tune;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round Thy dazzling
throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

797

C. M.

- 1 **F**OR Zion's sake I will not rest,
Nor will I hold my peace,
Until Jerusalem be blest,
And Judah dwell at ease;
- 2 Until her righteousness return,
As day-break after night;
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.
- 3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
Kings shall declare her fame;
And unto her appointed be
A new and holy name.
- 4 The watchmen on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim,
Zion's Deliverer is near,
Make mention of His name.

- 5 The Lord upholds her with His hand,
And claims her for His own;
The diadem of Judah's land,
The glory of His crown.
- 6 Go through, go through, prepare the
way,
The gates wide open fling;
With joyful shouts let heralds say,
Behold thy coming King.

798

C. M.

LOGAN.

- 1 **T**HE mount of God o'er every mount,
In latter days shall rise,
And draw all nations to the fount
Of everlasting joys.
- 2 Many shall say, with cheerful tongues,
Come, to this mount repair;
And praise our God with joyful songs,
For He will teach us there.
- 3 The righteous Sun, from Zion's hill,
Shall shine on every land;
The earth obey Immanuel's will,
And bow to His command.
- 4 Jesus shall reign for evermore,
On clouds triumphant ride;
His righteousness exalt the poor,
And crush the sons of pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor lying words,
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 6 Nation 'gainst nation shall not strive,
Their dead and maimed deplore;
But in the bond of union live,
And study war no more.

799

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south—"Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north."
- 4 They come, they come: thine exiled
bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs Thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS TRIUMPHS.

800

L. M.

SHRUBSOLE.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord! awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations
shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, Thy power extend;
Let Mahomet's imposture end;
Break papal superstition's chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.
- 5 Let Zion's time of favour come:
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home!
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 6 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

801

5s. & 11s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 **A**LL thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Through every place,
By means of His servants, His savour
of grace:
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He has done:
All honour and glory to Jesus alone.
- 2 Our conquering Lord
Has prospered His word,
Has made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of
hell:
His arm He has bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion
below.
- 3 And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to
Thee:
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed,
And believers increased,
Who thankfully own
They are freely forgiven through mercy
alone.

802

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds
obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt His throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands;
All heaven submits to His commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power He vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The lands that long have lain beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

803

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

- 1 **Y**ES, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By His word, in every land:
Mark His progress,
Darkness flies at His command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While He enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious;
Through the world, in every land:
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS TRIUMPHS.

804

C. M.

HEBER.

- 1 **A**RISE, arise, O heavenly King,
Assume Thy rightful sway,
Till distant lands their tribute bring,
And islands of the sea.
- 2 Ride forth in triumph gloriously,
Till all Thy foes submit,
And all the powers of darkness lie
In chains beneath Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it run
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Receive the joyful sound.
- 4 Soon may the wonders of Thy name
Through the wide world be known!
Then idols shall like Dagon fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
- 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Thy name shall be adored;
And every tongue for evermore
Give glory to the Lord.

805

8. 7. D.

COWPER.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath
spoken!
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Storms of wasting tribulation,
Shall no more perplex your ways;
Ye shall call your walls salvation,
And your gates of beauty praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the
garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
I, the Lord, your faith rewarding,
Boundless favours will bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall ye feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.
- 3 Ye shall need no sun's ascending;
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your darkness ever ending,
Noon eternal find in me:
Soon the righteous Sun shall o'er you
Shine with beams supremely bright;
I, the Lord, will be your glory,
I your everlasting light."

806

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved!
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send!
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blessed:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

807

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our
coasts,
And show Thy shining face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround this favoured land.
- 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to
shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And nations, with one voice, adore
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown this chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 6 God, the Redeemer, sheds around
His choicest favours here;
And soon creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

808

7. 6.

LITTLE.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.
- 2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: ITS TRIUMPHS.

8 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

809

L. M. WATTS.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5 Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the Isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

6 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love,

810

7. 6. D. MONTGOMERY.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;

811

8s. WATTS.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know;
His wonders to the nations show,
And all His saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know Thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read Thy word;
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, He built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His saving power,
And barbarous nations fear His name:
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of His holiness,
And in His courts His grace proclaim.

812

7s. D. MONTGOMERY.

1 **H**ARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent doth reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis
done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

8 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

813

L. M. C. ELLIOTT.

1 **T**HOU glorious Sun of Righteous-
ness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal, to bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

8 Shine on Thy pure eternal word;
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4 Shine on those unseen things displayed
To faith's far penetrating eye;
And let their splendour cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

5 Shine on those friends for whom we
mourn,

Who know not yet Thy healing ray;
Quicken their souls, and bid them turn
To Thee, "the life, the truth, the way."

6 Shine on those tribes no country owns;
On Judah, once Thy dwelling-place;
"Thy servants think upon her stones,"
And long to see her day of grace.

7 Shine till Thy glorious beams shall
chase

The blinding film from every eye!
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the day-spring from on high!

8 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
That glorious day which knows no
night.

814

L. M. KENN.

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

8 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless life partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

815

8. 7. 4.

KELLY.

- 1 **I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness;
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are length-
ened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strength-
ened,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till Thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 8 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed for evermore.

816

8. 7. D.

BULMER.

- 1 **A**S the dew, from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
Richly unto all fulfilling
What Thy providence intends;
So may truth, divine and gracious,
To our waiting spirits prove;
Bless and make it efficacious
In the children of Thy love!
- 2 Lord, behold this congregation;
All Thy promises fulfil;
From Thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before Thee,
Sweetest influence shed around;
So Thy people shall adore Thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

817

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
To feast His saints to-day;
While in His presence we appear,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 8 One day amidst the place
Where Christ the Lord is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Amidst the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sing Thy praise, till called away
To everlasting bliss.

818

L. M.

STENNETT.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.
- 2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love
assigns
This calm retreat for weary minds,
And grants a taste of heavenly joys,
Which His own hallowed day supplies.
- 8 O that our thoughts and thanks may
rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet
repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, Thy works we
view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

819

10s.

MASON.

- 1 **A**GAIN the day returns of sacred rest,
Which, when the world was made,
Jehovah blessed;
When, like His own, He bade our
labours cease,
That we might worship in His holy
place.
- 2 We would devote this consecrated day
To His commands, and study to obey;
That we in all His word reveals may
share,
And join with thankful hearts in praise
and prayer.
- 8 So shall the God of mercy, pleased,
receive
That only tribute man has power to
give;
So shall He hear, while fervently we
raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of
praise.
- 4 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes
confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose
precepts guide;
In life our Guardian, and in death our
Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time
shall end.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

820

6s. & 8s.

- 1 **H**AIL! hail! sweet Sabbath-day,
In love and mercy given;
Then we are taught, and learn the way
To Jesus and to heaven:
Hosanna we would all proclaim,
Each Sabbath-day, to Jesus' name.
- 2 **H**AIL! hail! sweet Sabbath-day;
Well may our hearts rejoice,
For then we meet to praise and pray,
And hear the Saviour's voice:
Hosanna we would all proclaim,
Each Sabbath-day, to Jesus' name.
- 3 **H**AIL! hail! sweet Sabbath-day;
Let our glad voices ring;
And when on earth no more we stay,
In louder strains we'll sing,
Hosanna to the Lamb of God,
Who bought us with His precious blood.
- 4 **H**AIL! hail! sweet Sabbath-day;
And when the last shall come,
May each of us delighted say,
We are but going home:
Hosanna to the Lamb of God,
For He has bought us with His blood.

821

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.
- 2 **O** what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 **O**n this glad day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God's unbounded love, than when
The universe was made.
- 4 **H**e rose who hath the nations bought
With pain and grief extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from
nought:
'Twas greater to redeem.
- 5 **T**his day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 **T**en thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above
On nations yet unborn.

822

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning! at Thy voice
The sun in splendour hastes to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 **F**rom the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and
shines.
- 3 **O**h! like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, nor tire amidst the way.
- 4 **L**ord, Thy commands are right and
pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise
sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 **G**ive me Thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

823

10s.

NEWTON.

- 1 **O** GOD! Thy bosom is a sea of love,
The source and spring of infinite
delight!
Fount of felicity, below, above,
Whose works are perfect, and whose
ways are right.
- 2 **L**ife, love and health, and youth and
vigour too
Spring from Thy hand, as nature
sprang of old;
"Let there be light," the Almighty fiat
flew—
Light clothed the universe in flaming
gold.
- 3 **T**he same omnipotence, exerted still,
The same omniscience, and unbounded
love,
Uphold creation, and perform His will,
Who bids the wheels of time still on-
ward move.
- 4 **W**hen thoughts thus wondrous vast
impress the soul,
Lord, what is man, Thy boundless love
to share!
And more than all, why do my minutes
roll,
Guided and guarded by Thy constant
care!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5 Since hitherto Thine hand hath helped me, Lord,
This faint memorial of Thy love I raise;
And while past mercies I with joy record,
Confide in Thee to bless my future days!

824

S. M.

LUTHER.

1 **T**HE Sabbath-day returns;
That day of rest and peace,
Which God in mercy hath bestowed,
When earthly labours cease.

2 And to the sacred house,
His people now repair,
To hear the blessed word of grace,
And lift their hearts in prayer.

3 We meet before His throne,
Upon this hallowed day,
With grateful hearts for mercies past,
And further blessings pray.

4 While in His presence now,
We think upon that rest,
Which shall be ours, when we arise,
To mingle with the blest;

5 When earthly Sabbaths end,
And all their joys are o'er,
And we in glory shall appear,
Our Saviour to adore;

6 When we at rest shall be,
Where sorrows cannot come,
In our blest fatherland above,
Our own eternal home.

7 And hasten Lord, the time,
When we shall reach that place;
When we shall in Thy courts appear,
And see Thee face to face.

825

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all the saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners can ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
With joy frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 The men that love and fear Thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

826

Ss.

SHRUBSOLE.

1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern
skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy
blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labours
close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

827

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my
King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and
sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His
word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 I shall partake a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

828

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He
reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

829

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

830

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show His glorious face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
Behold the tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Reproves the men that hate His saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this holy place,
And joy a constant guest!
And let her walls be crowned with grace,
Prosperity and rest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred
dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

831

6s. & 8s.

WATTS.

1 **H**OW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,—
Come, let us seek our God to-day:
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
round;

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

832

8s. & 6s.

TYERS.

- 1 **G**REAT God, avow this house Thine own;
Here let Thy power and love be known,
Thy ark of mercy rest:
Of old Thou didst in Zion dwell;
O let each mount of Zion still
Be with Thy presence blessed!
- 2 Off as in solemn, fervent prayer,
And holy adoration here,
Thy saints together join,
Hear Thou on Thy eternal throne,
And send the varied blessings down
In streams of love divine.
- 3 Here may the mourner find relief;
A balm for all his inward grief
When doubts and fears annoy:
Beauty for ashes here bestow;
Garments of praise for heavy woe;
And peace and holy joy.
- 4 Here may the plants of righteousness,
Deep rooted in the Saviour's grace,
In due succession rise;
Bearing the fruits of faith divine,
And with increasing beauty shine,
Till meetened for the skies.
- 5 Then in Thy nobler courts above,
High seated on the mount of love,
Where blissful numbers roll,
Praises in loftier strains shall flow;
While pleasures, such as angels know,
Shall swell each raptured soul.

833

7s.

KELLY.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O let sinners hear Thy call,
And Thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory Thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, O send Thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear Thy voice;
Hear it, and return to God.

834

11. 8. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
Oh, serve Him with gladness and fear;
Exult in His presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

- 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are His people; His sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow His call.
- 3 Oh, enter His gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in His temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless His adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of His hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

835

C. M.

WILLIAMS.

- 1 **W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

836

6s. 8 & 4.

LUTHER.

- 1 **I** LOVE the house of God;
It is my chief delight;
There would I make my fixed abode,
By day and night.
- 2 I love the sound of prayer,
And love the songs of praise;
Thither do I with joy repair,
My voice to raise.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

8 I love the blessed word;
It comforteth my soul;
I feel, while leaning on the Lord,
My spirit whole.

4 I love of Christ to hear;
To hear the gospel sound;
For then salvation seemeth near,
And safe my ground.

5 I love to celebrate
The Saviour's dying love;
And see, beyond the present state,
My home above.

6 I love, this day, to meet
The Saviour's little flock,
Who, through His grace, have placed
their feet
Upon the Rock.

837

6s. & 4s.

WATTS.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
With Thee to dwell,
Among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there:
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
Where God our King
Shall safely bring
Our willing feet!

5 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
His hands with gifts are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Familiar grace
And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and upright souls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

838

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name,
While in His holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to His house belong,
Or stand attending at His gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise His name is sweet employ:
Israel He chose of old, and still
His church is His peculiar joy.

3 The Lord Himself will judge His
saints;
He treats His servants as His friends;
And when He hears their sore com-
plaints,
Repents the sorrows that He sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's
rod;
He gives His suffering servants rest,
And will be known the Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord who taste His love,
In joyful strains exalt His name:
Amongst His saints He ever dwells;
His church is His Jerusalem.

839

S. M.

WATTS.

1 **C**OME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His works and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of His grace,
And hearts grew hard, like stubborn
Jews,
That unbelieving race;

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift His hand and swear,
"You that despise My promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

840

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 THE praise of Zion waits for Thee,
My God, and praise becomes Thy house;
Here shall the saints Thy glory see,
And here perform their public vows.

- 2 O Thou, whose mercy bows the skies
To hear when humble sinners pray!
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,
And every island of the sea.

- 3 Blest is the man whom Thou dost choose,
And draw with bands of love to Thee,
That he may dwell within Thy house,
And share Thy love divinely free.

- 4 By things terrific God fulfils
What His afflicted saints request;
And with almighty power reveals
His love, and gives His churches rest.

- 5 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see Immanuel's name adored.

841

L. M. HOPKINS.

- 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

- 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name
always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

842

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.

- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.

- 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

843

L. M. WATTS.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

844

6s. & 8s. LUTHER.

- 1 NOW God is present here,
Then let us all adore;
Before Him bow, with humble fear,
And praise Him evermore;
Let every worldly thought be gone,
And meekly bow before His throne.

- 2 Now God is present here,
Whom all in heaven obey;
That God angelic hosts revere,
And serve both night and day;
To Thee, oh God! we now would sing;
Accept the offering which we bring.

- 3 Oh God! teach us Thy way,
That we Thy truth pursue;
And in Thy service may we stay,
As now the angels do;
That in Thy favour we may live,
And still to Thee our praises give.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 All things are full of Thee;
In all Thy glories shine;
Where'er we turn our eyes, we see
The trace of power divine:
Thou art in us, and we in Thee;
Lord, let this union ever be!
- 5 Dispel the shades of night,
And give the glow of day;
Reveal in us Thy glorious light;
The darkness chase away:
Of truth send forth the eternal blaze,
That we, enraptured, catch its rays.
- 6 Cleanse us from every sin;
Renew our inward parts;
Grant us Thy peace and joy within,
And purify our hearts;
That, in our daily walk, we may
Thy goodness and Thy truth display.

845

10s. & 11s.

TATE.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare
your glad voice,
His praise in the great assembly to
sing:
In their great Creator let all men
rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in
their King.
- 2 Let them His great name devoutly
adore;
In loud-swelling strains His praises
express,
Who graciously opens His bountiful
store,
Their wants to relieve, and His
children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned, His people shall
sing
To God, who defence and plenty
supplies;
Their loud acclamations to Him, their
great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and
reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, His glories who've
sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish His
praise:
We mortals, delighted, would borrow
your tongue,
Would join in your numbers, and
chant to your lays.

846

C. M.

COTTON.

- 1 THIS is the day the Saviour Lord
Ascended to His throne,
My tongue, the lofty theme record,
And make His glory known.

- 2 May no vain cares divert my mind
From the celestial way;
All worldly things be left behind,
Which tempt my thoughts to stray.
- 3 How glorious is the heavenly sphere,
How boundless future joys!
How mean to rest contented here,
Amused with fleeting toys.
- 4 God is the portion of His saints,
To Him their prayers ascend;
He cheers the soul when'er it faints,
And is their constant Friend.
- 5 O may His gracious presence be
Our comfort, joy and peace;
While we are spared to bow the knee,
And when this life shall cease.

847

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our
vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

848

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world
begone,
Let my devoted hours alone;
I would my Saviour's glory see,
And hold communion, Lord, with
Thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with heavenly
fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
O let Thy Spirit from above,
Inspire my soul with truth and love.
- 3 The tree of life shall ever stand
In fragrant bloom at Thy right hand;
And in soft murmurs by its side
Rivers of living water glide.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Haste then my Lord, display Thy face,
Here spread the table of Thy grace;
And to the living viands join
Abundant draughts of cheering wine.
- 5 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

849

L. M.

LYT.

- 1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts;
Where two or three for worship meet;
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.
- 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.
- 4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

850

6s.

BULLOCK.

- 1 WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
- 2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy children meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face
And with Thy saints adore.

851

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

o

- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour-king,
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The archmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

852

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 A WAY from every anxious care,
A way from earth may we retreat;
And leave all worldly things afar,
While we appear before Thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of Thy grace
We see Thy feet, and we adore;
And in the light of Jesus' face
Behold the wonders of Thy power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
Our groans ascend on high,
And prayer obtains a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel-armor on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
Our conscience galled with inward stings,
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath His wings.

853

8s.

TERSTERGEN.

- 1 Lord, God is here; let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face!
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering
tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will:
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

854

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear:
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

855

8s. & 6s.

1 **Y**ES! it is good to worship Thee
Within Thy courts, O Lord;
To raise the voice, to bend the knee,
To hear Thy holy word;
We praise Thee for that wondrous grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

2 'Tis sweet, O God, to sing Thy praise
Till all our spirits glow;
And we can almost seem to raise
The notes of heaven below:
Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong,
And souls all melting in our song.

3 'Tis sweet when every voice is heard,
The aged and the young;
Sweeter when every soul is stirred
To feel what we have sung;
And thoughts of heaven the hearts
engage
Of blooming youth and hoary age.

4 But, O! if songs like these are sweet,
How sweet that song must be
When all Thy ransomed ones shall
meet,
From sin and sorrow free;
Where nought of discord can intrude
To mar that mighty multitude!

5 How vast that heavenly temple is!
How ravishing the song!
O how unspeakable the bliss
Of that exulting throng!
Swelling, for evermore, the strain
Of praise to Him who once was slain.

6 Ours, Saviour, may these glories be,
When earthly joys are past;
And having lived on earth to Thee,
May we exchange at last
This house, these hours of praise and
prayer,
For holier, happier worship there.

856

10s. & 11s.

CONDOR.

1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

2 Oh happy the choirs,
Who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres;
Their worship is love:
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

3 Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:
The God they rely on,
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

4 Thou hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair,
To the courts of Thy grace:
More blest beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure,
By worldlings enjoyed.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

5 The Lord is a sun;
The Lord is a shield;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed:
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed,
Who make Him their trust.

857

7s. D.

LYTE.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
O, my spirit longs and fain
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

858

8s. & 6s.

KELLY.

1 SWEET day of rest! for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state
Where saints are fully blest!
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh;
I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
Sweet day of sacred rest!

2 But oft, with shame I will confess,
My privilege my burden is,
No joy, alas! have I;
When I would take my harp and sing,
I find it oft without a string,
And lay it coldly by.

3 But while I thus confess my shame,
'Tis right that I should praise His
name,

Who makes me sometimes sing;
Yes, Lord, I'll speak it to Thy praise,
My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
And triumph in my King.

4 O! let the case be always so,
My song no interruption know,
Till death shall seal my tongue;
In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
And rest from everything but praise,
My heaven an endless song.

859

L. M.

KELLY.

1 SWEET are the seasons when we
wait
To hear what God our Lord will say;
For they who watch at wisdom's gate
Are never empty sent away.

2 Behold us, Lord, a few of Thine,
Who hither come to seek Thy face;
In mercy on Thy people shine,
And let Thy presence fill the place.

3 How sweet, how blessed is the thought
That Thou dost hear Thy people's
cries!

And whether Thou dost give or not,
'Tis love that grants, and love denies.

4 O teach us, Lord, to wait Thy will,
To be content with all Thou dost;
For us Thy grace sufficient still,
With most supplied when needing
most.

5 Till life shall end, thus let it be,
And, O sustain us in that hour;
That conflict past, we hope to see
The Saviour whom we here adore.

6 We hope at length to take our part
With yonder host, through trouble
brought:
We hope to see Thee as Thou art,
And then to praise Thee as we ought.

860

8s. & 7s.

KELLY.

1 EVERY thought should be directed
Heavenward through this hallowed
day;

Worldly themes should be rejected,
Themes that draw the soul away;
'Tis the day of sacred rest,
'Tis the day the Lord has blest.

2 O what glorious themes invite us,
When we look on mercy's plan!
These are themes may well delight us,
Themes of joy to guilty man;
Full of sweetness, full of grace,
Suited to a sinner's case.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Why should we grow weary, thinking
Of the Saviour's grace and love?
From these springs His people drink-
ing,
Get a taste of joys above:
O 'tis good the Lord to know!
'Tis our heaven begun below.

861

78. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **T**O Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

862

C. M. NEWTON.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of Thy people,
here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of Thy love
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers:
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

863

8. 7.

- 1 **H**OLY Saviour, Thou hast told us,
When we meet to hear of Thee,
With Thy love Thou wilt behold us,
And amongst us Thou wilt be.
- 2 Lord of hosts, to seek Thy blessing
We have gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing,
Saviour, teach us how to pray.
- 3 May the words we hear direct us
How to learn and do Thy will;
May Thy Spirit's aid protect us,
And with love our bosoms fill.
- 4 Grant that we may love each other,
Mindful of Thy holy word,
He that loveth not his brother
Surely cannot love the Lord.

864

8. 7. 4.

LYTE.

- 1 **O**H how blest the congregation,
Who the Gospel know and prize!
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies:
He is near them,
Knows their wants and hears their
cries.
- 2 In His Name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall
move?
- 3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe;
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.
- 4 God will keep His own anointed;
Nought shall harm them, none con-
demn;
All their trials are appointed;
All must work for good to them;
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

865

L. M.

GIBBONS.

- 1 **H**APPY the men in ancient days,
Whose hearts were set on Zion's
ways;
Cheerful along the waste they trod,
To join the assemblies of their God.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2 Still happier they whose souls aspire
To heaven, with hope and strong desire;
And, as their course they thither bend,
On uncreated might depend.

8 From stage to stage, from strength to strength,
They go, till they arrive at length
At the Jerusalem above,
There to enjoy the God of love.

4 Immortal life, and joys unknown,
Flow, in full rivers, from the throne;
In His own light our God is seen,
Without one veiling cloud between.

866

8s.

VIVIAN.

1 **S**TILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home we meet again:
Dreary and long our course may be,
But O! our God, it leads to Thee!
Thou art the Light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting Home.

2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless;
Earth and its pain we still may feel,
But Thou art ever near to heal;
Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by Thee.

8 Still, as time's changing current rolls,
Thy comforts, Lord, delight our souls;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day:
Onward with firmer steps we come
On to our everlasting home.

867

L. M.

CHANDLER.

1 **O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

8 O may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed
on heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

868

7s. D.

SANDYS.

1 **T**HOU who art enthroned above!
Thou by whom we live and move,
Oh how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound Thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy word, and pay our vows;
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise;
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful Name.

8 From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise!
Who Thy wonders can declare?
How profound Thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervour still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

869

L. M.

1 **O** THOU to whom, on Canaan's hills,
The patriarchs their rude altars
reared,

Whose presence endless ages fills,
By saints and angels loved and feared!

2 Thou by whose power all creatures
live,
Whose love redemption's price displays,
This day Thy blessing deign to give,
And tune our homage to Thy praise.

8 In all the riches of Thy grace,
Send down Thy Spirit from on high;
O make this house Thy dwelling-place,
And every want in love supply.

4 Here be Thy gracious name adored,
Thy gospel preached, Thy word be-
lieved,
Thy people all of one accord,
Thy pardon felt, Thy peace received.

5 Here may our prayers be realised,
And none depart from Zion's hill;
But converts flock to be baptized,
To take Thy yoke, and do Thy will.

870

L. M.

STENNETT.

1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet
accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be
Amid that little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place.

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word:
Now send Thy Spirit from above;
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

871

S. M.

1 **T**HIS is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast,
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blast of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days;
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

872

C. M.

WATTS.

1 **G**IVE ear, O Lord, and let my song
As holy incense rise;
Regard the offering of my tongue
As evening sacrifice.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand hath been my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stands prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
My daily steps surround,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 Yet sprinkled with my Saviour's blood,
I lay me down to rest,
Safe in the keeping of my God,
On my Redeemer's breast.

873

L. M.

1 **A**T even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is
vain,
Yet from the world they break not
free;

And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

874

L. M.

WATTS.

1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my
days;

And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of His wings.

5 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall
come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

875

C. M.

STEELE.

- 1 **C**OME, thou desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we Thy wondrous glories hear,
And all Thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear,
What rich unbounded grace!
- 8 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till Thou the heart inspire!
- 5 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life and love and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

876

8. 7. 4.

SHIRLEY.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through the wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 8 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

877

8. 7.

MRS. PARKER.

- 1 **F**OR the gifts which have descended
From Thy gracious hand to-day,
Heavenly Father, we would thank
Thee,
Ere the Sabbath dies away.

- 2 While the western glory waneeth,
While the shadows lengthen fast,
We will gather round Thine altar,
Praising Thee for mercies past.
- 8 For a day of rest, we thank Thee,
For the peace each hour has brought,
For the word of life imparted,
For Thy presence found when sought.
- 4 For the hope which has been strength-
ened,
Faith that's gained a clearer height,
For the love which, faint at morning,
Burns an ardent flame to-night.
- 5 Most of all for those we thank Thee,
Who have pardoning grace received,
Listened to the Spirit's pleading,
On the Son of God believed.
- 6 Raise we, then, exulting voices,
All Thy goodness to proclaim,
May our songs, by Christ presented,
Find acceptance through His name!

878

7s.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 8 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

879

8. 7.

EDMESTON.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-
ing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst
heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who never sleepest,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night overtake
us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

880

C. M. BORDLE.

1 THIS sacred day, O Lord, we end
With gratitude and love;
And bless Thy name, that Thou didst
send
Salvation from above.

2 May we retain the glorious truth
Recorded in Thy word,
And well adorn, in age and youth,
The doctrines of the Lord;

3 Until Thine earthly count we quit,
To dwell with Thee above,
And lay our praises at Thy feet,
In memory of Thy love.

881

L. M. WATTS.

1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadest the curtains of the
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy con-
sacred;
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

882

8. 7. NEWTON.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

883

8s. & 7s. KELLY.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath
spared us;
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

884

8. & 6s.

1 ERE I sleep, for every favour,
This day showed by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name, still the same,
Merciful and tender?

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

4 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me, with sovereign power.

5 So, when'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

885

8s. & 7s. KELLY.

1 SAVIOUR, follow with Thy blessing
Truths delivered in Thy name,
Thus the word, Thy power possessing,
Shall declare from whence it came:
Mighty let the gospel be,
All subduing, Lord, to Thee.

2 Let the word be food to nourish
Those whom Thou hast called Thine
own;
Let Thy people's graces flourish,
Flourish to Thy praise alone;
Thou who madest the sinner live,
Further life alone canst give.

3 Let the sinner see his danger,
Show him, Lord, his fearful state,
While he lives to Thee a stranger,
Loving what his soul should hate;
Let him now Thy truth receive,
Let him now repent and live.

886

L. M. FAWCETT.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares re-
move,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 8 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

- 4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal,
Teach us to know and do Thy will:
Thy saving power and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day.

887

S. M.

- 1 O GOD, with lips unfeigned,
We bless Thee for Thy word,
That word hath oft our faith sustained,
In Christ our gracious Lord.

- 2 Just as the rain and snow
Return not to the sky,
But make the corn revive and grow,
And yield a large supply;

- 3 So let Thy quickening word
Accomplish Thy design,
And not return to Thee, O Lord,
Till all the earth be Thine.

888

8s.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- 3 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Oh! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's
dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- 5 O Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us
be;

Good angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer Thee.

Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

889

C. M.

- 1 O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest's blest:
Whose word, like manna showered
from heaven,
Is planted in our breast:

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

- 3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

890

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I
pray,
O make me ever Thine;
Fain would I fear Thee all the day,
And never dare to sin.

- 2 And when I rest my weary head,
From care and business free,
I would converse, upon my bed,
With my own heart and Thee.

- 3 Accept my evening sacrifice,
Presented through Thy Son;
My hope of endless life relies
On what His love hath done.

- 4 Thus with my thoughts composed to
peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
The hand that hath preserved my days,
My nights shall safely keep.

891

C. M.

K. WHITE.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

- 3 Our souls, obedient to Thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

- 4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly
Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

- 5 O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way;
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall
The dawn of endless day. [greet

892

C. M. D.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dews of heaven descend
And goodly growth abound :
Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

2 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundredfold
Returns of peace and joy :
O let the word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Win every soul before Thee here
To live to Thee alone.

893

L. M.

KEBLE.

1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I
hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own
ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

7 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

894

L. M.

KEN.

1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids
close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts sup-
ply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

895

10s.

1 **S**AVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name
we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise ;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease,
Then, lowly bending, wait Thy word
of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
ward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon
Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the
coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into
light ;

From harm and danger keep Thy
children free,
For dark and light are both alike to
Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our
conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

OPENING SERVICES AND ANNIVERSARIES.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

OPENING SERVICES AND ANNIVERSARIES.

896

7s. D.

- 1 **B**ORNE upon time's noiseless wing,
Lo! another year draws nigh!
Say, what message doth it bring
From the dim futurity?
Harbinger of trials near,
Or of days from sorrow free?
Tell me, O thou new-born year,
What thou hast in store for me.
- 2 Spring shall deck the earth again;
Summer 'mid the roses glow;
Autumn wield her fruitful reign;
Winter clothe the fields with snow:
Thus the year shall run its round,
By Jehovah's prime decree;
But shall I on earth be found?
Shall the seasons bloom for me?
- 3 Vainly thus my spirit tries
To explore the dark unknown;
Velled to all created eyes;
Read by Thee, my God, alone:
Love and goodness rule Thy ways;
Boundless wisdom dwells with Thee,
Whose all-seeing glance surveys
What the year shall bring to me.
- 4 It is well. Whate'er betide,
By a Father's hand 'tis given;
Though His counsels deep He hide,
Nought can harm the heirs of heaven:
Lo! His gracious words I hear,
"Trust Me when thou canst not see;"
Welcome, then, thou glad new year!
"All shall work for good" to me!

897

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, Thine arm re-
veal,
And make Thy glory known:
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.
- 4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

- 5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

898

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, regard the narrow bound
Of each expiring year;
How swift the weeks complete their
round,
How short the months appear.
- 2 So swiftly comes eternity,
That great rewarding day,
When all thy evil works must lie
Exposed to God's survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The quick revolving year,
And study methods to increase
The speed of life's career.
- 4 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy heart,
From trifling set us free,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live alone to Thee.
- 5 Thus may our course more grateful
roll,
As future years arise;
And we, advancing to the goal,
Receive the heavenly prize.

899

7s.

DOWNTON.

- 1 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear!
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength! be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 3 Which of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head!
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

900

7s. D.

NEWTON.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We, a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.
- 8 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

901

7s.

FAWCETT.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto Thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest;
What Thy will ordains is best.
- 8 I my all to Thee resign;
Father, let Thy will be mine;
May but all Thy dealings prove
Fruits of Thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by Thy power;
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let Thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be directed to Thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To Thy will I leave the rest;
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove,
Tokens of Thy special love.

902

C. M.

FLOWERDEW.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 8 Thine was the spring's sweet influence,
Lord;
The plants luxuriant grew;
The summer's heat came at Thy word,
And autumn's ripening dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not, then, forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.
- 6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise!

903

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly
King,
Who makes the earth His care,
Visits the pastures every spring
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out at Thy command
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 8 The softened ridges of the field
Assist the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And joyful praises sing.
- 4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in summer pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 Pastures adorned with flocks appear;
How bounteous, Lord, Thy ways!
Thy varied goodness crowns the year,
And all things shout Thy praise.

904

8s. & 4s.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not
fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are
crowned;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

OPENING SERVICES AND ANNIVERSARIES.

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost
reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise,
Our hymn of praise;
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New, every year
Thy gifts appear,
New praises from our lips shall sound.

905

78. D.

ALFORD.

1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home!
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give His angels charge, at last,
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

906

7. 6. D.

HEBER.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

907

L. M.

COWPER.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art
found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine
ear;
Orend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: CHRISTIAN WORK.

908

C. M. J. R. SCOTT.

- 1 **T**OO Thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it Thine, and seal it now,
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
And here his vows record.
- 4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.
- 5 Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon Thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

909

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to Thine honour raise;
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

CHRISTIAN WORK.

910

L. M. BEDDOME.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!

Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be Thine;

To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them the sinner's soul to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace adore,
And feel Thy new creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
And light through distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

911

8. 7. 4.

1 **O**NWARD, fellow-teachers, onward!
Sow the seed with faith and prayer;

None can wrest these weapons from us,
Let us never, then, despair:
Sow, and faint not,
Till the seed a harvest bear.

2 Courage, fellow-teachers, courage!
Though we now see no success;
Wait His time with faith and patience,
God will yet our labours bless:
Look to Jesus
When discouragements distress.

3 Wrestle, fellow-teachers, wrestle!
With the God of Jacob plead;
Pray until you get the blessing
Which your fainting spirits need:
Plead with Jesus,
For these little children plead.

4 Hear us, O our Saviour, hear us!
While we supplicate Thy throne;
Let us be successful pleaders,
Saviour, make our cause Thine own:
Let these children
All be saved and gathered home.

912

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

- 1 **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants
bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: CHRISTIAN WORK.

2 Within Thy temple, where we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

8 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

913

7s. 6s. & 8s.

1 'TIS sweet to work for Jesus,
In this life's little day;
To spread around "the joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may;
To tell His loving-kindness,
His promises so true;
To urge the young that they may come,
And trust this Saviour too.

2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus
Our ruined souls to save:
Glad service we would render
For grace so rich and free;
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne
So little fruit to Thee.

8 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still, to do His will,
Whatever He require:
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
Well follow such a call.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe sheltered there,
And with His presence blest:
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.

5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
Oh! weary not of this,
But onward press with cheerfulness,
Though rough the pathway is:
Hold on, unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand,
To serve before the throne!

914

7. 6. D. MONTGOMERY.

1 SOW ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all:
Sow, though the thorns may wound
thee,

One word the thorns for thee:
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.

2 Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name Him whose hand upholds thee,
And sow thou everywhere:
Sow where the sunlight sheddeth
Its warm and cheering ray,
For the rain of heaven descendeth,
When the sunbeams pass away.

8 Sow when the tempest lowers,
For calmer days will break;
And the seed in darkness nourished
A goodly plant may make:
Sow when the morning breaketh,
In beauty o'er the land;
And when the evening falleth,
Withhold thou not thine hand.

4 Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some clefts there may be riven
Where the little seed may hide:
Fear not, for some will flourish;
And though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the water
Will the scattered grain be found.

5 Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb;
Thou knowest not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom:
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

915

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand:
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

8 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: CHRISTIAN WORK.

5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come;
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest Home."

916

C. M. D. WORDSWORTH.

1. **T**HE Galilean fishers toil
All night and nothing take;
But Jesus comes; a wondrous spoil
Is lifted from the lake:
Lord, when our labours are in vain,
And vain the help of men;
When fruitless is our care and pain,
Come, blessed Jesus, then.

2 The night is dark, the surges fill
The bark, the wild waves roar:
But Jesus comes; and all is still;
The ship is at the shore:
O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessed Jesus, hear!

3 In days when faith will scarce be found,
And wolves be in the fold,
When sin and sorrow will abound,
And charity wax cold,
Then hear Thy saints who to Thee pray
To bring them to their home;
Hear, when the Bride and Spirit say,
Come blessed Jesus, come!

917

7s.

1 **L**IVE not to thyself alone,
Thou who stand'st before the throne;
Selfishness should ne'er be thine,
Who hast breathed the life divine.

2 If thy God has blessed thee thus,
Give thy blessing unto us;
Let us share thy happy lot;
Freely give; withhold it not.

3 Let the drops of kindness fall,
From thy spirit on us all;
And upon thy blooming flowers
God will send the copious showers.

4 Know, thou canst not live alone;
Others' souls thy power must own;
Ne'er thy drops of grace withhold;
God will bless a hundred fold.

918

10. 5.

1 **M**AN in the morning to his work
goes forth,
And rests at even:
Christian, forget not, labour is for
earth:
Repose for heaven.

2 Who now sows precious seed, though
it may be
Too oft with weeping;
Shall, if he patiently await it, see
A joyous reaping.

3 Fruit shall be gathered, whose abun-
dant store
Shall never perish;
In fields of bliss where God shall ever-
more
His children cherish.

4 Then scatter freely, nor withhold thy
hand
Till close of even:
Earth is the place of toil; the better
land
Of rest is heaven.

919

S. M.

BONAR.

1 **M**AKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot,
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

2 I am Thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands Divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

3 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

4 All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me, of me my God,
The meanest of them all.

920

L. M.

1 **O** LIGHTLY on His servant's head,
Our Master's kind commands are
laid;
Love guides the firm directing hand,
And wisdom has the service planned.

2 He sympathises with us still,
And gives us strength to do His will;
Knows we are weak and He is strong,
Nor will the o'erwhelming toil prolong.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: CHRISTIAN WORK.

3 O! pleasant is the work He sends,
Since He will call His servants friends,
Will bless us as we onward go,
And make our cup to overflow.

4 Then, Master, let us ever be
Devoted only unto Thee,
Obeying all Thy righteous laws,
Living and dying in Thy cause.

921

8. 7. MACKELLAR.

1 ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown:
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
Long endurance wins the crown:
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

922

L. M.

1 O LORD, with thankful hearts we
meet
Once more before Thy mercy-seat,
To offer Thee our humble prayer
For all the children of our care.

2 'Tis Thine, O Lord, alone to bless
Our feeble efforts with success;
And while we teach, O grant that we
May every one be taught of Thee.

3 Oft as we speak of Jesus' love,
Send down Thy blessing from above;
That all who thus Thy day employ,
And sow in tears, may reap in joy.

923

L. M.

KELLY.

1 NOW may the mighty arm awake,
Which wonders wrought in ancient
days:
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God His own fair temple raise.

2 Art Thou not still the same, O God?
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when Thy servant moved his rod
At Thy command, and cleft the wave?

3 Thy power still sets the prisoner free;
Still wipes the mourner's tears away;
Thy power still makes the blind to see,
And turns the darkest night to day.

4 Shine, Lord, upon the world around;
To sinners let Thy grace be given;
So shall Thy people's songs abound,
And angels feel new joy in heaven.

P

924

L. M.

BOWAR.

1 GO labour on! spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go labour on! 'tis not for nought;
All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee not, men praise thee
not;
The Master praises! what are men?

3 Go labour on! enough, enough,
If Jesus praise thee, if He deign
To notice e'en Thy willing mind;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go labour on! thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize is near,
The throne, the kingdom, and the
crown!

5 Go labour on, while it is day;
The long dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; up from thy
sloth;

It is not thus that souls are won!

6 See thousands dying at your side,
Your brethren, kindred, friends at
home;

See millions perishing afar:
Haste brethren, to the rescue come!

7 Toil on, toil on; rebuke, exhort;
Be wise the souls of men to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Intreat, compel them to come in.

8 Toil on, toil on; thou soon shalt find
For labour rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

925

7s. 6s. & 5s.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,

Work 'mid springing flowers:

Work when the day grows brighter;

Work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is coming,

When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,

Work through the sunny noon;

Fill brightest hours with labour,

Rest comes sure and soon:

Give every flying minute

Something to keep in store:

Work, for the night is coming,

When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,

Under the sunset skies;

THE YOUNG.

While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

926

7. & D.

DYER.

1 **W**HEN faint and weary, tolling,
The sweat-drops on my brow,
I long to rest from labour,
To drop the burden now;
There comes a gentle chiding,
To quell each mourning sigh:
"Work, while the day is shining,
There's resting by and by."

2 This life to toil is given;
And he improves it best
Who seeks, by patient labour,
To enter into rest:
Then pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on, the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee,
There's resting by and by.

3 Nor ask, when overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
Perhaps he's told to tarry;
Nor stop to ask him why;
"Go, labour in My vineyard,"
There's resting by and by.

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain;
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Shall bring eternal gain:
Then bear the cross with patience;
To fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
There's resting by and by.

5 There's resting by and by;
There's resting by and by;
We shall not always labour;
We shall not always cry;
The end is drawing nearer,
The end for which we sigh;
We'll lay our heavy burdens down,
There's resting by and by.

THE YOUNG.

927

11s. 8. & 9.

LUKE.

1 **I** THINK, when I read that sweet story
Of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs
To His fold,
I should like to have been with them
then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arm had been thrown
around me,
And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering
there,
For "of such is the kingdom of
heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who
wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is
room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

928

7s.

HENLEY.

1 **C**HILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name;
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud Hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark, &c.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher, and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark, &c.

929

6s. & 8s.

1 **W**OULD you be happy here?
Then walk in wisdom's way:
Happy the child whose ear,
Will hear her voice to-day:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness;
Come, learn how God delights to bless.

2 They lead to worlds above,
Where weary souls repose;
Sweet scenes of peace and love,
Where life's bright river flows:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness;
Oh, walk in them, and God will bless.

THE YOUNG.

- 8 The Lord will be your Guide
Through all that happy way;
For ever at your side,
His loving voice will say:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness;
Come, children, learn how God can bless.
- 4 Then on that day so fair,
When Jesus bids you come,
And joyful angels bear
Your happy spirit home;
You'll know how God delights to bless,
When sin and every sorrow cease.

930

8s. & 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee,
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thou direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.
- 8 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side:
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where Thine own still waters glide.
- 4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve what'er is right,
Take thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.
- 5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King.

931

L. M.

- 1 WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake
Who is so high and good and great?
- 2 O, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 8 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;
- 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,

- Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.
- 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

932

10s.

HUNTER.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we
move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above; ["Come!
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home!"
Soon will our pilgrimage end here
below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been
given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
- 2 Teachers and scholars have passed on
before; [the shore;
Waiting, they watch us approaching
Singing to cheer us while passing along,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your
home!"
Sounds of sweet music there ravish
the ear; [shall hear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we
Filling with harmony heaven's high
dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come!
- 8 Death with its arrow may soon lay us
low; [blow;
Safe in our Saviour we fear not the
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home!
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre
be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

933

7. 6. D.

KING.

- 1 WHEN His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to His name:
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 Then since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth,
On Zion's heavenly hill;

We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son !
8 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise :
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No ! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, should be the Lord's.

934

7. 6.

PELLEY.

- 1 **W**HEN children join in singing
The mighty Saviour's praise,
It is on earth beginning
The endless song to raise.
2 When children join in praying
To Him who heareth prayer,
They then are Christ obeying,
Who makes a child His care.
3 When children join in learning
The way that leads above,
It is a step returning
Towards the God of love.
4 When children's hearts are beating
With penitence within ;
It is the first retreating
From ways of death and sin.
5 When children meet in heaven,
They will the wonder tell,
That they are all forgiven,
And all escaped from hell.
6 O ! what a happy meeting
Of children in the sky,
For ever there repeating
The song of praise on high.

935

C. M.

- 1 **S**OON as my youthful lips can speak
Their feeble prayer to Thee,
Oh, let my heart Thy favour seek,
Dear Lord, remember me.
2 In childhood's following years, my
tongue
Tuned to Thy praise shall be ;
And this the expressive, humble song,
Dear Lord, remember me.
3 From every sin that wounds the heart,
May I be taught to flee ;
Oh, bid them all from me depart,
Dear Lord, remember me.
4 When, with life's heavy load oppressed,
I bend the trembling knee ;
Then give my suffering spirit rest,
Dear Lord, remember me.
5 Oh, let me on the bed of death
Thy great salvation see ;
And cry, with my expiring breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.

936

8. 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays ;
Humbly would our souls adore Thee,
Sing Thy name in hymns of praise.
2 O what debtors to Thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love !
Thousands wander on in blindness,
Strangers to the light above.
3 Jesus, on Thine arm relying,
We would tread this earthly vale ;
Be our life, when we are dying ;
Be our strength, when strength shall
fall.
4 Let us mount the hills of glory,
Far from sins, and woes, and pains ;
There, in perfect songs, adore Thee,
And in everlasting strains.

937

8s. 6s. & 7.

- 1 **T**HERE is a Name which fills with
praise
The countless hosts of heaven,
And there are some to whom the joy
Of naming it is given ;
Who, even in their childhood, learn
Towards the cross their eyes to turn,
And love the name of Jesus.
2 There is a Name which sweetly tells
Of some great wonder done,
And makes the heart which knows it
glad
Though other joys he's none ;
For then his life, his hope begins,
And then he finds that all his sins
Were put away by Jesus.
3 There is a Name which children's lips
Most happily can use,
As soon as truly in their hearts
Is hid the Gospel news ;
For all that's present, all that's past,
And every good from first to last,
They then receive from Jesus.
4 There is a Name which often used,
Yet never, never tires ;
And in the blessed sound of which
The dying saint expires ;
Who thinks of Calvary and long,
With sweeter note and ceaseless songs,
To praise the name of Jesus.

938

7s.

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in His bosom reigned ;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.

THE YOUNG.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed,
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.

8 He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal He fed;
Winds and waves could He control;
By a word He raised the dead.

4 Listening sinners round Him pressed
Whilst He taught the way to bliss;
Even enemies confessed,
"No man ever spake like this."

5 Be Thy love to me revealed;
Be Thy grace by me possessed;
Touch me, and I shall be healed;
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

939

7s. & 6.

BILBY.

1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.

Chorus.—O that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go
And sing with saints above.
O that will be joyful, &c.

8 Holy children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sunday school.
O that will be joyful, &c.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, &c.

5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne!
O that will be joyful, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
O that will be joyful, &c.

940

6s.

PARSON.

1 JESUS, we love to meet,
On this Thy holy day:
We worship round Thy seat,
On this Thy holy day:
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our prayers ascend,
O'er our young spirits bend,
On this Thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day:
In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day:
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this Thy holy day.

8 We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy holy day:
Bless all that we have heard,
On this Thy holy day:
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day.

941

7. 6. D.

1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above:
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above:
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.

8 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above:
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.

THE YOUNG.

942

8. 7. 4.

SHELLY.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through:
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee:
In the morn of our existence
Let us Thy salvation see;
Changed in spirit
Then shall we Thy children be.
- 3 When temptation shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let Thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour, hear us when we pray:
Thou art mighty,
Be Thou, then, our rock and stay.
- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee;
For the news of Thy salvation
Shall extend from sea to sea:
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

943

C. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE to sing of that great power
That made the earth and sea;
But better still, I love the song,
That "Jesus died for me."
- 2 I love to sing of shrub and flower,
Of field, and plant, and tree;
But better still it is to sing,
That "Jesus died for me."
- 3 I love to hear the little birds
Attune their notes with glee;
But still, I better love the song,
That "Jesus died for me."
- 4 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To, "Jesus died for me."

944

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY Father! we draw near
Thee,
With the voice of joy and praise;
In our childhood taught to fear Thee,
Taught the knowledge of Thy ways:
May we praise Thee,
Love and serve Thee all our days.
- 2 When we think how much we owe Thee,
Lord, Thy goodness we adore;
Though we but begin to know Thee,
Thy kind teaching we implore:
Thus instructed,
May we know and love Thee more.

- 8 Thanks to Thee for every blessing;
Most of all, for saving grace;
O may we, that grace possessing,
Reach at length the blissful place,
Where Thy children
Dwell with Thee, and see Thy face.

945

11. 7.

- 1 **O**H, hast thou not heard of a beautiful
stream
That flows through our Father's
land?
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly
light,
And ripple o'er golden sand.
Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream:
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
Oh, seek that beautiful stream.
- 2 With murmuring sound doth it wander
along,
Through fields of eternal green,
Where the songs of the blest in their
haven of rest
Float soft on the air serene.
- 3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters
are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah
alone:
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
- 4 This beautiful stream is the river of
life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is
found:
O sinner, it flows for thee.
- 5 Oh, wilt thou not drink of this beautiful
stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, Come, all ye weary
ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.

946

C. M.

BATHURST.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose Thy love,
Nor wander from Thy fold.
- 2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near,
To guide them lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.
- 3 Thy tender care supports the weak,
And will not let them fall;
Then teach us, Lord, Thy praise to
speak,
And on Thy name to call!

THE YOUNG.

- 4 We want Thy help, for we are frail;
Thy light, for we are blind;
Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
To prove that Thou art kind.
- 5 Teach us the things we ought to know;
And may we find them true;
And still in stature as we grow,
Increase in wisdom too.
- 6 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast!

947

8s.

MILLS.

- 1 **W**E sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so
fair,
And oft are its glories confessed:
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its pathway of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold:
But what must it be to be there!
- 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above:
But what must it be to be there!
- 4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there!
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
That shortly we also may know,
And feel what it is to be there.

948

7s.

WESLEY.

- 1 **I** AMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild:
Thou wast once a little child.
- 2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.
- 3 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.
- 4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

- 5 I shall then show forth Thy praise;
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

949

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

950

8s. & 5s.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows pressed down
I long for my crown
In that beautiful land on high.
- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see
How they're waiting for me
In that beautiful land on high.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Saviour hath said
That no tears shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, good-bye;
When o'er the river
We're happy for ever,
In that beautiful land on high.
- Chorus.*
- 5 In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

951

7s.

ROSENMOTH.

- 1 JESUS, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine.
- 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew.
- 3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go.
- 4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side,
Till the eternal morning break.
- 5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day.

952

C. M.

ALLEN.

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
- 5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall
ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives, no more to die.
- 6 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

953

L. M.

XAVIER.

- 1 I LOVE, I love Thee, Lord most high!
Because Thou first hast loved me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

2 May memory no thought suggest,
But shall to Thy pure glory tend:
My understanding find no rest,
Except in Thee, its only end.

3 All mine is Thine; say but the word,
Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;
I know it seeks my good alone.

4 Apart from Thee all things are naught;
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,—
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;
Thou givest all in giving this.

954

S. M.

DODDREDGE.

- 1 MY soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep," He cries;
"My soul approves them well:
Vain is the world's delusive guise,
And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 I freely feed them now
With tokens of My love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams, above.
- 4 Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my people give;
And while My throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.
- 5 This tried, almighty hand
Is raised for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them
there,
Or what shall force them thence?"

955

L. M.

- 1 THERE is none other name than
Thine,
Jehovah-Jesus! Name divine!—
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.
- 2 There is none other name than Thine,
When cares, and fears, and griefs are
mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
The care, and fear, and grief I feel.
- 3 There is none other name than Thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And e'en in death to be my Life.
- 4 Name above every name! Thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah-Jesus! Name divine!
Rock of salvation! Thou art mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

956

8. 7. JOHNSON.

- 1 **O**NWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.
- 2 Listen, Christian; their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love,"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."
- 8 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.
- 4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh! no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.
- 5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

957

8. 7. D. WORDSWORTH.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise:
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.
- 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy, happy morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Christ to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.
- 8 Christ is risen, we are risen:
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with Thee.

958

C. M. D. IRONS.

- 1 **F**ATHER of love, our Guide and
Friend,
Oh lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God!

- 2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.
- 8 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope and love and fear:
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise!

959

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear:
That saved we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound:
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

960

8s. BUNTING.

- 1 **O** GOD! how often hath Thine ear
To me in willing mercy bowed!
While worshipping Thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed:
But ah! the feebleness of man!
Have I not vowed and wept in vain?
- 2 Return, O Lord of hosts, return!
Behold Thy servant in distress;
My faithlessness again I mourn;
Again forgive my faithlessness;
And to Thine arms my spirit take:
And bless me for my Saviour's sake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

8 In pity of the soul Thou lovest,
Now bid the the sin Thou hatest ex-
pire;
Let me desire what Thou approvest,
Thou dost approve what I desire;
And Thou wilt deign to call me Thine,
And I will dare to call Thee mine.

4 This day the covenant I sign,
The bond of sure and promised peace;
Nor can I doubt its power divine,
Since sealed with Jesus' blood it is:
That blood I take, that blood alone,
And make the covenant peace mine
own.

5 But that my faith no more may know
Or change, or interval, or end,
Help me in all Thy paths to go,
And now, as e'er, my voice attend.
And gladden me with answers mild,
And commune, Father, with Thy child!

961

L. M. MADAME GUION.

1 IF life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil,
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;
No succours in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'Tis Thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to Thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith, simple, constant and sincere;
Oh, blessed days Thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord, in pleasing Thee.

962

8s. DAVIES.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways
Are worthy of Thyself,—divine;
But the bright glories of Thy grace,
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share:
Is there a pardoning God like Thee?
Or is there grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon—from an offended God;
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye;
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus'
blood;
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh:
Where is the pardoning God like Thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?

4 Oh may this glorious, matchless love,
This godlike miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

963

8s. & 6. SMITH.

1 BEYOND where Kedron's waters
flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts His mournful eyes above,
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to His Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, Thine only Son;
And, Father, let Thy will be done."

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like Him, in prayer.

964

12. 11. HEBER.

1 SEE, daylight is fading o'er earth
and o'er ocean,
The sun has gone down on the far dis-
tant sea;
Oh, now, in the hush of the fitful com-
motion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour,
to Thee.

2 Full oft wast Thou found afar on the
mountain,
As eventide spread her dark wing o'er
the wave:
The Son of the Highest, and life's
endless fountain,
Be with us, we pray Thee, to bless and
to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving
billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild
o'er night's deep,
Let Thy healing wing be stretched
over our pillow,
And guard us from evil, though death
watch our sleep.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 To God our great Father, whose throne
is in heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and humble
in heart,
To the Son and the Spirit all glory be
given;
One God, ever blessed and praised,
Thou art.

965

L. M. ROSCOE.

- 1 **T**HEY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud
me here,
I know that all is bright above.

- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed
with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

- 3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

966

S. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard His children well.

- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's
throne,
And peace and comfort find.

- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

967

C. M. BOWDLER.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, who, faint and
slow,
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true!

- 2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

- 3 Oh! wake to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care:
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

- 4 The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—

- 5 And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.

- 6 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
Oh wake thy heart to love.

968

C. M. DENNY.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away!

- 2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

- 4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine!

969

L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads be-
tween
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no
more,
And those long parted meet again.

- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

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